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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

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THE

POEMS

OF

POPE.

VOLUME III.

28 X 426

THE

) U N C I A D,

IN

FOUR BOOKS;

WITH THE

ROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS,

THE

HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS,

AND

NOTES VARIORUM.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER,

Occaſioned by the firſt correct

EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD.

IT is with pleaſure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the DUNCIAD, which the many ſurreptitious ones have rendered ſo neceſſary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a COMMENTARY: A work ſo requiſite, that I cannot think the Author himſelf would have omitted it, had he approved of the firſt appearance of this Poem.

Such Notes as have occurred to me I herewith ſend you: You will oblige me by inſerting them amongſt thoſe which are, or will be, tranſmitted to you by others; ſince not only the Author's friends, but even ſtrangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take ſome care of an Orphan of ſo much genius and ſpirit, which its parent ſeems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and ſuffered to ſtep into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading ſome of the abuſive papers l publiſhed, that my great regard to a Perſon, v Friendſhip I eſteem as one of the chief honours o life, and a much greater reſpect to Truth, than tc or any man living, engaged me in inquiries, of w the incloſed Notes are the fruit.

I perceived, that moſt of theſe Authors had (doubtleſs very wiſely) the firſt aggreſſors. They tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by ing at each other: Nobody was either concerned or prized, if this or that ſcribbler was proved a dı But every one was curious to read what could be to prove Mr. POPE one, and was ready to pay ſc thing for ſuch a diſcovery: A ſtratagem, which w they fairly own, it might not only reconcile ther me, but ſcreen them from the reſentment of their l ful Superiors, whom they daily abuſe, only (as I ritably hope) to get that by them, which they cani get from them.

I found this was not all: Ill ſucceſs in that had tr ported them to perſonal abuſe, either of himſelf, (what I think he could leſs forgive) of his Frie They had called Men of virtue and honour bad M long before he had either leiſure or inclination to them bad Writers: And ſome had been ſuch old offe ers, that he had quite forgotten their perſons as v as their ſlanders, till they were pleaſed to revive th

Now what had Mr. POPE done before, to inc t*em*? He had publiſhed thoſe works which are in hands of every body, in which not the leaſt mentio

m

made of any of them. And what has he done ſince? He has laughed, and written the DUNCIAD. What has that ſaid of them? A very ſerious truth, which the Public had ſaid before, that they were dull: And what it had no ſooner ſaid, but they themſelves were at great pains to procure, or even purchaſe room in the prints, to teſtify under their hands to the truth of it.

I ſhould ſtill have been ſilent, if either I had ſeen any inclination in my friend to be ſerious with ſuch accuſers, or if they had only meddled with his Writings; ſince whoever publiſhes, puts himſelf on his trial by his Country. But when his Moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can ſecure the moſt innocent; in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accuſation with the juſt and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accuſers; I mean by Authors without names; then I thought, ſince the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be ſo; and that it was an act of juſtice to detect the Authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the ſame who for ſeveral years paſt have made free with the greateſt names in Church and State, expoſed to the world the private misfortunes of Families, abuſed all, even to women, and whoſe proſtituted papers (for one or other Party, in the unhappy diviſions of their Country) have inſulted the Fallen, the Friendleſs, the Exiled, and the Dead.

Beſides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confeſſed I had a private one. I am one

of that number who have long loved and eſteemed
POPE; and had often declared it was not his cap
or writings, (which we ever thought the leaſt val
part of his character,) but the honeſt, open, and
ficent man, that we moſt eſteemed, and loved in
Now, if what theſe people ſay were believed, I
appear to all my friends either a fool, or a k
either impoſed on myſelf, or impoſing on then
that I am as much intereſted in the confutation of
calumnies, as he is himſelf.

I am no Author, and conſequently not to be ſu
ed either of jealouſy or reſentment againſt any
Men, of whom ſcarce one is known to me by
and as for their Writings, I have ſought them (o
one occaſion) in vain, in the cloſets and libraries
my acquaintance. I had ſtill been in the dark,
Gentleman had not procured me (I ſuppoſe from
of themſelves, for they are generally much more
gerous friends than enemies) the paſſages I ſend
I ſolemnly proteſt I have added nothing to the
or abſurdity of them; which it behoves me to de
ſince the vouchers themſelves will be ſo ſoon a
irrecoverably loſt. You may in ſome meaſure p
it, by preſerving at leaſt their Titles[a], and diſc
ing (as far as you can depend on the truth of yo
formation) the Names of the concealed authors.

The firſt objection I have heard made to the
is, that the perſons are too obſcure for ſatire. Th

[a] Which we have done in a Liſt printed in th
pendix.

ſons themſelves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the ſatire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a ſerious anſwer, were not all aſſaſſinates, popular inſurrections, the inſolence of the rabble without doors, and of domeſtics within, moſt wrongfully chaſtiſed, if the Meanneſs of offenders indemnified them from puniſhment? On the contrary, Obſcurity renders them more dangerous, as leſs thought of: Law can pronounce judgment only on open facts: Morality alone can paſs cenſure on intentions of Miſchief; ſo that for ſecret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public puniſhment left, but what a good Writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that theſe ſort of authors are poor. That might be pleaded as an excuſe at the Old Bailey, for leſſer crimes than Defamation (for it is the caſe of almoſt all who are tried there), but ſure it can be none here: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his Reputation ſupplies the want of it in himſelf? I queſtion not but ſuch authors are poor, and heartily wiſh the objection were removed by any honeſt livelihood. But Poverty is here the accident, not the ſubject: He who deſcribes Malice and Vilainy to be pale and meagre, expreſſes not the leaſt anger againſt Paleneſs or Leanneſs, but againſt Malice and Villainy. The Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore juſtified in vending poiſon? Not but Poverty itſelf becomes a juſt ſubject of ſatire, when it is the conſequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increaſes

the public burden, fills the ſtreets and highways with Robbers, and the Garrets with Clippers, Coiners, and Weekly Journaliſts.

But admitting that two or three of theſe offend leſs in their morals, than in their writings; muſt Poverty make nonſenſe ſacred? If ſo, the fame of bad authors would be much better conſulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They miſtake the whole matter: It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers becauſe they are poor, but they are poor becauſe they are bunglers.

Is it not pleaſant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their perſons and characters were too ſacred for ſatire; and the Public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether Bread or Fame be their end, it muſt be allowed, our author, by and in this Poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, ſuppoſing them good; and theſe I was ſorry to ſee in ſuch company. But if, without any provocation, two or three Gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his intereſt and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themſelves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others,

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who ſay ſo, ſince nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot perſuade myſelf, when I conſider the conſtant and eternal averſion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his Admirers, I would gladly aſk, if it lays him under a perſonal obligation? At that rate he would be the moſt obliged humble ſervant in the world. I dare ſwear for theſe in particular, he never deſired them to be his admirers, nor promiſed in return to be theirs; That had truly been a ſign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have ſuſpected ſuch an approbation of ſome motive worſe than ignorance, in the Author of the Eſſay on Criticiſm? Be it as it will, the reaſons of their Admiration and of his Contempt are equally ſubſiſting, for his works and theirs are the very ſame that they were.

One, therefore, of their aſſertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another which would probably be ſooner allowed by himſelf than by any good judge beſide, 'That his own have found too much ſucceſs with 'the Public." But as it cannot conſiſt with his modeſty to claim this as a Juſtice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the Public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might ſeem a better plea for theſe people, than any they have made uſe

uſe of. If Obſcurity or Poverty were to exempt a man from ſatire, much more ſhould Folly or Dulneſs, which are ſtill more involuntary; nay, as much ſo as perſonal Deformity. But even this will not help them: Deformity becomes an object of Ridicule when a man ſets up for being handſome; and ſo muſt Dulneſs when he ſets up for a Wit. They are not ridiculed becauſe Ridicule in itſelf is, or ought to be, a pleaſure; but becauſe it is juſt to undeceive and vindicate the honeſt and unpretending part of mankind from impoſition, becauſe particular intereſt ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally Fools, ought never to be made ſo, in complaiſance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever ſo poor or ever ſo dull, have been conſtantly the topics of the moſt candid ſatiriſts, from the Codrus of JUVENAL to the Damon of BOILEAU.

Having mentioned BOILEAU, the greateſt Poet and moſt judicious Critic of his age and country, admirable for his Talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the reſemblance betwixt him and our author, in Qualities, Fame, and Fortune; in the diſtinctions ſhewn them by their Superiors, in the general eſteem of their Equals, and in their extended reputation amongſt Foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his Tranſlators perſons of the moſt eminent rank and abilities

lities in their reſpective nations [b]. But the reſemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abuſed by the ignorant pretenders to Poetry of their times; of which not the leaſt memory will remain but in their own Writings, and in the Notes made upon them. What BOILEAU has done in almoſt all his Poems, our author has only in this: I dare anſwer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had ſlandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from cenſuring obſcure and worthleſs perſons, for ſcarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is ſo remarkable, I hope it will continue to the laſt; and if ever he ſhould give us an edition of this Poem himſelf, I may ſee ſome of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at laſt by BOILEAU.

In one point I muſt be allowed to think the character of our Engliſh Poet the more amiable. He has not

[b] Eſſay on Criticiſm in French verſe, by General Hamilton; the ſame, in verſe alſo, by Monſieur Roboton, Counſellor and Privy Secretary to King George I. after by the Abbé Reynel, in verſe, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princeſs of Conti, Paris 1728. and in Italian verſe, by the Abbé Conti, a Noble Venetian; and the Marquis Rangoni, Envoy Extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Eſſays and Diſſertations on Homer, ſeveral times tranſlated into French. Eſſay on Man, by the Abbé Reynel, in verſe; by Monſieur Silhout, in proſe, 1737, and ſince by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

been

been a follower of Fortune or Succeſs; he has lived with the Great without flattery; been a friend to Men in power, without penſions, from whom, as he aſked, ſo he received, no favour, but what was done Him in his Friends. As his Satires were the more juſt for being delayed, ſo were his Panegyrics; beſtowed only on ſuch perſons as he had familiarly known, only for ſuch virtues as he had long obſerved in them, and only at ſuch times as others ceaſe to praiſe, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power or out of faſhion [c]. A ſatire, therefore, on writers ſo notorious for the contrary practice, became no man ſo well as himſelf; as none, it is plain, was ſo little in their friendſhips, or ſo much in that of theſe whom they had moſt abuſed, namely the Greateſt and Beſt of all Parties. Let me add a further reaſon, that, though engaged in their Friendſhips, he never eſpouſed their Animoſities; and can almoſt ſingly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through Guilt, through Shame, or through Fear, through variety of Fortune, or change of Intereſts, he was ever unwilling to own.

[c] As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the Town declaimed againſt his book of Poems; Mr. Walſh, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had reſigned the Office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his laſt decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-Sea year, and after his death: Others only in Epitaphs.

I ſhall

I ſhall conclude with remarking, what a pleaſure it muſt be to every reader of Humanity, to ſee all along, that our Author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only puniſhing that of others. As to his Poem, thoſe alone are capable of doing it juſtice, who, to uſe the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his ſubject and his manner) VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSOLETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS GRATIAM.

I am

Your moſt humble Servant,

St. James's,
Dec. 22d, 1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND [d].

---

[d] This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the Univerſity of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He ſerved in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the Peace, he was made one of the Commiſſioners of the Cuſtoms in Scotland, and then of Taxes in England; in which, having ſhewn himſelf for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, (though without any other aſſiſtance of Fortune) he was ſuddenly diſplaced by the Miniſter, in the ſixty-eighth year of his age; and died two months after, in 1741. He was a perſon of univerſal Learning, and an enlarged Converſation; no man had a warmer heart for his Friend, or a ſincerer attachment to the Conſtitution of his Country.

MAR-

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS

Prolegomena and Illuſtrations

TO THE

DUNCIAD:

WITH THE

Hypercritics of ARISTARCHUS.

DENNIS' Remarks on PR. ARTHUR.

' Cannot but think it the moſt reaſonable thing in the ' world, to diſtinguiſh good writers, by diſcouraging ie bad. Nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation 'en to the very perſons upon whom the reflections are ade. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the oner, of a ſhort profit and a tranſitory reputation; but en it may have a good effect, and oblige them (be- e it be too late) to decline that for which they are very unfit, and to have recourſe to ſomething in ich they may be more ſucceſsful.

CHARACTER of Mr. P. 1716.

'HE Perſons whom Boileau has attacked in his wri- s, have been for the moſt part Authors, and moſt hoſe Authors, Poets: and the cenſures he hath l upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, Pref. to his NEW REHEARSAL.

is the common cry of the Poetaſters of the town, eir fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expoſe etenders to wit and poetry. The Judges and rates may with full as good reaſon be reproached l-nature for putting the Laws in execution againſt or Impoſtor.—The ſame will hold in the re- of Letters, if the Critics and Judges will let norant pretender to ſcribbling paſs on the

THEOBALD, Letter to Miſt, June 22, 1728

ATTACKS may be leveled, either againſt F
in Genius, or againſt the Pretenſions of writing
one.

CONCANEN, Ded. to the Author of the DUNC

A Satire upon Dulneſs is a thing that has be
and allowed in All Ages.

Out of thine own Mouth will I judge thee,
Scribbler!

TE

ESTIMONIES

OF

AUTHORS

CONCERNING

r POET and his WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS Lectori S.

EFORE we preſent thee with our exercitations on this moſt delectable Poem (drawn from the many nes of our Adverſaria on modern Authors) we ſhall according to the laudable uſage of editors, col- the various judgments of the Learned concerning Poet: Various indeed, not only of different au- , but of the ſame author at different ſeaſons. Nor we gather only the Teſtimonies of ſuch eminent , as would of courſe deſcend to poſterity, and quently be read without our collection; but we likewiſe with incredible labour ſeek out for divers s, which, but for this our diligence, could never ie diſtance of a few months appear to the eye of noſt curious. Hereby thou mayſt not only receive

the delectation of Variety, but alſo arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumſpect compariſon of the Witneſſes with each other, or of each with himſelf. Hence alſo thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the Perſon as well as Genius, and of the Fortune as well as Merit, of our Author: in which if I relate ſome things of little concern peradventure to thee, and ſome of as little even to him; I entreat thee to conſider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to inſiſt upon ſuch, and how material they ſeem to themſelves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the ſame pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill natured, modeſt or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, ſhort or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a caſſock.

We propoſed to begin with his Life, Parentage, and Education: But as to theſe, even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One faith [a], he was educated at home; another [b], that he was bred at St. Omer's, by Jeſuits; a third [c], not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford! a fourth [d], that he had no Univerſity education at all. Thoſe who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his Tutor: One faith [e], he was kept

[a] Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets, vol. ii. in his Life. [b] Dennis's Reflections on the Eſſay on Crit. [c] Dunciad diſſected, p. 4. [d] Guardian, N° 40. [e] Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. ii.

by

by his father on purpoſe; a ſecond [f], that he was an itinerant prieſt; a third [g], that he was a parſon; one [h] calleth him a ſecular clergyman of the Church of Rome; another [i], a monk. As little do they agree about his Father, whom one [k] ſuppoſeth, like the Father of Heſiod, a tradeſman or merchant; another [l], a huſbandman; another [m], a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet ſuch a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely a Dæmon: For thus Mr. Gildon [n]: "Certain it is, that his original is not from "Adam, but the Devil; and that he wanteth nothing "but horns and tail to be the exact reſemblance of his "infernal Father." Finding, therefore, ſuch contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this ſort of generation) not being fond to enter into controverſy, we ſhall defer writing the Life of our Poet, till authors can determine among themſelves what Parents or Education he had, or whether he had any Education or Parents at all.

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[f] Dunciad diſſected, p. 4. [g] Farmer P. and his ſon. [h] Dunciad diſſected. [i] Characters of the times, p. 45. [k] Female Dunciad, p. ult. [l] Dunciad diſſected. [m] Roome, Paraphraſe on the ivth of Geneſis, printed 1729. [n] Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad (firſt edit. ſaid to be printed for A. Dodd) in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be the author of that libel; though in the ſubſequent editions of his Key he left out this aſſertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad p. 4. and 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works, though not leſs uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his ESSAY on CRITICISM, of which hear firſt the moſt ancient of Critics,

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

"His precepts are falſe or trivial, or both; his "thoughts are crude and abortive, his expreſſions ab- "ſurd, his numbers harſh and unmuſical, his rhyme "trivial and common;—inſtead of majeſty, we have "ſomething that is very mean; inſtead of gravity, "ſomething that is very boyiſh; and inſtead of per- "ſpicuity and lucid order, we have but too often ob- "ſcurity and confuſion." And in another place "What rare numbers are here! Would not one ſwear "that this youngſter had eſpouſed ſome antiquated "Muſe, who had ſued out a divorce from ſome ſuper- "annuated ſinner, upon account of impotence, and "who, being poxed by the former ſpouſe, has got the "gout in her decrepid age, which makes her hobble ſo "damnably [o]."

No leſs peremptory is the cenſure of our hypercritical Hiſtorian

Mr. OLDMIXON.

"I dare not ſay any thing of the Eſſay on Criticiſm "in verſe; but if any more curious reader has diſco- "vered in it ſomething new which is not in Dryden's "prefaces, dedications, and his eſſay on dramatic

[o] Reflections critical and ſatirical on a Rhapſody called, An Eſſay on Criticiſm. Printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

"poetry

ry, not to mention the French critics, I ſhould ery glad to have the benefit of the diſcovery p." is followed (as in fame, ſo in judgment) by the : and ſimple-minded

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED.

out of great reſpect to our poet, not naming him, ret glance at his Eſſay, together with the Duke kingham's, and the Criticiſms of Dryden, and race, which he more openly taxeth q: "As to numerous treatiſes, eſſays, arts, &c. both in e and proſe, that have been written by the mo- is on this ground-work, they do but hackney the e thoughts over again, making them ſtill more . Moſt of their pieces are nothing but a pert, id heap of common-place. Horace has, even in Art of Poetry, thrown out ſeveral things which nly ſhew, he thought an Art of Poetry was of ıſe, even while he was writing one."

all which great authorities, we can only oppoſe

Mr. ADDISON.

The Art of Criticiſm (ſaith he) which was pub- d ſome months ſince, is a maſter-piece in its l. The obſervations follow one another like e in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that metho- l regularity which would have been requiſite in

ſſay on Criticiſm in proſe, octavo, 1728, by the of the Critical Hiſtory of England.
eface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.
ectator, N° 253.

" a proſe writer. They are ſome of them uncommon,
" but ſuch as the reader muſt aſſent to, when he ſees
" them explained with that eaſe and perſpicuity in
" which they are delivered. As for thoſe which are
" the moſt known and the moſt received, they are placed
" in ſo beautiful a light, and illuſtrated with ſuch apt
" alluſions, that they have in them all the graces of
" novelty; and make the reader, who was before ac-
" quainted with them, ſtill more convinced of their
" truth and ſolidity. And here give me leave to men-
" tion what Monſieur Boileau has ſo well enlarged upon
" in the preface to his works: That wit and fine wri-
" ting doth not conſiſt ſo much in advancing things
" that are new, as in giving things that are known an
" agreeable turn. It is impoſſible for us, who live in
" the latter ages of the world, to make obſervations
" in criticiſm, morality, or any art or ſcience, which
" have not been touched upon by others; we have
" little elſe left us, but to repreſent the common ſenſe
" of mankind in more ſtrong, more beautiful, or more
" uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's
" Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it
" which he may not meet with in Ariſtotle, and which
" were not commonly known by all the poets of the
" Auguſtan age. His way of expreſſing, and applying
" them, not his invention of them, is what we are
" chiefly to admire.

" Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the ſame
" kind of ſublime, which he obſerves in the ſeveral
" paſſages that occaſioned them: I cannot but take
" notice

"notice that our Engliſh author has after the ſame "manner exemplified ſeveral of the precepts in the "very precepts themſelves." He then produces ſome inſtances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with ſaying, that "there are three poems in "our tongue of the ſame nature, and each a maſter-"piece in its kind! The Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe; "the Eſſay on the Art of Poetry; and the Eſſay on "Criticiſm."

Of WINDSOR FOREST, poſitive is the judgment of the affirmative

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

"[s] That it is a wretched rhapſody, impudently writ "in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John Den-"ham: The author of it is obſcure, is ambiguous, is "affected, is temerarious, is barbarous."

But the author of the Diſpenſary [t],

Dr. GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from this opinion: "Thoſe who have ſeen theſe two excel-"lent poems of Cooper's Hill, and Windſor Foreſt, "the one written by Sir John Denham, the other by "Mr. Pope, will ſhew a great deal of candor if they "approve of this."

Of the Epiſtle of ELOISA, we are told by the obſcure writer of a poem called Sawney, "That becauſe "Prior's Henry and Emma charmed the fineſt taſtes,

[s] Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717. [t] Printed 1728, p. 12.

"our

" our author writ his Eloiſe in oppoſition to it; but f
" got innocence and virtue: If you take away
" tender thoughts, and her fierce deſires, all the
" is of no value." In which, methinks, his judgm
reſembleth that of a French taylor on a villa and g
dens by the Thames: " All this is very fine; but t
" away the river, and it is good for nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

Mr. PRIOR

himſelf, ſaying in his Alma[u].

O Abelard! ill fated youth,
Thy tale will juſtify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler Poet's ſong:
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and ſkill has weav'd
A ſilken web; and ne'er ſhall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy ſad diſtreſs,
And Venus ſhall the texture bleſs, &c.

Come we now to his tranſlation of the ILIAD, c
brated by numerous pens, yet ſhall it ſuffice to men
the indefatigable

Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

Who (though otherwiſe a ſevere cenſurer of our auth
yet ſtyleth this a " laudable tranſlation[w]." That re
writer

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[u] Alma, Cant. 2.
[w] In his Eſſays, vol. 1. printed for E. Curll.

Mr. OLDMIXON,

forementioned Eſſay, frequently commends the

And the painful

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

extols it[x], "The ſpirit of Homer breathes all ugh this tranſlation.—I am in doubt, whether I ild moſt admire the juſtneſs to the original, or the e and beauty of the language, or the ſounding ety of the numbers: But when I find all theſe t, it puts me in mind of what the poet ſays of of his heroes, That he alone raiſed and flung ı eaſe a weighty ſtone, that two common men ld not lift from the ground; juſt ſo, one ſingle on has performed in this tranſlation, what I once aired to have ſeen done by the force of ſeveral terly hands." Indeed the ſame gentleman ap- to have changed his ſentiment in his Eſſay on the ſinking in reputation, (printed in Miſt's Journal, 1 30, 1728.) where he ſays thus: "In order to in reputation, let him take it into his head to end into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will, r the devil he got there) and pretend to do him Engliſh, ſo his verſion denote his neglect of the mer how." Strange Variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8.

at this tranſlation of the Illiad was not in all re- ts conformable to the fine taſte of his friend Mr. liſon; inſomuch that he employed a younger Muſe,

[x] Cenſor, vol. ii. n. 33.

"in

" in an undertaking of this kind, which he ſuperviſed " himſelf." Whether Mr. Addiſon did find it conformable to his taſte, or not, beſt appears from his own teſtimony the year following its publication, in theſe words:

Mr. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, No. 40.

" When I conſider myſelf as a Britiſh freeholder, I " am in a particular manner pleaſed with the labours " of thoſe who have improved our language with the " tranſlations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We " have already moſt of their Hiſtorians in our own " tongue, and, what is more for the honour of our " language, it has been taught to expreſs with elegance " the greateſt of their poets in each nation. The illi- " terate among our own countrymen may learn to judge " from Dryden's Virgil of the moſt perfect Epic per- " formance. And thoſe parts of Homer which have " been publiſhed already by Mr. Pope, give us reaſon " to think that the Iliad will appear in Engliſh with " as little diſadvantage to that immortal poem."

As to the reſt, there is a ſlight miſtake, for this younger Muſe was an elder: nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addiſon to tranſlate it after him, ſince he ſaith himſelf that he did it before [y]. Contrariwiſe, that Mr. Addiſon engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed ſome time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and

[y] Vid. pref. to Mr. Tickell's tranſlation of the firſt book of the Iliad, 4to.

ovember 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion
iat no other perſon was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakeſpeare on the ſtage: "Let him
quoth one, whom I take to be

Mr. THEOBALD, Miſt's Journal, June 8, 1728.)

publiſh ſuch an author as he has leaſt ſtudied, and forget to diſcharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him lend the bookſeller his name (for a competent ſum of money) to promote the credit of an exorbitant ſubſcription." Gentle reader, e pleaſed to caſt thine eye on the Propoſal below uoted, and on what follows (ſome months after the ormer aſſertion) in the ſame Journaliſt of June 8,

The bookſeller propoſed the book by ſubſcription, and raiſed ſome thouſand of pounds for the ſame: I believe the gentleman did not ſhare in the profits of this extravagant ſubſcription."

"After the Iliad, he undertook (ſaith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.)

the ſequel of that work, the Odyſſey; and having ſecured the ſucceſs by a numerous ſubſcription, he employed ſome underlings to perform what, according to his propoſals, ſhould come from his own hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth ppoſe nothing but the words of

Mr. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY, (printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724.)

I take this occaſion to declare that the ſubſcription for Shakeſpeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonſon: And

"that

" that the benefit of this Propoſal is not ſolely for my " own uſe, but for that of two of my friends, who have " aſſiſted me in this work." But theſe very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himſelf in another of Miſt's Journals, March 30, 1728, ſaying, " That he would not " adviſe Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of get- " ting a great part of a book done by aſſiſtants, leſt " thoſe extraneous parts ſhould unhappily aſcend to " the ſublime, and retard the declenſion of the whole." Behold! theſe Underlings are become good writers!

If any ſay, that before the ſaid Propoſals were print- ed, the ſubſcription was begun without declaration of ſuch aſſiſtance; verily thoſe who ſet it on foot, or (as the term is) ſecured it, to wit, the right honourable the Lord Viſcount HARCOURT, were he living, would teſtify, and the right honourable the Lord BATHURST, now living, doth teſtify, the ſame is a falſhood.

Sorry I am, that perſons profeſſing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, ſhould either falſely tax, or be falſely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

" Mr. Addiſon raiſed this author from obſcurity, ob- " tained him the acquaintance and friendſhip of the " whole body of our nobility, and transferred his power- " ful intereſts with thoſe great men to this riſing bard, " who frequently levied by that means unuſual con- " tributions on the Public." Which ſurely cannot be, if, as the author of the Dunciad diſſected report- eth,

Mr. Wycherley had before "introduced him in-
a familiar acquaintance with the greateſt Peers
brighteſt Wits then living."

No ſooner (ſaith the ſame Journaliſt) was his body
leſs, but this author, reviving his reſentment,
lled the memory of his departed friend; and
it was ſtill more heinous, made the ſcandal pub-
" Grievous the accuſation! unknown the ac-
! the perſon accuſed, no witneſs in his own cauſe;
erſon, in whoſe regard accuſed, dead! But if
be living any one nobleman whoſe friendſhip,
y one gentleman whoſe ſubſcription Mr. Addiſon
ed to our author; let him ſtand forth, that truth
ppear! Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, ſed magis
Veritas. In verity, the whole ſtory of the libel
e; witneſs thoſe perſons of integrity, who, ſeveral
before Mr. Addiſon's deceaſe, did ſee and ap-
of the ſaid verſes, in no wiſe a libel, but a friendly
ſent privately in our author's own hand to Mr.
on himſelf, and never made public, till after
own Journals, and Curll had printed the ſame.
ame alone, which I am here authorized to de-
will ſufficiently evince this truth, that of the
nonourable the Earl of BURLINGTON.

t is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of
uthors, I doubt, more heinous than any in mo-
to wit, Plagiariſm, from the inventive and
conceited

JAMES-MOORE SMITH, Gent.

"Upon

" [2] Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Mi
" cellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent
" and happening to praiſe them, a gentleman produce
" a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) publiſhed la
" year, where were the ſame verſes to a tittle.

" Theſe gentlemen are undoubtedly the firſt pla
" giaries, that pretend to make a reputation by ſteal
" ing from a man's works in his own life-time, an
" out of a public print." Let us join to this what i written by the author of the Rival Modes, the ſai Mr. James-Moore Smith, in a letter to our author him ſelf, who had informed him a month before that pla was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that " Theſe verſes, whic
" he had before given him leave to inſert in it, woul
" be known for his, ſome copies being got abroad
" He deſires, nevertheleſs, that ſince the lines ha
" been read in his comedy to ſeveral, Mr. P. woul
" not deprive it of them," &c. Surely, if we ad the teſtimonies of the Lord BOLINGBROKE, of the Lad to whom the ſaid verſes were originally addreſſed, o Hugh Bethel, Eſq; and others, who knew them as ou author's, long before the ſaid gentleman compoſed hi play; it is hoped, the ingenuous that affect not error will rectify their opinion by the ſuffrage of ſo honour able perſonages.

And yet followeth another charge, inſinuating n leſs than his enmity both to Church and State, whic

[2] Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

coul

d come from no other informer than the ſaid
Mr. JAMES-MOORE SMITH.

a The Memoirs of a Pariſh Clerk was a very dull
id unjuſt abuſe of a perſon who wrote in defence
our Religion and Conſtitution, and who has been
ad many years." This ſeemeth alſo moſt untrue;
ing known to divers that theſe Memoirs were writ-
at the ſeat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordſhire,
re that excellent perſon (biſhop Burnet's) death,
many years before the appearance of that hiſtory,
hich they are pretended to be an abuſe. Moſt true
, that Mr. Moore had ſuch a deſign, and was him-
the man who preſt Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to
him therein; and that he borrowed thoſe Memoirs
ur author, when that hiſtory came forth, with in-
to turn them to ſuch abuſe. But being able to
in from our author but one ſingle hint, and either
ging his mind, or having more mind than ability,
ontented himſelf to keep the ſaid Memoirs, and read
i as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble per-
there is, into whoſe company Mr. Pope once chan-
to introduce him, who well remembereth the con-
ition of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the "Con-
mpt he had for the work of that reverend prelate,
d how full he was of a deſign he declared himſelf
have of expoſing it." This noble Perſon is the
of PETERBOROUGH.

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[a] Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.

Here in truth ſhould we crave pardon of all the fore ſaid right honourable and worthy perſonages, for having mentioned them in the ſame page with ſuch wretched riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the ſame; and that they are introduced not as witneſſes in the controverſy, but as witneſſes that cannot be controverted: not to diſpute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two claſſes of ſuch who were acquaintance, and of ſuch who were ſtrangers to our author; the former are theſe who ſpeak well, and the other thoſe who ſpeak evil of him. Of the firſt claſs, the moſt noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

ſums up his character in theſe lines:

" [b] And yet ſo wondrous, ſo ſublime a thing,
" As the great Iliad, ſcarce could make me ſing,
" Unleſs I juſtly could at once commend
" A good companion, and as firm a friend;
" One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
" Can all deſert in ſciences exceed."

So alſo is he decypher'd by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT. [choſe

" [c] Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou
" What laurel'd arch, for thy triumphant Muſe?
" Though each great ancient court thee to his ſhrine,
" Though every laurel through the dome be thine,

[b] Verſes to Mr. P. on his tranſlation of Homer.
[c] Poem prefixed to his works.

" Go

" Go to the good and juſt, and awful train!
" Thy ſoul's delight,———"

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous diſpoſition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

Mr. WALTER HART.

in this apoſtrophe:

" [d] Oh! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praiſe!
" Bleſt in thy life, and bleſt in all thy lays,
" Add, that the Siſters every thought refine,
" And ev'n thy life be faultleſs as thy line,
" Yet envy ſtill with fiercer rage purſues,
" Obſcures the virtue, and defames the Muſe.
" A ſoul like thine, in pain, in grief, reſign'd,
" Views with juſt ſcorn the malice of mankind."

The witty and moral ſatiriſt

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG,

wiſhing ſome check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a taſk ſo worthy of his virtue:

" [e] Why ſlumbers Pope, who leads the Muſe's train,
" Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain?"

Mr. MALLET,

in his Epiſtle on Verbal Criticiſm:

" Whoſe life, ſeverely ſcan'd, tranſcends his lays;
" For wit ſupreme, is but his ſecond praiſe,"

Mr. HAMMOND,

That delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

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[d] In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.
[e] Univerſal Paſſion, Sat. i.

" Now, fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age,
" In low purſuit of ſelf-undoing wrong,
" And trace the author through his moral page,
" Whoſe blameleſs life ſtill anſwers to his ſong

Mr. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philoſophical poem of the Seaſons

" Although not ſweeter his own Homer ſings,
" Yet is his life the more endearing ſong."

To the ſame tune alſo ſingeth that learned clerk Suffolk,

Mr. WILLIAM BROOME,

" [f] Thus, nobly riſing in fair Virtue's cauſe,
" From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws.

And, to cloſe all, hear the reverend dean of St. trick's:

" A Soul with every virtue fraught,
" By Patriots, Prieſts, and Poets taught.
" Whoſe filial Piety excells
" Whatever Grecian ſtory tells.
" A genius for each buſineſs fit,
" Whoſe meaneſt talent is his Wit," &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the o ſide, and ſhewing his Character drawn by thoſe v whom he never converſed, and whoſe countenances could not know, though turned againſt him: F again commencing with the high voiced and n enough quoted

Mr. JOHN DENNIS,

[f] In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyſſey.

W

Who, in his Reflections on the Eſſay on Criticiſm, thus deſcribeth him: "A little affected hypocrite, who has "nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendſhip, "good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is "ſo great a lover of falſehood, that, whenever he has "a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands "them with ſome defect which was juſt contrary to ſome "good quality, for which all their friends and acquaint-"ance commend them. He ſeems to have a particular "pique to People of quality, and authors of that rank. "—He muſt derive his religion from St. Omer's."— But in the Character of Mr. P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716) he ſaith, "Though "he is a profeſſor of the worſt religion, yet he laughs "at it;" but that, "nevertheleſs, he is a virulent Pa-"piſt; and yet a Pillar for the Church of England."

Of both which opinions

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

ſeems alſo to be; declaring, in Miſt's Journal of June 22, 1718, "That, if he is not ſhrewdly abuſed, he "made it his practice to cackle to both parties in their "own ſentiments." But, as to his pique againſt People of Quality, the ſame Journaliſt doth not agree, but ſaith (May 8, 1728) "He had, by ſome means or "other, the acquaintance and friendſhip of the whole "body of our nobility."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character laſt cited, make it all plain, by aſſuring us, "That he is a creature that re-"conciles all contradictions: he is a beaſt, and a man; "a Whig,

" a Whig, and a Tory; a writer (at one and the ſame
" time) of g Guardians and Examiners; an Aſſertor
" of liberty, and of the diſpenſing power of Kings; a
" Jeſuitical profeſſor of truth; a baſe and a foul pre-
" tender to candour." So that, upon the whole ac-
count, we muſt conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honeſt man; a terrible impoſer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as the judicious reader ſhall ſeem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whoſe wrath is perilous: For one declares he ought to have a price ſet on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beaſt [h]. Another proteſts that he does not know what may happen; adviſes him to enſure his perſon; ſays he has bitter enemies, and expreſsly declares it will be well if he eſcapes with his life [i]. One deſires he would cut his own throat, or hang himſelf [k]. But Paſquin ſeemed rather inclined it ſhould be done by the Government, repreſenting him engaged in grievous deſigns with a Lord of Parliament, then under proſecution [l]. Mr. Dennis himſelf hath written to a Miniſter, that he is one of the moſt dangerous perſons in this kingdom [m]; and aſſureth the Public, that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monſter, that will, one day, ſhew as daring a ſoul as a mad Indian, who runs a muck to kill

g The Names of two weekly Papers.

h Theobald, Letter in Miſt's Journal, June 22, 1728.

i Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 14. 16. k Gulliveriana, p. 332. l Anno 1723. m Anno 1729.

the

the firſt Chriſtian he meets [n]. Another gives information of Treaſon diſcovered in his poem [o]. Mr. Curll boldly ſupplies an imperfect verſe with Kings and Princeſſes [p]. And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publiſhes at length the Two moſt SACRED NAMES in this Nation, as members of the Dunciad [q]!

This is prodigious! yet it is almoſt as ſtrange, that in the midſt of theſe invectives his greateſt Enemies have (I know not how) borne teſtimony to ſome merit in him.

Mr. THEOBALD,

in cenſuring his Shakeſpeare, declares, "He has ſo great "an eſteem for Mr. Pope, and ſo high an opinion of "his genius and excellencies; that, notwithſtanding he "profeſſes a veneration almoſt riſing to Idolatry for the "writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very "loth even to do him juſtice, at the expence of that "other gentleman's character [r]."

Mr. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at laſt came to wiſh from his heart, "That Mr. Pope

[n] Preface to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12. and in the laſt page of that treatiſe.

[o] Page 6, 7. of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book intitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Eſſays, Verſes, and Advertiſements, occaſioned by Pope and Swift's Miſcellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712.

[p] Key to the Dunciad, 3d edit. p. 18.

[q] A Liſt of Perſons, &c. at the end of the foremention'd Collection of all the Letters, Eſſays, &c.

[r] Introduction to his Shakeſpeare Reſtored, in quarto, p. 3.

" would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Ep
" by his hand, for it is certain we ſee the origin
" Sappho to Phaon with much more life and lik
" in his verſion, than in that of Sir Car Scrope.
" this (he adds) is the more to be wiſhed, becau
" the Engliſh tongue we have ſcarcely any thing
" and naturally written upon Love[s]." He alſ
taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox
nions of Homer, challengeth him to anſwer what
Pope hath ſaid in his preface to that Poet.

Mr. OLDMIXON

calls him a great maſter of our tongue; declares
" purity and perfection of the Engliſh language
" found in his Homer; and, ſaying there are
" good verſes in Dryden's Virgil than in any
" work, except this of our author only[t]."

The Author of a Letter to Mr. CIBBER,

ſays, " [u] Pope was ſo good a verſifier [once] tha
" predeceſſor Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary
" Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers is
" to any body's. And, that he had all the merit,
" a man can have that way." And

Mr. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemiſhing our author's Homer, crieth

" But in his other works what beauties ſhine,
" While ſweeteſt Muſic dwells in every line!

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[s] Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's E
octavo, 1721, p. 97, 98.

[t] In his proſe Eſſay on Criticiſm.

[u] Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

" T

" Theſe he admir'd, on theſe he ſtamp'd his praiſe,
" And bade them live to brighten future days [w]."

So alſo one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verſes to Duncan Campbell [x], in that poem, which is wholly a ſatire upon Mr. Pope, confeſſeth,

" 'Tis true, if fineſt notes alone could ſhow
" (Tun'd juſtly high, or regularly low)
" That we ſhould fame to theſe mere vocals give;
" Pope more than we can offer ſhould receive:
" For when ſome gliding river is his theme,
" His lines run ſmoother than the ſmootheſt ſtream,"
&c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he ſays, " The ſmooth numbers of the Dun-
" ciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other
" merit;" yet that ſame paper hath theſe words:
" The author is allowed to be a perfect maſter of an
" eaſy and elegant verſification. In all his works we
" find the moſt happy turns, and natural ſimilies, won-
" derfully ſhort and thick ſown."

The Eſſay on the Dunciad alſo owns, p. 25. it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be ſaid on this Poem, is beſtowed by our Laureate,

Mr. COLLEY CIBBER,

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w Battle of the Poets, folio, p. 15.

x Printed under the title of the Progreſs of Dulneſs, duodecimo, 1728.

who

who " grants it to be a better Poem of its ki
" ever was writ;" but adds, " it was a victo
" parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almo
" dice to conquer.—A man might as well triu
" having killed ſo many ſilly flies that offend
" Could he have let them alone, by this tim
" ſouls! they had all been buried in oblivion y.
we ſee our excellent Laureate allows the juſtic
ſatire on every man in it, but himſelf; as t
Mr. Dennis did before him.

The ſaid

Mr. DENNIS and Mr. GILDON,

in the moſt furious of all their works (the
Character, p. 5.) do in concert z confeſs, " T

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y Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9. 12.

z in concert] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath pr
miſtake in this place, " As to my writing in con
" Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the honour and
" a gentleman, that I never wrote ſo much a
" in concert with any one man whatſoever. A
" two Letters from Gildon will plainly ſhew, th
" not writers in concert with each other.

' Sir,

' —The height of my Ambition is to pleaſ
' the beſt Judgment; and finding that I have er
' my Maſter agreeably, I have the extent of th
' of my Labour.'

' Sir,

' I had not the opportunity of hearing of yo
' lent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely
' and pleaſed with it, and hope you will meet
' encouragement your admirable performance
&c. CH.

" of a poet. Such, Sir, is your work. It is, inde
" above all commendation, and ought to have be
" publiſhed in an age and country more worthy of i
" If my teſtimony be of weight any where, you a
" ſure to have it in the ampleſt manner," &c. &c. &c.

Thus we ſee every one of his works hath been e
tolled by one or other of his moſt inveterate Enemie
and to the ſucceſs of them all they do unanimouſ
give teſtimony. But it is ſufficient, inſtar omnium,
behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, ſorely lamentin
it, even from the Eſſay on Criticiſm to this day of t
Dunciad! " A moſt notorious inſtance (quoth he)
" the depravity of genius and taſte, the approbatio
" this Eſſay meets with[b].—I can ſafely affirm, that
" never attacked any of theſe writings, unleſs they h
" ſucceſs infinitely beyond their merit. This, thou
" an empty, has been a popular ſcribbler. The epid
" mic madneſs of the times has given him reputation
" —If, after the cruel treatment ſo many extraordina
" men (Spenſer, Lord Bacon, Ben Jonſon, Milto
" Butler, Otway, and others) have received from th
" country, for theſe laſt hundred years, I ſhould ſh
" the ſcene,[c] and ſhew all that penury changed at on
" to riot and profuſeneſs; and more ſquandered aw
" upon one object, than would have ſatisfied the grea
" part of thoſe extraordinary men; the reader

[b] Dennis, Pref. to his Reflect. on the Eſſay on C
ticiſm.

[c] Preface to his Remarks on Homer.

" whe

this one creature ſhould be unknown, would
ıim a prodigy of art and nature, would be-
at all the great qualities of theſe perſons were
d in him alone. But if I ſhould venture to
ıim, that the PEOPLE OF ENGLAND had made
choice—the reader would either believe me
ious enemy, and ſlanderer; or that the reign of
(Queen Anne's) Miniſtry was deſigned by
encourage Fools [d]."

happens, that this our Poet never had any
:nſion, or Gratuity, in any ſhape, from the
ous Queen, or any of her Miniſters. All he
the whole courſe of his life, to any court, was
ption for his Homer, of 200 l. from King
. and 100 l. from the Prince and Princeſs.
er, leſt we imagine our Author's ſucceſs was
and univerſal, they acquaint us of certain
a leſs degree of repute, whereof, although
r others, yet do they aſſure us he is the writer.
ort Mr. DENNIS [e] aſcribes to him two Farces,
nes he does not tell, but aſſures us that there
e jeſt in them: and an imitation of Horace,
le he does not mention, but aſſures us it is
re execrable than all his works [f]. The DAILY
L, May 11, 1728, aſſures us, "He is below
)urfey in the Drama, becauſe (as that writer
the Marriage-Hater matched, and the

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on Homer, p. 8, 9.
ıcter of Mr. Pope, p. 7.

[e] Ib. p. 8.

"Boarding-

" Boarding-School are better than the Wbat d'ye-cal
" it;" which is not Mr. P.'s, but Mr. Gay's. M
GILDON aſſures us, in his New Rehearſal, p. 4
" That he was writing a play of the Lady Jane Grey
but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We a
aſſured by another, " He wrote a pamphlet called D
" Andrew Tripe g;" which proved to be one D
Wagſtaff's. Mr. THEOBALD aſſures us, in Miſt
the 27th of April, " That the treatiſe of the Profou
" is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it
The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; a
ſays, " the whole, or greateſt part, of the merit
" this treatiſe muſt and can only be aſcribed to Gu
" liver h." [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but ſm
at the ſtrange blindneſs and poſitiveneſs of me
knowing the ſaid treatiſe to appertain to none ot
but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are aſſured, in Miſt of June 8, " That his o
" Plays and Farces would better have adorned t
" Dunciad, than thoſe of Mr. Theobald; for he h
" neither genius for Tragedy nor Comedy." Wh
whether true or not, it is not eaſy to judge; in
much as he had attempted neither. Unleſs we v
take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his be
once very angry at hearing a friend's Play abuſed, v
an infallible proof the Play was his own; the ſaid M
Cibber thinking it impoſſible for a man to be m
concerned for any but himſelf: " Now let any r

g Character of Mr. Pope, p. 6. h Gulliv. p. 1
" ju

"judge (ſaith he) by his concern, who was the true "mother of the child [i]?"

But from all that hath been ſaid, the diſcerning reader will collect, that it little availed our Author to have any Candour, ſince, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any Modeſty, ſince, when he declined writing in any way himſelf, the preſumption of others was imputed to him. If he ſingly enterprized one great work, he was taxed of Boldneſs and Madneſs to a Prodigy [k]: If he took aſſiſtants in another, it was complained of, and repreſented as a great injury to the Public [l]. The loftieſt heroics; the loweſt ballads, treatiſes againſt the ſtate or church, ſatires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, ſquabbles with bookſellers, or even full and true accounts of monſters, poiſons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing ſo good, nothing ſo bad, which hath not at one or other ſeaſon been to him aſcribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: If it reſembled any of his ſtyles, then was it evident; if it did not, then diſguiſed he it on ſet purpoſe. Yea, even direct oppoſitions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been ſuppoſed in him inherent. Surely a moſt

[i] Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 19.

[k] Burnet's Homerides, p. 1. of his tranſlation of the Iliad.

[l] The London and Miſt's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyſſey.

rare

rare and ſingular character; Of which let the r
make what he can.

Doubtleſs moſt Commentators would hence tak
caſion to turn all to their Author's advantage,
from the teſtimony of his very Enemies would a
That his Capacity was boundleſs, as well as his
gination; that he was a perfect maſter of all S
and all Arguments; and that there was in thoſe
no other Writer, in any kind, of any degree o
cellence, ſave he himſelf. But as this is not our
ſentiment, we ſhall determine on nothing; but
thee, gentle reader, to ſteer thy judgment equall
tween various opinions, and to chuſe whether
wilt incline to the Teſtimonies of Authors avowe
of Authors concealed; of thoſe who knew him,
thoſe who knew him not.

MARTI

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS
OF THE POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the moſt grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulneſs; is it of the moſt grave and ancient kind. Homer aith Ariſtotle) was the firſt who gave the Form, and aith Horace) who adapted the Meaſure, to heroic eſy. But even before this, may be rationally pre-med from what the Ancients have left written, was piece by Homer compoſed, of like nature and matter th this of our Poet. For of Epic ſort it appeareth have been, yet of matter ſurely not unpleaſant, wit-ſs what is reported of it by the learned archbiſhop uſtathius, in Odyſſ. x. And accordingly Ariſtotle, his Poetics, chap. iv. doth further ſet forth, that as e Iliad and Odyſſey gave example to Tragedy, ſo did is poem to Comedy its firſt idea.

From theſe authors alſo it ſhould ſeem, that the ero, or chief perſonage of it was no leſs obſcure, and s underſtanding and ſentiments no leſs quaint and ange (if indeed not more ſo) than any of the actors our poem. MARGITES was the name of this per-nage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce e firſt; and ſurely from what we hear of him, not worthy to be the root of ſo ſpreading a tree, and ſo merous a poſterity. The poem therefore celebrating m was properly and abſolutely a Dunciad; which

 though

though now unhappily loſt, yet is its nature ſufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforeſaid. And thus it doth appear, that the firſt Dunciad was the firſt Epic poem, written by Homer himſelf, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyſſey.

Now, foraſmuch as our poet hath tranſlated thoſe two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in ſome ſort his duty to imitate that alſo which was loſt: and was therefore induced to beſtow on it the ſame form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely that of Epic poem; with a title alſo framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is, that ſo few of the moderns have been ſtimulated to attempt ſome Dunciad! ſince, in the opinion of the multitude, it might coſt leſs pain and toil than an imitation of the greater Epic. But poſſible it is alſo, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it eaſier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godffey, with juſt pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We ſhall next declare the occaſion and the cauſe which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in thoſe days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of Printing as a ſcourge for the ſins of the learned) Paper alſo became ſo cheap, and Printers ſo numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land: Whereby not only the Peace of the honeſt unwriting ſubject was daily moleſted, but unmerciful demands were made of his applauſe, yea of his money,

by

as would neither earn the one, nor deſerve the
At the ſame time, the licence of the Preſs was
hat it grew dangerous to refuſe them either;
would forthwith publiſh ſlanders unpuniſhed,
hors being anonymous, and ſkulking under the
of publiſhers, a ſet of men who neither ſcrupled
either Calumny or Blaſphemy, as long as the
would call for it.

w our author, living in thoſe times, did conceive
deavour well worthy an honeſt Satiriſt, to diſ-
he dull, and puniſh the wicked, the only way
is left. In that public-ſpirited view he laid the
this poem, as the greateſt ſervice he was capa-
thout much hurt, or being ſlain) to render his
untry. Firſt, taking things from their original,
ſidereth the cauſes creative of ſuch Authors,
Dulneſs and Poverty; the one born with them,
er contracted by neglect of their proper talents,
a ſelf-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he
th in an Allegory [b] (as the conſtruction of Epic
equireth) and feigns that one of theſe Goddeſſes
ten up her abode with the other, and that they
inſpired all ſuch writers and ſuch works. [c] He
keth to ſhew the qualities they beſtow on theſe
s, and the effects they produce [d]: then the mate-
ar ſtock, with which they furniſh them [e]; and

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de Boſſu, Du Poeme Epique, chap. viii.
ſſu, chap. vii. [c] Book I. ver. 34, &c.
r. 45 to 54. [e] Ver. 57 to 77.

(above all) that ſelf-opinion [f] which cauſeth it to to themſelves vaſtly greater than it is, and is the p motive of their ſetting up in this ſad and ſorry chandiſe. The great power of theſe Goddeſſes a in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Ir try, ſo is the other of Plodding) was to be exempl in ſome one great and remarkable Action: [g] And could be more ſo than that which our poet hath ſen; viz. the reſtoration of the reign of Chaos Night, by the miniſtry of Dulneſs their daughter the removal of her imperial ſeat from the City to polite World; as the Action of the Æneid is the r ration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of race from thence to Latium. But as Homer ſin only the Wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his P the whole hiſtory of the Trojan war, in like ma our author hath drawn into this ſingle Action the w hiſtory of Dulneſs and her children.

A Perſon muſt next be fixed upon to ſupport this tion. This Phantom in the Poet's mind muſt ha Name [h]: He finds it to be ——— : and he become courſe the Hero of the poem.

The Fable being thus, according to the beſt ex ple, one and entire, as contained in the Propoſit the Machinery is a continued chain of Allegories, ting forth the whole Power, Miniſtry, and Empi

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[f] Book I. ver. 80.
[g] Ibid. chap. vii, viii.
[h] Boſſu, chap. viii. Vide Ariſtot. Poetic. cap. i

Dulr

Dulneſs, extended through her ſubordinate inſtruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into Epiſodes, each of which hath its Moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The Crowd aſſembled in the ſecond book, demonſtrates the deſign to be more extenſive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other Epiſodes of the Patrons, Encouragers, or Paymaſters of ſuch authors, as occaſion ſhall bring them forth. And the third book, if well conſidered, ſeemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the Games relateth to ſome or other vile claſs of writers: The firſt concerneth the Plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the ſecond, the libellous Novelift, whom he ſtyleth Eliza; the third, the Flattering Dedicator; the fourth, the bawling Critic, or noiſy Poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty Party-writer; and ſo of the reſt: aſſigning to each ſome proper name or other, ſuch as he could find.

As for the Characters, the public hath already acknowledged how juſtly they are drawn: The manners are ſo depicted, and the ſentiment ſo peculiar to thoſe to whom applied, that ſurely to transfer them to any other or wiſer perſonages, would be exceeding difficult: And certain it is, that every perſon concerned, being conſulted apart, hath readily owned the reſemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them, "a parcel of poor wretches, ſo many ſilly "flies[1]: but adds, our Author's Wit is remarkably

[1] Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. page 9. 12. 41.

" more bare and barren, whenever it would fall foul " on Cibber, than upon any other Perſon whatever."

The Deſcriptions are ſingular, the Compariſons very quaint, the Narration various, yet of one colour: The purity and chaſtity of Diction is ſo preſerved, that, in the places moſt ſuſpicious, not the words but only the images have been cenſured, and yet are thoſe images no other than have been ſanctified by ancient and claſſical Authority (though, as was the manner of thoſe good times, not ſo curiouſly wrapped up) yea, and commented upon by the moſt grave Doctors, and approved Critics.

As it beareth the name of Epic, it is thereby ſubjected to ſuch ſevere indiſpenſable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a ſtrict imitation of the Ancients; inſomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been cenſured by the ſound Critic. How exact that limitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general ſtructure, but by particular illuſions infinite, many whereof have eſcaped both the commentator and poet himſelf; yea divers by his exceeding diligence are ſo altered and interwoven with the reſt, that ſeveral have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abuſed, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itſelf to be the work of our Author when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the Judgment, without diminiſhing the Imagination; which, by good Critics, is held to be punctually

tually at forty. For at that ſeaſon it was that
l finiſhed his Georgics; and Sir Richard Black-
at the like age compoſing his Arthurs, declared
ame to be the very Acme and pitch of life for Epic
r: Though ſince he hath altered it to ſixty, the
in which he publiſhed his Alfred *. True it is,
the talents for Criticiſm, namely ſmartneſs, quick
ire, vivacity of remark, certainty of aſſeveration,
d all but acerbity, ſeem rather the gifts of Youth
of riper Age: But it is far otherwiſe in Poetry;
ſs the works of Mr. Rymer annd Mr. Dennis, who
ining with Criticiſm, became afterwards ſuch
; as no age hath paralleled. With good reaſon
fore did our author chuſe to write his Eſſay on
ſubject at twenty, and reſerve for his maturer years
great and wonderful work of the Dunciad.

* See his Eſſays.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE

HERO OF THE POEM.

OF the Nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable ſhare of judgment, diſſertated. But when he cometh to ſpeak of the Perſon of the Hero fitted for ſuch Poem, in truth he miſerably halts and hallucinates: for, miſled by one Monſieur Boſſu a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what Phantom of a Hero, only raiſed up to ſupport the Fable. A putid conceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern Undertakers, who firſt build their houſe and then ſeek out for a tenant, had contrived the ſtory of a War and a Wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We ſhall therefore ſet our good brother and the world alſo right in this particular, by aſſuring them, that, in the greater Epic, the prime intention of the Muſe is to exalt Heroic Virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and conſequently that the Poet's firſt thought muſt needs be turned upon a real ſubject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illuſtrious. This is the primum mobile of

of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For, this ſubject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an Hero, and put upon ſuch action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muſe ceaſeth not here her Eagle-flight. For ſometimes, ſatiated with the contemplation of theſe Suns of glory, ſhe turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the Gooſe and Serpent kind. For we may apply to the Muſe in her various moods, what an ancient maſter of Wiſdom affirmeth of the Gods in general: "Si Dii non iraſcuntur impiis et "injuſtis, nec pios utique juſtoſque diligunt. In rebus "enim diverſis, aut in utramque partem moveri neceſſe "eſt, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos "odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia "et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos "odiſſe ex bonorum caritate deſcendit." Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the "Gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they "delighted with the good and juſt. For contrary ob-"jects muſt either excite contrary affections, or no af-"fections at all. So that he who loveth good men, muſt "at the ſame time hate the bad; and he who hateth not "bad men, cannot love the good; becauſe to love good "men proceedeth from an averſion to evil, and to hate "evil men from a tenderneſs to the good." From this delicacy of the Muſe aroſe the little Epic, (more lively and choleric than her elder ſiſter, whoſe bulk and complexion incline her to the phlegmatick:) And for this,

ſome

ſome notorious Vehicle of vice and folly was ſought to make thereof an Example. An early inſtance of w (not could it eſcape the accurate Scriblerus) the Fa of Epic poem himſelf affordeth us. From him practice deſcended to the Greek Dramatic Poets, Offspring; who, in the compoſition of their Tetral or ſet of four pieces, were wont to make the laſt a tiric Tragedy. Happily, one of theſe ancient Dunc (as we may well term it) is come down unto us mongſt the Tragedies of the poet Euripides. And doth the reader ſuppoſe may be the ſubject ther Why in truth, and it is worthy obſervation, the une Conteſt of an old, dull, debauched buffoon Cycl with the heaven-directed Favourite of Minerva; after having quietly borne all the monſter's obſcene impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in puniſhing him the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. we not then be excuſed, if for the future we conſide Epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with our poem, as a complete Tetralogy; in which the worthily holdeth the place or ſtation of the ſatiric pi

Proceed we therefore in our ſubject. It hath long, and alas for pity! ſtill remaineth a queſtion, ther the Hero of the greater Epic ſhould be an h Man; or, as the French Critics expreſs it, un hon homme[a]: but it never admitted of a doubt, but the Hero of the little Epic ſhould be juſt the conti

[a] Si un Heros Poëtique doit être un honnête hom Boſſu, du Poême Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

He

Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may obſerve, how much juſter the Moral of that Poem muſt needs be, where ſo important a queſtion is previouſly decided.

But then it is not every Knave, nor (let me add) every Fool, that is a fit ſubject for a Dunciad. There muſt ſtill exiſt ſome Analogy, if not Reſemblance of Qualities between the Heroes of the two Poems; and this in order to admit what Neoteric critics call the Parody, one of the livelieſt graces of the little Epic. Thus it being agreed, that the conſtituent qualities of the greater Epic Hero, are Wiſdom, Bravery, and Love, from whence ſpringeth heroic Virtue; it followeth, that thoſe of the leſſer Epic Hero ſhould be Vanity, Aſſurance, and Debauchery, from which happy aſſemblage reſulteth heroic Dulneſs, the never-dying ſubject of this our Poem.

This being ſettled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true Wiſdom, to ſeek its chief ſupport and confidence within itſelf; and to place that ſupport in the reſources which proceed from a conſcious rectitude of Will.—And are the advantages of Vanity, when ariſing to the heroic ſtandard, at all ſhort of this ſelf-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? "Let the world "(will ſuch an one ſay) impute to me what folly or "weakneſs they pleaſe; but till Wiſdom can give me "ſomething that will make me more heartily happy, "I am content to be GAZED AT [b]." This, we ſee, is

[b] Ded. to the Life of C. C.

Vanity

Vanity according to the heroic gage or meaſure; not th
low and ignoble ſpecies which pretendeth to Virtu
we have not; but the laudable ambition of being gaz
at for glorying in thoſe Vices, which every body kno
we have. "The world may aſk (ſays he) why I ma
"my follies public? Why not? I have paſſed my li
"very pleaſantly with them [c]." In ſhort, there is
ſort of Vanity ſuch a Hero would ſcruple, but th
which might go near to degrade him from his high
tion in this our Dunciad; namely, "whether it wou
"not be Vanity in him, to take ſhame to himſelf
"not being a wiſe man [d]?"

Bravery, the ſecond attribute of the true Hero,
Courage manifeſting itſelf in every limb; while
correſpondent Virtue in the mock Hero, is, that ſa
Courage all collected into the Face. And as Pow
when drawn together, muſt needs have more force a
ſpirit than when diſperſed, we generally find this ki
of courage in ſo high and heroic a degree, that it
ſults not only Men, but Gods. Mezentius is, with
doubt, the braveſt character in all the Æneis: But ho
His bravery, we know, was an high courage of bl
phemy. And can we ſay leſs of this brave man's, w
having told us that he placed "his Summum bonum
"thoſe follies, which he was not content barely
"poſſeſs, but would likewiſe glory in," adds, "I
"am miſguided, 'TIS NATURE'S FAULT, and I foll
"HER [e]." Nor can we be miſtaken in making t

[c] Life, p. 2. oct. edit. [d] Ibid. [e] Ibid. p.
hap

ality a ſpecies of Courage, when we conſider
uſtrious marks of it, which made his FACE
nown (as he juſtly boaſteth) than moſt in the
m;" and his Language to conſiſt of what we
w to be the moſt daring Figure of Speech,
h is taken from the Name of God.

Love, the next ingredient in the true Hero's
on, is a mere bird of paſſage, or (as Shake-
lls it) ſummer-teeming Luſt, and evaporates in
of Youth; doubtleſs by that refinement it ſuf-
ſſing through thoſe certain ſtrainers which our
newhere ſpeaketh of. But when it is let
work upon the Lees, it acquireth ſtrength by
; and becometh a laſting ornament to the little
t is true, indeed, there is one objection to its
r ſuch an uſe: For not only the ignorant may
common, but it is admitted to be ſo, even by
o beſt knoweth its value. "Don't you think
th he) to ſay 'only a man has his Whore,'
to go for little or nothing? Becauſe *defendit*
; take the firſt ten thouſand men you meet,
I believe, you would be no loſer if you betted
one, that every ſingle ſinner of them, one
nother, had been guilty of the ſame frailty."
he ſeemeth not to have done juſtice to himſelf:
n is ſure enough a Hero, who hath his Lady at

---

ng to theſe lines in the Epiſt. to Dr. Arbuthnot;
d has not Colly ſtill his Lord and Whore,
Butchers Henley, his Free-Maſons Moore?
to Mr. P. p. 46.

four-

fourſcore. How doth his Modeſty herein leſſen the merit of a whole well-ſpent life: not taking to himſelf the commendation (which Horace accounted the greateſt in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs, the ſame he was from the beginning,

" ——— Servetur ad IMUM
" Qualis ab incepto proceſſerat.——"

But here, in juſtice both to the Poet and the Hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her his whore, implieth ſhe was his own, and not his neighbour's. Truly a commendable Continence! and ſuch as Scipio himſelf muſt have applauded. For how much Self-denial was neceſſary not to covet his Neighbour's whore? and what diſorders muſt the coveting her have occaſioned in that Society, where (according to this Political Calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines!

We have now, as briefly as we could deviſe, gone through the three conſtituent Qualities of either Hero. But it is not in any, or in all of theſe, that Heroiſm properly or eſſentially reſideth. It is a lucky reſult rather from the colliſion of theſe lively Qualities againſt one another. Thus, as from Wiſdom, Bravery, and Love, ariſeth Magnanimity, the object of Admiration, which is the aim of the greater Epic; ſo from Vanity, Aſſurance, and Debauchery, ſpringeth Buffoonry, the ſource of Ridicule, that "laughing ornament," as he well termeth it[h], of the little Epic.

[h] Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.

He

He is not aſhamed (God forbid he ever ſhould be aſhamed!) of this Character; who deemeth, that not Reaſon but Riſibility diſtinguiſheth the human ſpecies from the brutal. "As Nature (ſaith this profound "Philoſopher) diſtinguiſhed our ſpecies from the mute "creation by our Riſibility, her deſign MUST have "been by that faculty as evidently to raiſe our HAP-"PINESS, as by our *Os ſublime* (OUR ERECTED FA-"CES) to lift the dignity of OUR FORM above them[i]." All this conſidered, how complete a Hero muſt he be, as well as how happy a Man, whoſe Riſibility lieth not barely in his Muſcles, as in the common ſort, but (as himſelf inſermeth us) in his very ſpirits? and whoſe *Os ſublime* is not ſimply an erect face, but a Brazen Head; as ſhould ſeem by his preferring it to one of Iron, ſaid to belong to the late king of Sweden[k]?

But whatever perſonal qualities a Hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas ſhew us, that all thoſe are of ſmall avail, without the conſtant aſſiſtance of the GODS: for the ſubverſion and erection of Empires have never been adjudged the work of Man. How greatly ſoever then we may eſteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his perſonal proweſs alone ſufficient to reſtore the decayed empire of Dulneſs. So weighty an atchievement muſt require the particular favour and protection of the GREAT; who being the natural patrons and ſupporters of Letters, as the ancient Gods were of Troy, muſt firſt be drawn

[i] Life, p. 23, 24. [k] Letter, p. 8.

off.

off and engaged in another Intereſt, before the tc ſubverſion of them can be accompliſhed. To f mount, therefore, this laſt and greateſt difficulty, have, in this excellent man, a profeſſed Favourite a Intimado of the Great. And look, of what force a cient Piety was to draw the Gods into the party Æneas; that, and much ſtronger is modern Incenſe, engage the Great in the party of Dulneſs.

Thus have we eſſayed to pourtray or ſhadow out t noble Imp of Fame. But now the impatient rea will be apt to ſay, If ſo many and various graces to the making up a Hero, what mortal ſhall ſuffice bear his character? Ill hath he read, who ſeeth n in every trace of this picture, that individual, ALL-A COMPLISED PERSON, in whom theſe rare virtues a lucky circumſtances have agreed to meet and concen with the ſtrongeſt luſtre and fulleſt harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay the World itſe might be impoſed on, in the late ſpurious editions, I can't tell what Sham Hero, or Phantom: But it w not ſo eaſy to impoſe on HIM whom this egregious r ror moſt of all concerned. For no ſooner had the fou book laid open the high and ſwelling ſcene, but recognized his own heroic Acts: And when he ca to the words,

"Soft on her lap her Laureat ſon reclines,"

(though Laureat imply no more than one crowned wi laurel, as befitteth any Aſſociate or Conſort in Empi he loudly reſented this indignity to violated Majeſ Indeed not without cauſe, he being there repreſent

as faſt aſleep; ſo miſbeſeeming the Eye of Empire, which, like that of Providence, ſhould never doze nor ſlumber. "Hah! (ſaith he) faſt aſleep, it ſeems! "that's a little too ſtrong. Pert and dull at leaſt you "might have allowed me, but as ſeldom aſleep as any "fool[l]." However, the injured Hero may comfort himſelf with this reflection, that though it be a ſleep, yet is not the ſleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will[m] live at leaſt, though not awake; and in no worſe condition than many an enchanted Warrior before him. The famous Durandante, for inſtance, was, like him, caſt into a long ſlumber by Merlin the Britiſh Bard and Necromancer; and his example for ſubmitting to it with a good grace, might be of uſe to our Hero. For that diſaſtrous knight being ſorely preſſed or driven to make his anſwer by ſeveral perſons of quality, only replied with a ſigh, Patience and ſhuffle the cards[n].

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the moſt ſacred and perfect things, either of Religion or Government, can eſcape the ſting of Envy, methinks I already hear theſe carpers objecting to the clearneſs of our Hero's title.

It would never (ſay they) have been eſteemed ſufficient to make an Hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one Empire, or Æneas pious enough to raiſe another, had they not been Goddeſs-born, and Princes bred. What then did

[l] Letter, p. 53. [m] Letter, p. 1.
[n] Don Quixote, Part ii. Book ii. ch. 22.

this Author mean, by erecting a Player inſtead of one of his Patrons (a perſon, "never a hero even on the "ſtage o"), to this dignity of Collegue in the Empire of Dulneſs, and Atchiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden, could entirely bring to paſs.

To all this we have, as we conceive, a ſufficient anſwer from the Roman hiſtorian, "Fabrum eſſe ſuæ quemque fortunæ:" That every man is the Smith of his own fortune. The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth ſtill further, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to believe himſelf a Hero to be one of the worthieſt. "Let him (ſaith he) but fancy himſelf capable of the "higheſt things, and he will of courſe be able to at-"chieve them." From this principle it follows, that nothing can exceed our Hero's proweſs; as nothing ever equalled the greatneſs of his conceptions. Hear how he conſtantly paragons himſelf; at one time to Alexander the Great and Charles the XII. of Sweden for the exceſs and delicacy of his Ambition [p]; to Henry the IV. of France, for honeſt Policy [q]; to the firſt Brutus, for love of liberty [r]; and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good Government while in power [s]: At another time, to the godlike Socrates for his diverſions and amuſements [t]: to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant Vanity that maketh them for ever read and

o See Life, p. 148. p P. 149. q P. 424.
r P. 366. s P. 457. t P. 18.

admired;

red [u]; to two Lord Chancellors, for law, from
n, when confederate againſt him at the bar,
arried away the prize of Eloquence [w]; and, to
ll in a word, to the right reverend the Lord
p of London himſelf, in the art of writing pa-
letters [x].

r did his actions fall ſhort of the ſublimity of his
eit. In his early youth he met the Revolution [y]
to face in Nottingham; at a time when his bet-
contented themſelves with following her. It was
he got acquainted with Old Battle-array, of whom
ith made ſo honourable mention in one of his im-
al Odes. But he ſhone in Courts as well as in
ps: He was called up when the nation fell in labour
is Revolution [z]; and was a goſſip at her chriſten-
with the Biſhop and the Ladies [a].

s to his Birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation
r to Heathen God or Goddeſs; but, what is as
, he was deſcended from a Maker of both [b]. And
he did not paſs himſelf on the world for a Hero,
ell by birth as education, was his own fault: For
ineage he bringeth into his life as an Anecdote,
s ſenſible he had it in his power to be thought no-
's ſon at all [c]: And what is that but coming into
world a Hero?

it be it (the punctilious Laws of Epic Poeſy ſo re-
ng) that a Hero of more than mortal birth muſt

Life, p. 425. [w] P. 436, 437. [x] P. 52. [y] P. 47.
57. [z] P. 58, 59. [b] A Statuary. [c] P. 6.

needs be had: Even for this we have a remedy. W
can eaſily derive our Hero's Pedigree from a Godd
of no ſmall power and authority amongſt men; a
legitimate and inſtall him after the right claſſical a
authentic faſhion: For, like as the ancient Sag
found a Son of Mars in a mighty Warrior; a Son
Neptune in a ſkilful Seaman; a Son of Phœbus in
harmonious Poet; ſo have we here, if need be, a Son
FORTUNE in an artful Gameſter. And who fitter th
the Offspring of Chance, to aſſiſt in reſtoring the Empi
of Night and Chaos?

There is in truth another objection of greater weigh
namely, "That this Hero ſtill exiſteth, and hath n
"yet finiſhed his earthly courſe. For if Solon ſaid wel

——ultima ſemper
Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debet!

"if no man can be called happy till his death, ſur
"ly much leſs can any one, till then, be pronou
"ced a Hero: this ſpecies of men being far more ſul
"ject than others to the caprices of Fortune and H
"mour." But to this alſo we have an anſwer, th
will (we hope) be deemed deciſive. It cometh fro
himſelf; who, to cut this matter ſhort, hath ſolemn
proteſted that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his Vanity, he declareth that nothin
ſhall ever part them. "Nature (ſaith he) hath amp
"ſupplied me in Vanity; a pleaſure which neither t
"pertneſs of Wit, nor the gravity of Wiſdom, wi

"ev

ɹerſuade me to part with [d]." Our poet had
y endeavoured to adminiſter a cure to it: But
h us plainly, "My ſuperiors perhaps may be
d by him; but for my part I own myſelf in-
ble. I look upon my Follies as the beſt part
Fortune [e]." And with good reaſon: We ſee
hey have brought him!
lly, as to Buffoonry, "Is it (ſaith he) a time
for me to leave off theſe fooleries, and ſet up
character? I can no more put off my Follies
ny Skin; I have often tried, but they ſtick
ſe to me: nor am I ſure my friends are diſ-
with them, for in this light I afford them
ıt matter of mirth, &c. &c. [f]" Having then
kly declared himſelf incorrigible, he is become
aw (I mean the law Epopœian), and devolv-
the Poet as his property; who may take him,
with him as if he had been dead as long as
gyptian hero; that is to ſay, embowel and em-
ı for poſterity.
g therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hin-
ɯn prophecy of himſelf from taking immediate
A rare felicity! and what few Prophets have
ıtisfaction to ſee, alive! Nor can we conclude
ın with that extraordinary one of his, which is
l in theſe Oraculous words, MY DULNESS
ND SOMEBODY TO DO IT RIGHT [g].

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[d] p. 424. octavo edit. [e] P. 19. [f] P. 17.

"Tandem

" Tandem Phœbus adeſt, morſuſque inferre parantem
" Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, INDURAT hiatus [h]."

[h] Ovid, of the ſerpent biting at Orpheus's head.

By AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the Authority in Us veſted by the Act for ſubjecting Poets to the Power of a Licenſer, we have reviſed this Piece; where finding the ſtyle and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pſeudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the ſame may be deemed in ſome ſort a Reflection on Majeſty, or at leaſt an Inſult on that Legal Authority which has beſtowed on another Perſon the Crown of Poeſy: We have ordered the ſaid Pretender, Pſeudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vaniſh and evaporate out of this work: And do declare the ſaid Throne of Poeſy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unleſs duly and lawfully ſupplied by the LAUREATE himſelf. And it is hereby enacted, that no other perſon do preſume to fill the ſame.

C. Ch.

THE DUNCIAD: TO Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

THE Propoſition, the Invocation, and the Inſcription. Then the Original of the great Empire of Dulneſs, and cauſe of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddeſs in the City, with her private Academy for Poets in particular; the Governors of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the Poem haſtes into the midſt of things, preſenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long ſucceſſion of her Sons, and the glories paſt and to come. She fixes her eye on Bays * to be the Inſtrument of that great Event which is the Subject of the Poem. He is deſcribed penſive among his Books, giving up the Cauſe, and apprehending the Period of her

VARIATION.

* In the firſt editions Tibbald was the Hero of the Poem, which will account for moſt of the ſubſequent variations.

her Empire: After debating whether to betal
ſelf to the Church, or to Gaming, or to Part
ing, he raiſes an Altar of proper books, and
ing firſt his ſolemn prayer and declaration
poſes thereon to ſacrifice all his unſucceſsful w
As the pile is kindled, the Goddeſs behold
flame from her ſeat, flies and puts it out by
upon it the poem of Thulé. She forthwith
herſelf to him, tranſports him to her Temple,
her Arts, and initiates him into her Myſterie
announcing the death of Euſden the Poet L
anoints him, carries him to court, and pr
him Succeſſor.

BOOK I.

E mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
he Smithfield Muſes to the ear of Kings,
I ſing.

VARIATION.

1. The mighty Mother, &c.] In the firſt Edit. hus,

s and the Man I ſing, the firſt who brings
Smithfield Muſes to the Ear of Kings,
great Patricians! ſince yourſelves inſpire
e wondrous works (ſo Jove and Fate require)
for what cauſe, in vain decry'd and curſt,

REMARKS.

DUNCIAD, ſic MS. It may well be diſputed
this be a right reading: Ought it not rather to
ed Dunceiad, as the Etymology evidently de-
Dunce with an e, therefore Dunceiad with an
at accurate and punctual Man of Letters, the
of Shakeſpeare, conſtantly obſerves the preſer-
of this very Letter e, in ſpelling the Name of his
Author, and not like his common careleſs Edi-
ith the omiſſion of one, nay ſometimes of two
s Shakſpear) which is utterly unpardonable.
s the neglect of a Single Letter ſo trivial as to
it may appear; the alteration whereof in a learn-
nguage is an Atchievement that brings honour
Critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley will
membered to poſterity for his performances of
ort, as long as the world ſhall have any eſteem
ie remains of Menander and Philemon."

THEOBALD.

is ſurely a ſlip in the learned author of the fore-
ote; there having been ſince produced by an
accu-

I ſing. Say you, her Inſtruments the Great!
Call'd to this work by Dulneſs, Jove, and Fate;
You

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accurate Antiquary, an Autograph of Shakeſpeare himſelf, whereby it appears that he ſpelled his own name without the firſt e. And upon this authority it was, that thoſe moſt Critical Curators of his Monument in Weſtminſter Abbey eraſed the former wrong reading, and reſtored the true ſpelling on a new piece of old Ægyptian Granite. Nor for this only do they deſerve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the ſame Monument the firſt Specimen of an Edition of an author in Marble; where (as may be ſeen on comparing the Tomb with the Book) in the ſpace of five lines, two Words and a whole Verſe are changed, and it is to be hoped will there ſtand, and outlaſt whatever hath been hitherto done in Paper; as for the future, our learned Sifter Univerſity (the other Eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a Total new Shakeſpeare at the Clarendon preſs. BENTL.

It is to be noted, that this great Critic alſo has omitted one circumſtance; which is, that the Inſcription with the Name of Shakeſpear was intended to be placed on the Marble Scroll to which he points with his hand; inſtead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that Specimen of an Edition is put on the Scroll, which indeed Shakeſpear hath great reaſon to point at. ANON.

Though I have as juſt a value for the letter E, as any Grammarian living, and the ſame affection for the Name of this Poem as any Critic for that of his Author; yet cannot it induce me to agree with thoſe who would add yet another e to it, and call it the Dunceiade; which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely Engliſh, and vernacular. One e therefore in this caſe is right, and two ee's wrong. Yet upon the whole I ſhall follow the Manuſcript, and print it without any e at all; moved thereto by Authority

'ou by whoſe care, in vain decry'd and curſt,
till Dunce the ſecond reigns like Dunce the firſt;

Say,

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ity (at all times, with Critics, equal, if not ſuperior to leaſon). In which method of proceeding, I can ne-er enough praiſe my good friend, the exact Mr. Tho. Iearne; who, if any word occur, which to him and all nankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the Text vith due reverence, and only remarks in the Mar-in, Sic MS. In like manner we ſhall not amend this rror in the Title itſelf, but only note it obiter, to vince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any ffect of our ignorance or inattention. SCRIBL.

This Poem was written in the year 1726. In the next ear an imperfect Edition was publiſhed at Dublin, and eprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, nd another at London in octavo: and three others in welves the ſame year. But there was no perfect Edi-ion before that of London in quarto; which was at-ended with Notes. We are willing to acquaint Poſte-ity, that this Poem was preſented to King George the econd and his Queen by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9.

SCHOL. VET.

It was expreſsly confeſſed in the Preface to the firſt Edition, that this Poem was not publiſhed by the Au-hor himſelf. It was printed originally in a foreign Country. And what foreign Country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only in-ſtead of proper names, theſe blunderers filled them up at their pleaſure.

The very Hero of the Poem hath been miſtaken to this hour; ſo that we are obliged to open our Notes with a diſcovery who he really was. We learn from the former Editor, that this Piece was preſented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his Hero is the Man

"—who

Say, how the Goddeſs bade Britannia ſleep,
And pour'd her Spirit o'er the land and deep.

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" ——who brings
" The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of Kings."

And it is notorious who was the perſon on wh this Prince conferred the honour of the Laurel.

It appears as plainly from the Apoſtrophe to the G in the third verſe, that Tibbald could not be the per who was never an Author in faſhion, or careſſed by Great; whereas this ſingle characteriſtic is ſufficien point out the true Hero: who, above all other Poet his time, was the Peculiar Delight and Choſen Com nion of the Nobility of England; and wrote, as he h ſelf tells us, certain of his works at the earneſt Defir Perſons of Quality.

Laſtly, the ſixth verſe affords full proof; this P being the only one who was univerſally known to h had a Son ſo exactly like him, in his poetical, theatri political, and moral Capacities, that it could juſtly ſaid of him,

" Still Dunce the ſecond reigns like Dunce the fi
BEN·

Ver. 1. The mighty Mother, and her Son, &c.] Reader ought here to be cautioned, that the Mot and not the Son, is the principal Agent of this Poe The latter of them is only choſen as her Colleague was anciently the cuſtom in Rome before ſome g expedition) the main action of the Poem being by means the Coronation of the Laureate, which is formed in the very firſt book, but the Reſtoration of Empire of Dulneſs in Britain, which is not accompl ed till the laſt.

Ver. 2. The Smithfield Muſes.] Smithfield is place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whoſe ſho machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly gree

:ſt time, ere mortals writ or read,
ıs iſſu'd from the Thunderer's head,
o'er all poſſeſs'd her ancient right,
r of Chaos and eternal Night:
heir dotage this fair Idiot gave,
her ſire, and as her mother grave,
s, heavy, buſy, bold, and blind,
, in native Anarchy, the mind.

Still

REMARKS.

only to the taſte of the Rabble, were by the this poem, and others of equal genius, brought heatres of Covent-garden, Lincoln's-inn-fields, Hay-market, to be the reigning pleaſures of the ıd Town. This happened in the reigns of K. [. and II. See Book iii.

. By Dulneſs, Jove, and Fate:] i. e. by their ıts, their Intereſts, and their Inclinations.

5. Laborious, heavy, buſy, bold, &c.] I wonearned Scriblerus has omitted to adverti ſe the at the opening of this Poem, that Dulneſs here be taken contradtedly for mere Stupidity, but ılarged Senſe of the word, for all Slowneſs of :nſion, Shortneſs of Sight, or imperfect Senſe of It includes (as we ſee by the Poet's own words) Induſtry, and ſome degrees of Activity and s; a ruling principle not inert, but turning rvy the Underſtanding, and inducing an Anaronfuſed State of Mind. This remark ought to :d along with the reader throughout the work; ıout this caution he will be apt to miſtake the ıce of many of the Characters, as well as of the of the Poet. Hence it is, that ſome have comhe chuſes too mean a ſubject, and imagined he himſelf like Domitian, in killing flies; whereby who have the true key will find he ſports with nobler

Still her old Empire to reſtore ſhe tries,
For, born a Goddeſs, Dulneſs never dies.
Oh Thou! whatever title pleaſe thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerſtaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou chuſe Cervantes' ſerious air,
Or laugh and ſhake in Rabelais' eaſy chair,
Or praiſe the Court, or magnify Mankind,
Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bœotia though her Power retires,
Mourn not, my SWIFT, at aught our Realm acquires.
Here

REMARKS.

nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compaſs; or, (as one ſaith, on a like occaſion)

" Will ſee his Work, like Jacob's ladder riſe,
" Its foot in dirt, its head amid the ſkies." BENTL.

Ver. 17. Still her old Empire to reſtore] This reſtoration makes the Completion of the Poem. Vide Book iv.

Ver. 22.—laugh and ſhake in Rabelais' eaſy chair,] The imagery is exquiſite; and the equivoque in the laſt words, gives a peculiar elegance to the whole expreſſion. The eaſy chair ſuits his age: Rabelais' eaſy chair marks his character: and he filled and poſſeſſed it as the right heir and ſucceſſor of that original genius.

Ver. 23. Or praiſe the Court, or magnify Mankind,] Ironicè, alluding to Gulliver's repreſentations of both. The next line relates to the papers of the Drapier againſt the currency of Wood's Copper coin in Ireland, which, upon the great diſcontent of the people, his Majeſty was graciouſly pleaſed to recal.

Ver. 26. Mourn not, my Swift! at aught our Realm acquires.] Ironicè iterum. The Politics of England and Ireland were at this time by ſome thought to be oppoſite, or interfering with each other: Dr. Swift of courſe was in the intereſt of the latter, our Author of the former.

Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-ſpread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.
Cloſe to thoſe walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainleſs brothers ſtand;
One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.
Keen,

VARIATION.

Ver. 29—39. Cloſe to thoſe walls, &c.] In the former Edit. thus,

Where wave the tatter'd enſigns of Rag-fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;
Keen hollow winds howl through the bleak receſs,
Emblem of Muſic caus'd by Emptineſs:
Here in one bed two ſhivering Siſters lie,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.
This, the great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall;
Here ſtood her opium, here ſhe nurs'd her owls,
And deſtin'd here th' imperial ſeat of fools.
Hence ſpring each weekly Muſe the living boaſt, &c.

Var. Where wave the tatter'd enſigns of Rag-fair.] Rag-fair is a place near the Tower of London, where old cloaths and frippery are ſold.

REMARKS.

Ver. 31. By his fam'd father's hand,] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet-Laureate. The two Statues of the Lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hoſpital were done by him, and (as the ſon juſtly ſays of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an Artiſt.

Ver. 34. Poverty and Poetry.] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our Author to every one, who ſhall attentively obſerve that Humanity and Candor,

Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak receſs,
Emblem of Muſic cauſ'd by Emptineſs.
Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain try'd down,
Eſcape in Monſters, and amaze the town.
Hence Miſcellanies ſpring, the weekly boaſt
Of Curll's chaſte preſs, and Lintot's rubric poſt:
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
Hence Journals, Medleys, Mercuries, Magazines:
Sept

VARIATION.

Ver. 41. in the former edit.

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac Lay,
Hence the ſoft ſing-ſong on Cecilia's Day.

Ver. 42. Alludes to the annual Songs compoſed Muſic on St. Cecilia's feaſt.

REMARKS.

which every where appears in him towards thoſe u happy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the b Poets. He here imputes all ſcandalous rhymes, ſcu rilous weekly papers, baſe flatteries, wretched elegi ſongs, and verſes (even from thoſe ſung at Court, balliads in the ſtreets) not ſo much to malice or ſervili as to Dulneſs; and not ſo much to Dulneſs as to N ceſſity. And thus, at the very commencement of l Satire, makes an Apology for all that are to be ſatiriz

Ver. 40. Curll's chaſte preſs, and Lintot's rub poſt:] Two Bookſellers, of whom ſee Book ii. T former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for pu liſhing obſcene Books; the latter uſually adorned l ſhop with titles in red letters.

Ver. 41. Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,] is an ancient Engliſh cuſtom for the Malefactors to ſi a Pſalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no leſs cu tomary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the ſame tim or before.

ral Lies, our holy walls to grace,
:w-year Odes, and all the Grub-ſtreet race.
)uded Majeſty here Dulneſs ſhone,
ardian Virtues, round, ſupport her throne:
hampion Fortitude, that knows no fears
s, blows, or want, or loſs of ears:
'emperance, whoſe bleſſings thoſe partake
unger, and who thirſt, for ſcribbling ſake:
Prudence,

REMARKS.

43. Sepulchral Lies.] is a juſt ſatire on the Flat-nd Falſehoods admitted to be inſcribed on the f Churches, in Epitaphs; which occaſioned the ng Epigram:

Friend! in your Epitaphs, I'm griev'd,
"So very much is ſaid:
One half will never be believ'd,
"The other never read."

44. New-year Odes.] Made by the Poet Lau-r the time being, to be ſung at Court on every ear's day, the words of which are happily drowned oices and inſtruments. The New-year Odes of o of this work were of a caſt diſtinguiſhed from preceded him, and made a conſpicuous part of racter as a writer, which doubtleſs induced our r to mention them here ſo particularly.

45. In clouded Majeſty here Dulneſs ſhone;] s Cloud removed, or rolled back, or gathered up ead, book iv. ver. 17, 18. It is worth while to e this deſcription of the Majeſty of Dulneſs in a peace and tranquillity, with that more buſy ſcene ſhe mounts the throne in triumph, and is not ſo upported by her own Virtues, as by the princely uſneſs of having deſtroyed all other.

Prudence, whoſe glaſs preſents th' approaching jail;
Poetic Juſtice, with her lifted ſcale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold ſhe weighs,
And ſolid pudding againſt empty praiſe.
Here ſhe beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameleſs Somethings in their cauſes ſleep,
Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third day,
Call forth each maſs, a Poem, or a Play:
How Hints, like ſpawn, ſcarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born Nonſenſe firſt is taught to cry,
Maggots, half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulneſs new meanders takes;
There motly Images her fancy ſtrike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and Similes unlike.
She ſees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madneſs of the mazy dance;
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himſelf ſtands ſtill at her command,
Realms ſhift their place, and Ocean turns to land,
Here gay deſcription Ægypt glads with ſhowers,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;
Glittering with ice here hoary hills are ſeen,
There painted vallies of eternal green,
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harveſts nod beneath the ſnow.

Al

REMARKS.

Ver. 57. genial Jacob] Tonſon. The famous ma
of Bookſellers of that name.

All theſe, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds through fogs, that magnify the ſcene.
She, tinſel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With ſelf-applauſe her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monſters riſe and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the day, when * * rich and grave,
Like Cimon triumph'd both on land and wave:
Pomps without guilt, of bloodleſs ſwords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
Now Night deſcending, the proud ſcene was o'er,
But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.
Now

VARIATION.

Ver. 85. in the former Editions,

'Twas on the day, when Thorold, rich and grave.

Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the Year 1720.

REMARKS.

Ver. 85, 86. 'Twas on the Day, when * * rich and grave—Like Cimon triumph'd] Viz. a Lord Mayor's Day; his name the author had left in blanks, but moſt certainly could never be that which the Editor foiſted in formerly, and which no way agrees with the chronology of the poem. BENTL.

The proceſſion of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water—Cimon, the famous Athenian General, obtained a victory by ſea, and another by land, on the ſame day, over the Perſians and Barbarians.

Ver. 90. But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.] A beautiful manner of ſpeaking, uſual with authors in praiſe of poetry.

Ver. 91. But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.] Settle was poet to the City of London. His office was

Now Mayors and Shrieves all hush'd and ſatiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the cuſtard of the day;
While penſive Poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepleſs themſelves, to give their readers ſleep.
Much to the mindful Queen the feaſt recalls
What City Swans once ſung within the walls;
Much ſhe revolves their arts, their ancient praiſe,
And ſure ſucceſſion down from Heywood's days.
She ſaw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each fire impreſt and glaring in his ſon:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plaſtic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.
She ſaw old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel ſhine,
And Euſden eke out Blackmore's endleſs line;

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to compoſe yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, verſes to be ſpoken in the Pageants: But that part the ſhows being at length frugally aboliſhed, the ployment of City-poet ceaſed; ſo that upon Settle's miſe, there was no ſucceſſor to that place.

Ver. 98. John Heywood, whoſe Interludes were pri ed in the time of Henry VIII.

Ver. 103. Old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel] The firſt tion had it,

She ſaw in Norton all his father ſhine:

a great Miſtake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but N ton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attemp Poetry. Much more juſtly is Daniel himſelf made ſi ceſſor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote Verſes as w as Politics; as appears by the Poem de Jure divi &c. of De Foe, and by ſome lines in Cowley's Miſc lanies on the other. And both theſe authors had a ſemblance in their fates as well as their writings, havi been alike ſentenced to the Pillory.

ſlow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.

In

REMARKS.

104. And Euſden eke out, &c.] Laurence Euſ-
t Laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of
v only of his works, which were very numer-
r. Cooke, in his Battle of Poets, ſaith of him,

ıſden, a laurel'd Bard, by fortune rais'd,
/ very few was read, by fewer prais'd."

dmixon, in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric,
414. affirms, "That of all the Galimatia's he
ıet with, none comes up to ſome verſes of this
which have as much of the Ridiculum and the
n in them as can well be jumbled together, and are
t ſort of nonſenſe, which ſo perfectly confounds
as, that there is no diſtinct one left in the mind."
he ſays of him, "That he hath propheſied his
ɔoetry ſhall be ſweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and
lus; but we have little hope of the accompliſh-
ɔf it, from what he hath lately publiſhed." Up-
h Mr. Oldmixon has not ſpared a reflection,
the putting the laurel on the head of one who
uch verſes, will give futurity a very lively idea
judgment and juſtice of thoſe who beſtowed it."

417. But the well-known learning of that
:rſon, who was then Lord Chamberlain, might
·eened him from this unmannerly reflection.
ht Mr. Oldmixon to complain, ſo long after,
laurel would have better become his own brows,
ther's: It were more decent to acquieſce in the
of the Duke of Buckingham upon this matter:

n ruſh'd Euſden, and cry'd, who ſhall have it,
:I, the true Laureate, to whom the King gave it?
ɔllo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name."

Seſſion of Poets.

In each ſhe marks her Image full expreſt,
But chief in Bays's monſter-breeding breaſt;

Bays,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 108. But chief in Bays's, &c.] In the former Ed. thus,

But chief in Tibbald's monſter-breeding breaſt;
Sees Gods with Dæmons in ſtrange league engage
And earth, and heaven, and hell her battles wage.
She ey'd the bard, where ſupperleſs he ſate;
And pin'd, unconſcious of his riſing fate;
Studious he ſate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, &c.

Var. Tibbald] Author of a pamphlet intituled, Shakeſpeare reſtored. During two whole years while Mr. Pope was preparing his edition of Shakeſpeare, he publiſhed Advertiſements, requeſting aſſiſtance, and promiſing ſatisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this Reſtorer, who was at that time ſoliciting

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The ſame plea might alſo ſerve for his Succeſſor, Mr. Cibber; and is further ſtrengthened in the following Epigram made on that occaſion:

In merry Old England it once was a rule,
The King had his Poet, and alſo his Fool:
But now we're ſo frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can ſerve both for Fool and for Poet.

Of Blackmore, ſee Book ii. Of Philips, Book i. ver. 262. and Book iii. prope fin.

Nahum Tate was Poet Laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but ſometimes tranſlated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his ſecond part of Abſalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which ſtrongly ſhine through the inſipidity of the reſt. Something parallel may be obſerved of another author here mentioned.

Bays, form'd by nature Stage and Town to bleſs,
And act, and be, a Coxcomb with ſucceſs.

Dulneſs

VARIATIONS.

iting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his lefign, till after its publication: (which he was ſince not aſhamed to own, in a Daily Journal of Nov. 26, 1728.) And then an outcry was made in the prints, hat our author had joined with the Bookſeller to raiſe n extravagant ſubſcription; in which he had no ſhare, f which he had no knowledge, and againſt which he ad publicly advertiſed his own propoſals for Homer. Probably that proceeding elevated Tibbald to the dig- ity he holds in this Poem, which he ſeems to deſerve. o other way better than his brethren; unleſs we im- ute it to the ſhare he had in the Journals, cited among he Teſtimonies of Authors prefixed to this work.

REMARKS.

Ver. 106. And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.] Ir. Theobald, in the Cenſor, vol. ii. N. 33. calls Mr. ennis by the name of Furius. "The modern Furius is to be looked upon more as an object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and con- empt. Did we really know how much this poor nan" [I wiſh that reflection on poverty had been ed] "ſuffers by being contradicted, or, which is e ſame thing in effect, by hearing another praiſed; e ſhould, in compaſſion, ſometimes attend to him ith a ſilent nod, and let him go away with the tri- nphs of his ill-nature.—Poor Furius (again) when y of his contemporaries are ſpoken well of, quit- g the ground of the preſent diſpute, ſteps back a uſand years to call in the ſuccour of the ancients. very panegyric is ſpiteful, and he uſes it for the e reaſon as ſome Ladies do their commendations dead beauty, who would never have had their l word, but that a living one happened to be men- "tioned

Dulneſs with tranſport eyes the lively Dunce,
Remembering ſhe herſelf was Pertneſs once.

Now

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" tioned in their company. His applauſe is not the tri-
" bute of his Heart, but the ſacrifice of his Revenge,"
&c. Indeed his pieces againſt our poet are ſomewhat
of an angry character, and as they are now ſcarce ex-
tant, a taſte of his ſtyle may be ſatisfactory to the curi-
ous. " A young, ſquab, ſhort gentleman, whoſe out-
" ward form, though it ſhould be that of downright
" monkey, would not differ ſo much from human ſhape
" as his unthinking immaterial part does from human
" underſtanding.—He is as ſtupid and as venomous as a
" hunch-back'd toad. A book through which Folly and
" Ignorance, thoſe brethren ſo lame and impotent, do
" ridiculouſly look big and very dull, and ſtrut and
" hobble, cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, be-
" ing led and ſupported, and bully-back'd by that
" blind Hector, Impudence." Reflect. on the Eſſay on
Criticiſm, p. 26. 29, 30.

It would be unjuſt not to add his reaſons for this Fury, they are ſo ſtrong and ſo coercive. " I regard
" him (ſaith he) as an Enemy, not ſo much to me, as
" to my King, to my Country, to my Religion, and
" to that Liberty which has been the ſole felicity of my
" life. A vagary of Fortune, who is ſometimes pleaſed
" to be frolickſome, and the epidemic Madneſs of the
" times have given him Reputation, and Reputation (as
" Hobbes ſays) is Power, and that has made him dan-
" gerous. Therefore I look on it as my duty to King
" George, whoſe faithful ſubject I am; to my Country,
" of which I have appeared a conſtant lover; to the
" Laws, under whoſe protection I have ſo long lived;
" and to the Liberty of my Country, more dear to me
" than life, of which I have now for forty years been
" a conſtant aſſertor, &c. I look upon it as my duty,
" I ſay, to do—you ſhall ſee what—to pull the lion's
" ſkin

N (ſhame to Fortune!) an ill Run at Play
nk'd his bold viſage, and a thin Third day:
Swearing

REMARKS.

:in from this little Aſs, which popular error has
rown round him; and to ſhow that this Author,
ho has been lately ſo much in vogue, has neither
nſe in his thoughts, nor Engliſh in his expreſſions."
NNIS, Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2. 91, &c.
eſides theſe public-ſpirited reaſons, Mr. D. had a
ate one; which, by his manner of expreſſing it in
)2, appears to have been equally ſtrong. He was
1 in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of
ſaid Mr. P. "The ſtory (ſays he) is too long to be
ld, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear
from Mr. Curll, my Bookſeller.—However, what
y reaſon has ſuggeſted to me, that I have with a
ſt confidence ſaid, in defiance of his two clandeſtine
eapons, his Slander and his Poiſon." Which laſt
ds of his book plainly diſcover Mr. D's ſuſpicion
that of being poiſoned, in like manner as Mr.
ll had been before him: of which fact ſee A full
true account of the horrid and barbarous revenge,
oiſon, on the body of Edmund Curll, printed in
5, the year antecedent to that wherein theſe Re-
ks of Mr. Dennis were publiſhed. But what puts
yond all queſtion, is a paſſage in a very warm trea-
in which Mr. D. was alſo concerned, price two
e, called A true Character of Mr. Pope and his
tings, printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth
: whereof he is ſaid "to have inſulted people on
oſe calamities and diſeaſes which he himſelf gave
em, by adminiſtering Poiſon to them:" and is
d (p. 4.) "a lurking waylaying coward, and a
bber in the dark." Which (with many other things
: lively ſet forth in that piece) muſt have rendered
a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all chri-
ſtian

Swearing and ſupperleſs the Hero ſate, 115
Blaſphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate.
Ther

REMARKS.

ſtian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible Poet to write the following Epigram:

Should Dennis publiſh, you had ſtabb'd your Brother,
Lampoon'd your Monarch, or debauch'd your Mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:
On one ſo poor you cannot take the law;
On one ſo old your ſword you ſcorn to draw:
Uncag'd then let the harmleſs monſter rage,
Secure in dulneſs, madneſs, want, and age.

For the reſt; Mr. John Dennis was the ſon of Sadler in London, born in 1657. He paid court t Mr. Dryden; and having obtained ſome correſpondenc with Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Congreve, he immedi ately obliged the Public with their Letters. He mad himſelf known to the Government by many admirabl ſchemes and projects; which the Miniſtry, for reaſon beſt known to themſelves, conſtantly kept private. Fo his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows " Mr. Dennis is excellent at Pindaric writings, per " fectly regular in all his performances, and a perſon o " ſound Learning. That he is maſter of a great deal o " Penetration and Judgment, his criticiſms (particu " larly on Prince Arthur) do ſufficiently demonſtrate. From the ſame account it alſo appears that he writ Play " more to get Reputation than Money." DENNIS c himſelf. See Giles Jacob's Lives of Dram. Poet p. 68, 69, compared with p. 286.

Ver. 109. Bays, form'd by nature, &c.]. It is hope the poet here hath done full juſtice to his Hero's cha racter, which it were a great miſtake to imagine wa wholly ſunk in ſtupidity: he is allowed to have ſup porte

gnaw'd his Pen, then daſh'd it on the ground,
g from thought to thought, a vaſt profound!
Plung'd

REMARKS.

it with a wonderful mixture of Vivacity. Thio
er is heightened according to his own deſire, in
er he wrote to our author. "Pert and dull as
you might have allowed me. What! am I
to be dull, and dull ſtill, and again, and for
?" He then ſolemnly appealed to his own con-
, that "he could not think himſelf ſo, nor be-
that our poet did; but that he ſpake worſe of
than he could poſſibly think; and concluded it
be merely to ſhew his Wit, or for ſome Profit
ucre to himſelf." Life of C. C. chap. vii. and
to Mr. P. page 15. 40. 93. And to ſhew his
to what the Poet was ſo unwilling to allow him,
ig pert as well as dull, he declares he will have
t word; which occaſioned the following Epi-

th Cibber to Pope, "Tho' in Verſe you foreclose,
'll have the laſt word; for, by G—, I'll write
Proſe."
r Colly, thy Reaſoning is none of the ſtrongeſt,
know, the laſt Word is the Word that laſts longeſt.

115. ſupperleſs the Hero ſate.] It is amazing
e ſenſe of this hath been miſtaken by all the for-
mmentators, who moſt idly ſuppoſe it to imply
e Hero of the poem wanted a ſupper. In truth a
bſurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the Hero
ner's Odyſſey is frequently in that circumſtance,
erefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur
ic Poem to repreſent ſuch Hero under a calamity,
ch the greateſt not only of Critics and Poets, but
gs and Warriors, have been ſubject. But much
efined, I will venture to ſay, is the meaning of
our

Plung'd for his ſenſe, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere deſpair.
Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,
Much future Ode, and abdicated Play;
Nonſenſe precipitate, like running Lead,
That ſlip'd through Crags and Zig-zags of the Head;
All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit.
Next,

VARIATION.

Ver. 121. Round him much Embryo, &c.] In the former Editions thus,

He roll'd his eyes that witneſs'd huge diſmay,
Where yet unpawn'd much learned lumber lay;
Volumes, whoſe ſize the ſpace exactly fill'd,
Or which fond authors were ſo good to gild.
Or where, by ſculpture made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties not its own.
Here ſwells the ſhelf, &c.

REMARKS.

our author: It was to give us obliquely a curious precept, or what Boſſu calls a diſguiſed ſentence, that "Temperance is the life of Study." The language of poeſy brings all into action; and to repreſent a Critic encompaſſed with books but without a ſupper, is a picture which lively expreſſeth how much the true Critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always caſtigates, and often totally neglects for the greater improvement of the other. SCRIBL.

But ſince the diſcovery of the true Hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was ſo natural, after ſo great a loſs of money at dice, or of Reputation by his Play, as that the Poet ſhould have no great ſtomach to eat a ſupper? Beſides, how well has the Poet conſulted his Heroic Character, in adding that he ſwore all the time? BENTL.

Next, o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,
In pleaſing memory of all he ſtole,
How here he ſip'd, how there he plunder'd ſnug,
And ſuck'd all o'er, like an induſtrious Bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat ſcenes, and here
The Frippery of crucify'd Moliere:
There hapleſs Shakeſpeare, yet of Tibbald ſore,
Wiſh'd he had blotted for himſelf before.

The

REMARKS.

Ver. 131. poor Fletcher's half-eat ſcenes.] A great number of them taken out to patch up his Plays.

Ver. 132. The Frippery] "When I fitted up an old "play, it was as a good houſewife will mend old linen, "when ſhe has not better employment." Life, p. 217, Octavo.

Ver. 133. hapleſs Shakeſpeare, &c.] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a ſubſcriber to Tibbald's Shakeſpeare. He was frequently liberal in this way; and, as he tells us, "ſubſcribed to Mr. Pope's Homer, out of "pure Generoſity and Civility; but when Mr. Pope "did ſo to his Nonjuror, he concluded it could be no-"thing but a joke." Letter to Mr. P. p. 24.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, publiſhed an edition of Shakeſpeare, of which he was ſo proud himſelf as to ſay, in one of Miſt's Journals, June 8, "That to expoſe 'any Errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That whatever care might for the future be taken by any other Editor, he would ſtill give above five hundred emendations, that ſhall eſcape them all."

Ver. 134. Wiſh'd he had blotted] It was a ridiculous praiſe which the Players gave to Shakeſpeare, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Jonſon honeſtly wiſhed had blotted a thouſand; and Shakeſpeare would certainly have wiſhed the ſame, if he had lived to ſee thoſe rations in his works, which, not the Actors only

(and

The reſt on Outſide merit but preſume,
Or ſerve (like other Fools) to fill a room;
Such with their ſhelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond Parents dreſt in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is ſav'd by Beauties not his own.
Here ſwells the ſhelf with Ogilby the great;
There, ſtamp'd with arms, Newcaſtle ſhines complete:
Here

REMARKS.

(and eſpecially the daring Hero of this Poem) have made on the Stage, but the preſumptuous Critics of our days in their Editions.

Ver. 135. The reſt on Outſide merit, &c.] This Library is divided into three parts: the firſt conſiſts of thoſe authors from whom he ſtole, and whoſe works he mangled; the ſecond of ſuch as fitted the ſhelves, or were gilded for ſhow, or adorned with pictures: the third claſs our author calls ſolid learning, old bodies of Divinity, old Commentaries, old Engliſh Printers, or old Engliſh Tranſlations: all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulneſs.

Ver. 141. Ogilby the great;] "John Ogilby was "one, who from a late initiation into literature, made "ſuch a progreſs as might well ſtyle him the prodigy "of his time! ſending into the world ſo many large "Volumes! His tranſlations of Homer and Virgil done "to the life, and with ſuch excellent ſculptures: And "(what added great grace to his works) he printed "them all on ſpecial good paper, and in a very good "letter." WINSTANLY, Lives of Poets.

Ver. 142. There, ſtamp'd with arms, Newcaſtle ſhines complete:] "The Ducheſs of Newcaſtle was one "who buſied herſelf in the raviſhing delights of Poetry; "leaving to Poſterity in print three ample Volumes of "her

is ſuffering brotherhood retire,
e the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
: Library! of Greece and Rome
g'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.
But,

VARIATIONS.

45. in the firſt Edit. it was
hic Vatican! of Greece and Rome
urg'd, and worthy W—y, W——s and Bl—.
he following altered to Withers, Quarles, and
n which was the following note.
printed in the ſurreptitious editions, W——ly,
, who were perſons eminent for good life; the
the Life of Chriſt in verſe, the other ſome va-
eces in the lyric kind on pious ſubjects. The
re reſtored according to its original.
rge Withers was a great pretender to poetical
gainſt the vices of the times, and abuſes the
t perſonages in power, which brought upon him
nt Correction. The Marſhalſea and Newgate
o ſtrangers to him." WINSTANLY. Quarles
ill a writer, but an honeſt dull man. Blome's
e remarkable for their cuts.

REMARKS.

dious endeavours." WINSTANLY, ibid. Lang-
kons up eight Folios of her Grace's; which
ally adorned with gilded covers, and had her
rms upon them.

46. Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.] The
mentioned theſe three authors in particular, as
parallel to our Hero in his three capacities: 1.
as his Brother Laureate; only indeed upon
, for the City inſtead of the Court; but equally
for unintelligible flights in his poems on public
s, ſuch as ſhows, Birth-days, &c. 2. Banks

But, high above, more ſolid Learning ſhone,
The Claſſics of an age that heard of none;
There Caxton ſlept, with Wynkyn at his ſide,
One claſp'd in wood, and one in ſtrong cow-hide;
There, ſav'd by ſpice, like Mummies, many a year,
Dry Bodies of Divinity appear:

D

VARIATION.

Ver. 152. Old Bodies of Philoſophy appear.

REMARKS.

was his rival in Tragedy (though more ſucceſsful) i one of his Tragedies, the Earl of Eſſex, which is ye alive: Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyru the Great, are dead and gone. Theſe he dreſt in a ſort o Beggar's Velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick Fuſtia and thin Proſaic; exactly imitated in Perolla, and Ifi dora, Cæſar in Ægypt, and the Heroic Daughter. 3 Broome was a ſerving-man of Ben Jonſon, who onc picked up a Comedy from his Betters, or from ſome ca ſcenes of his Maſter, not entirely contemptible.

Ver. 147. More ſolid Learning] Some have objected that books of this ſort ſuit not ſo well the library of ou Bays, which they imagined conſiſted of Novels, Plays and obſcene books; but they are to conſider, that h furniſhed his ſhelves only for ornament, and read thoſ books no more than the Dry bodies of Divinity, which no doubt, were purchaſed by his Father when he deſigned him for the Gown. See the note on ver. 200.

Ver. 149. Caxton] A Printer in the time of Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII; Wynkyn de Word, his ſucceſſor, in that of Hen. VIII. and VIII. The former tranſlated into proſe Virgil's Æneis, as a hiſtory; of which he ſpeaks, in his proeme, in a very ſingular manner, as of a book hardly known. Tibbald quotes a rare paſſage from him in Miſt's Journal of March 16, 1728, concerning a ſtraunge and marvaylouſe beaſt calle

ra there a dreadful front extends,
ere the groaning ſhelves Philemon bends.
heſe twelve volumes, twelve of ampleſt ſize,
n'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
d he ſeizes: Theſe an altar raiſe:
:atomb of pure unſully'd lays
ltar crowns: A folio Common-place
s the whole pile, of all his works the baſe:
s, octavos, ſhape the leſſening pyre;
ted Birth-day Ode completes the ſpire.
n he: Great Tamer of all human art!
my care, and ever at my heart;
's! whoſe good old cauſe I yet defend,
whom my Muſe began, with whom ſhall end,
E'er

VARIATIONS.

162. A twiſted, &c.] In the former Edit.
nd laſt, a little Ajax tips the ſpire.
a little Ajax] in duodecimo, tranſlated from
:les by Tibbald.

REMARKS.

Sagittarye, which he would have Shakeſpeare to
rather than Teucer, the Archer celebrated by

153. Nich. de Lyra, or Harpsfield, a very vo-
ius commentator, whoſe works, in five vaſt folios,
rinted in 1472.

154. Philemon Holland, Doctor in Phyſic. "He
ſlated ſo many books, that a man would think he
done nothing elſe; inſomuch that he might be
d Tranſlator general of his age. The books
e of his turning into Engliſh are ſufficient to
e a Country Gentleman a compleat Library."
TANLY.

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E'er ſince Sir Fopling's Periwig was Praiſe,
To the laſt honours of the Butt and Bays:
O thou! of Buſineſs the directing ſoul!
To this our head like byaſs to the bowl,
Which, as more ponderous, made its aim more true
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still ſpread a healing miſt before the mind;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 167, 168. Not in the firſt editions.
Ver. 170. To human heads, &c.
Ver. 171. Makes their aim.

REMARKS.

Ver. 167. E'er ſince Sir Fopling's Periwig] The viſible cauſe of the paſſion of the Town for our H was a fair flaxen full-bottomed Periwig, which, he us, he wore in his firſt play of the Fool in Faſhion. attracted, in a particular manner, the Friendſhip of Brett, who wanted to purchaſe it. "Whatever c "tempt (ſays he) Philoſophers may have for a "Periwig, my friend, who was not to deſpiſe the w "but live in it, knew very well that ſo material an "ticle of dreſs upon the head of a man of ſenſe, "became him, could never fail of drawing to hi "more partial Regard and Benevolence, than could "ſibly be hoped for in an ill-made one. This, perh "may ſoften the grave cenſure, which ſo youthful a p "chaſe might otherwiſe have laid upon him. I "word, he made his attack upon this Periwig, as y "young fellows generally do upon a lady of pleaſ "firſt by a few familiar praiſes of her perſon, and the "civil inquiry into the price of it; and we finiſhed "bargain that night over a bottle." See Life, oct p. 303. This remarkable Periwig uſually made its trance upon the ſtage in a ſedan, brought in by chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audienc

And, leſt we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to Wit a Coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the ſure barrier between that and Senſe;

Or

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 177. Or, if to Wit, &c.] In the former Ed.

Ah! ſtill o'er Britain ſtretch that peaceful wand,
Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
Where rebel to thy throne if Science riſe,
She does but ſhow her coward face and dies:
There thy good Scholiaſts with unwearied pains
Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's ſtrains:
Here ſtudious I unlucky moderns ſave,
Nor ſleeps one error in its father's grave,
Old puns reſtore, loſt blunders nicely ſeek,
And crucify poor Shakeſpeare once a week.
For thee I dim theſe eyes, and ſtuff this head,
With all ſuch reading as was never read;
For thee ſupplying, in the worſt of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddeſs, and about it,
So ſpins the Silkworm ſmall its ſlender ſtore,
And labours, till it clouds itſelf all o'er.
Not that my quill to critiques was confin'd,
My verſe gave ampler leſſons to mankind;
So graveſt precepts may ſucceſsleſs prove,
But ſad examples never fail to move.
As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c.

Var. Nor ſleeps one error—Old puns reſtore, loſt blunders, &c.] As where he [Tibbald] laboured to prove Shakeſpeare guilty of terrible Anachroniſms, or low Conundrums, which Time had covered; and converſant in ſuch authors as Caxton and Wynkyn, rather than in Homer or Chaucer. Nay ſo far had he loſt his reve-

Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang ſome curious cobweb in its ſtead!
As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itſelf can fly,
And ponderous ſlugs cut ſwiftly through the ſky;

VARIATIONS.

rence to this incomparable author, as to ſay in print, deſerved to be whipt. An inſolence which nothing can parallel! but that of Dennis, who can be prove have declared before company, that Shakeſpeare w Raſcal. O Tempora! O Mores!

Var. And crucify poor Shakeſpeare once a week.] ſome time, once a week or fortnight he printed in M Journal a ſingle remark or poor conjecture on ſome w or pointing of Shakeſpeare, either in his own name in letters to himſelf, as from others, without na Upon theſe ſomebody made this Epigram:

"'Tis generous, Tibbald! in thee and thy brothe
"To help us thus to read the works of others:
"Never for this can juſt returns be ſhown;
"For who will help us e'er to read thy own?"

Var. Notes to dull books, and prologues to plays;] As to Cook's Heſiod, where ſometimes a n and ſometimes even half a note, are carefully owned him: And to Moore's Comedy of the Rival Mo and other authors of the ſame rank: Theſe were pe who writ about the year 1726.

REMARKS.

Ver. 178, 179. Guard the ſure barrier—Or quite ravel, &c.] For Wit or Reaſoning are never gre hurtful to Dulneſs, but when the firſt is founded Truth, and the other in Uſefulneſs.

Ver. 181. As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c.] thought of theſe four verſes is founded in a poem of Author's of a very early date (namely written at fo teen years old, and ſoon after printed) to the Autho a poem called Succeſſio.

As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below:
Me Emptineſs and Dulneſs could inſpire,
And were my Elaſticity and Fire.
Some Dæmon ſtole my pen (forgive th' offence)
And once betray'd me into common ſenſe:
Elſe all my Proſe and Verſe were much the ſame;
This, proſe on ſtilts; that, poetry fall'n lame.
Did on the ſtage my Fops appear confin'd?
My Life gave ampler leſſons to mankind.
Did the dead Letter unſucceſsful prove?
The briſk Example never fail'd to move.
Yet ſure, had Heaven decreed to ſave the State,
Heaven had decreed theſe works a longer date.
Could Troy be ſav'd by any ſingle hand,
This grey-gooſe weapon muſt have made her ſtand.

What

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 195. Yet ſure, had Heaven, &c.] In the former Ed.

Had Heaven decreed ſuch works a longer date,
Heaven had decreed to ſpare the Grub-ſtreet ſtate.
But ſee great Settle to the duſt deſcend,
And all thy cauſe and empire at an end!
Could Troy be ſav'd, &c.

REMARKS.

Ver. 198.—grey-gooſe weapon] Alluding to the old Engliſh weapon, the arrow of the long bow, which was fletched with the feathers of the grey-gooſe.

IMITATION.

Ver. 197, 198. Could Troy be ſav'd—This grey-gooſe weapon]

"——Si Pergama dextra
"Defendi poſſent, etiam hac defenſa fuiſſent." Virg. ib.

What can I now? my Fletcher caſt aſide,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide? 200

Or

VARIATIONS.

Inſtead of ver. 200—246. in the former Editions.

Take up th' Attorney's (once my better) guide?
Or rob the Roman geeſe of all their glories,
And ſave the State by cackling to the Tories.
Yes, to my Country I my pen conſign,
Yes, from this moment, mighty Miſt! am thine.
And rival, Curtius! of thy fame and zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the public weal.
Adieu, my Children! better thus expire
Unſtall'd, unſold; thus glorious mount in fire,
Fair without ſpot; than greas'd by grocers hands,
Or ſhip'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands,
Or wafting ginger, round the ſtreets to run,
And viſit Ale-houſe, where ye firſt begun.
With that he lifted thrice the ſparkling brand,
And thrice he dropp'd it, &c.——

REMARKS.

Ver. 199. my Fletcher] A familiar manner of ſpeaking, uſed by modern Critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as juſtly ſpeak this of Fletcher, as a French Wit did of Tully, ſeeing his works in a library, "Ah! mon "cher Ciceron! je le connois bien; c'eſt le même que "Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher his own, having made ſo free with him.

Ver. 200. Take up the Bible, once my better guide?] When, according to his Father's intention, he had been a Clergyman, or (as he thinks himſelf) a Biſhop of the Church of England. Hear his own words: "At the "time that the fate of K. James, the Prince of Orange, "and myſelf were on the anvil, Providence thought fit "to poſtpone mine, till theirs were determined: But had

"my

Or tread the path by venturous Heroes trod,
This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God?
Or chair'd at White's amidſt the Doctors ſit,
Teach Oaths to Gameſters, and to Nobles Wit?
Or bidſt thou rather Party to embrace?
(A friend to Party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the ſame rope at different ends they twiſt;
To Dulneſs Ridpath is as dear as Miſt.)

Shall

REMARKS.

" my father carried me a month ſooner to the Univerſity,
" who knows but that purer fountain might have waſh-
" ed my Imperfections into a capacity of writing, in-
" ſtead of Plays and annual Odes, Sermons, and Paſtoral
" Letters?" Apology for his Life, chap. iii.

Ver. 203. at White's amidſt the Doctors] Theſe Doctors had a modeſt and upright appearance, no air of overbearing; but, like true Maſters of Arts, were only habited in black and white: They were juſtly ſtyled ſubtiles and graves, but not always irrefragabiles, being ſometimes examined, and, by a nice diſtinction, divided and laid open. SCRIBL.

This learned Critic is to be underſtood allegorically: the DOCTORS in this place mean no more than falſe dice, a Cant phraſe uſed among Gameſters. So the meaning of theſe four ſonorous lines is only this, " Shall I play fair or foul?"

Ver. 208. Ridpath—Miſt.] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying-poſt; Nathanael Mist, of a famous Tory Journal.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 202. This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God?

"Dextra mihi Deus, & telum quod miſſile libro."
Virgil of the Gods of Mezentius.

Shall I, like Curtius, deſperate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the Commonweal? 210
Or rob Rome's ancient geeſe of all their glories,
And cackling ſave the Monarchy of Tories?
Hold——

REMARKS.

Ver. 211. Or rob Rome's ancient geeſe of all their glories,] Relates to the well-known ſtory of the geeſe that ſaved the Capitol; of which Virgil, Æn. viii.

" Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anſer
" Porticibus, Gallos in limine addeſſe canebat."

A paſſage I have always ſuſpected. Who ſees not the antitheſis of auratis and argenteus to be unworthy the Virgilian majeſty? And what abſurdity to ſay a gooſe ſings? canebat. Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this ſilly bird, in Ecl. ix.

"——argutos inter ſtrepere anſer olores."

Read it, therefore, addeſſe ſtrepebat. And why auratis porticibus? does not the very verſe preceding this inform us

" Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo."

Is this thatch in one line, and gold in another, conſiſtent? I ſcruple not (repugnantibus omnibus manuſcriptis) to correct it auritis. Horace uſes the ſame epithe in the ſame ſenſe,

" ——Auritas fidibus canoris
" Ducere quercus."

And to ſay that walls have ears is common even to proverb. SCRIBL

Ver. 212. And cackling ſave the Monarchy of Tories?] Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories For what Hobbes ſo ingenuouſly confeſſes of himſelf, i true of all Miniſterial-writers whatſoever: " That h " defends the ſupreme powers, as the Geeſe by thei " cackling defended the Romans, who held the Capitol " for they favoured them no more than the Gauls, the " Enemies, but were as ready to have defended th " Gauls, if they had been poſſeſſed of the Capitol. Epiſt. Dedic. to the Leviathan.

Hold——to the Miniſter I more incline;
To ſerve his cauſe, O Queen! is ſerving thine.
And ſee! thy very Gazetteers give o'er,
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourſelf. Still, ſtill remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
This brazen Brightneſs, to the 'Squire ſo dear;
This poliſh'd Hardneſs, that reflects the Peer:
This arch Abſurd, that wit and fool delights;
This Meſs, toſs'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the Bear and Fiddle of the Town.
O born in ſin, and forth in folly brought!
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault)
Go,

REMARKS.

Ver. 215. Gazetteers] A band of Miniſterial writers, red at the price mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 6. who, on the very day their patron quitted his poſt, l down their paper, and declared they would never re meddle in Politics.

Ver. 218. Cibberian forehead] So indeed all the S. read, but I make no ſcruple to pronounce them wrong, the Laureate being elſewhere celebrated by Poet for his great Modeſty—modeſt Cibber—Read, fore, at my peril, Cerberian forehead. This is per- claſſical, and, what is more, Homerical; the Dog he ancient, as the Bitch is the modern, ſymbol of dence: (Κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, ſays Achilles to Aga- on) which, when in a ſuperlative degree, may well ominated from Cerberus, the Dog with three —But as to the latter part of this verſe, Cibberian that is certainly the genuine reading. Bentl.

Ver.

Go, purify'd by flames aſcend the ſky,
My better and more chriſtian progeny!
Unſtain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden ſheets;
While all your ſmutty ſiſters walk the ſtreets.
Ye ſhall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a Paſs, and vagrant through the land;
Nor ſail with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:

REMARKS.

Ver. 225. O born in ſin, &c.] This is a tender paſſionate Apoſtrophe to his own works, which h going to ſacrifice, agreeable to the nature of mar great affliction; and reflecting like a parent on the m miſerable fates to which they would otherwiſe be ſ ject.

Ver. 228. My better and more chriſtian progen "It may be obſervable, that my muſe and my ſp "were equally prolific; that the one was ſeldom "mother of a Child, but in the ſame year the o "made me the father of a Play. I think we had a dc "of each ſort between us; of both which kinds ſc "died in their Infancy," &c. Life of C. C. p. 2 8vo edit.

Ver. 231. gratis-given Bland,—Sent with a Paſs, was a practice ſo to give the Daily Gazetteer and m ſterial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer) an ſend them Poſt-free to all the Towns in the kingdon

Ver. 233—with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey clim "Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in H "braſtic verſe, but beſt known by the London Spy. "proſe. He has of late years kept a public houſe "the City, (but in a genteel way) and with his "humour, and good liquor (ale) afforded his gueſ "pleaſurable entertainment, eſpecially thoſe of the h "chu

Not, ſulphur-tipt, emblaze an Ale-houſe fire;
Nor wrap up Oranges, to pelt your ſire!
O! paſs more innocent, in infant ſtate,
To the mild Limbo of our Father Tate:
Or peaceably forgot, at once be bleſt
In Shadwell's boſom with eternal reſt!
Soon to that maſs of Nonſenſe to return,
Where things deſtroy'd are ſwept to things unborn.
With that, a Tear (portentous ſign of Grace!)
Stole from the maſter of the ſeven-fold Face:
And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quivering hand;
Then lights the ſtructure, with averted eyes:
The rolling ſmokes involve the ſacrifice.
The opening clouds diſcloſe each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;
Great

VARIATION.

Ver. 250. Now flames the Cid, &c.] In the former Ed.

Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flaſh ſee Proſerpine expire,
And laſt, his own cold Æſchylus took fire.
Then guſh'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
When the laſt blaze, &c.

Var.

REMARKS.

"church party." JACOB, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 225. Great number of his works were yearly ſold into the Plantations.—Ward, in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared this account to be a great falſity, proteſting

Great Cæſar roars, and hiſſes in the fires;
King John in ſilence modeſtly expires:

VARIATIONS.

Var. Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo
In one quick flaſh ſee Proſerpine expire.]

Memnon, a hero in the Perſian Princeſs, very apt
fire, as appears by theſe lines, with which he beg
play,

" By heaven it fires my frozen blood with rage
" And makes it ſcald my aged trunk."——

Rodrigo, the chief perſonage of the Perfidious
(a play written between Theobald and a Watch-m
The Rape of Proſerpine, one of the Farces of t
thor, in which Ceres ſetting fire to a corn-fiel
dangered the burning of the Play-houſe.

Var. And laſt, his own cold Æſchylus took fir
had been (to uſe an expreſſion of our Poet) abou
chylus for ten years, and had received ſubſcriptio
the ſame, but then went about other books.
character of this tragic Poet is Fire and Boldnes
high degree, but our author ſuppoſes it very much
ed by the tranſlation: upon ſight of a ſpecimen of
was made this Epigram,

" Alas! poor Æſchylus! unlucky Dog!
" Whom once a Lobſter kill'd, and now a Log

But this is a grievous error, for Eſchylus was no
by the fall of a Lobſter on his head, but of a Te
teſte Val. Max. l. ix. cap. 12. Sc

REMARKS.

teſting that his public houſe was not in the City,
Moor-fields.

Ver. 238, 240. Tate—Shadwell] Two of his
ceſſors in the Laurel.

Ver. 250. Now flames the Cid, &c.] In th
Notes on the Dunciad it was ſaid, that this Auth
partic

No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Moliere's old ſtubble in a moment flames.
Tears guſh'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the laſt blaze ſent Ilion to the ſkies.

Rouz'd by the light, old Dulneſs heav'd the head,
Then ſnatch'd a ſheet of Thule from her bed;
Sudden ſhe flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down ſink the flames, and with a hiſs expire.

Her ample preſence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:

Great

REMARKS.

particularly excellent at Tragedy. "This (ſays he) is "as unjuſt as to ſay I could not dance on a Rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this Rope, and fell moſt ſhamefully, having produced no leſs than four Tragedies (the names of which the Poet preſerves in theſe few lines) the three firſt of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth ſuppreſſed in fear of the like treatment.

Ver. 253. the dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old ſtubble] A Comedy threſhed out of Moliere's Tartuffe, and ſo much the Tranſlator's favourite, that he aſſures us all our author's diſlike to it could only ariſe from diſaffection to the Government. He aſſures us, that "when he had "the honour to kiſs his Majeſty's hand upon preſenting "his dedication of it, he was graciouſly pleaſed, out of "his Royal bounty, to order him two hundred pounds "for it. And this he doubts not grieved Mr. P."

Ver. 258. Thule] An unfiniſhed poem of that name, of which one ſheet was printed many years ago, by Ambroſe Philips, a northern author. It is an uſual method of putting out a fire, to caſt wet ſheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this ſheet was of the nature of the Aſbeſtos, which cannot be conſumed by fire: But I rather think it an allegorical alluſion to the coldneſs and heavineſs of the writing.

Great in Her charms! as when on Shrieves and Mayors
She looks, and breathes herſelf into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her ſacred Dome:
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confeſs'd his home.
So, Spirits ending their terreſtrial race,
Aſcend, and recognize their Native Place.
This the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
Here ſtood her Opium, here ſhe nurs'd her Owls,
And here ſhe plann'd th' Imperial ſeat of Fools.
Here to her Choſen all her works ſhe ſhows;
Proſe ſwell'd to verſe, verſe loitering into proſe:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of ſenſe behind:
How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
And theſe to Notes are fritter'd quite away:

How

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 268. in the former Ed. followed theſe two lines,

Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
And in ſweet numbers celebrates the ſeat.

Var. And in ſweet numbers celebrates the ſeat.] Tibbald writ a Poem called the Cave of Poverty, which concludes with a very extraordinary wiſh, "That ſome "great genius, or man of diſtinguiſhed merit, may be "ſtarved, in order to celebrate her power, and deſcribe "her Cave." It was printed in octavo, 1715.

REMARKS.

Ver. 269. Great Mother] Magna mater, here applied to Dulneſs. The Quidnuncs, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs, who were conſtantly inquiring Quid nunc? What news?

How Index-learning turns no ſtudent pale,
Yet holds the eel of ſcience by the tail:
How, with leſs reading than makes felons 'ſcape,
Leſs human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A paſt, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakeſpeare, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

The

VARIATION.

Ver. 286. Can make a Cibber, Johnſon, or Ozell.

REMARKS.

Ver. 286. Tibbald,] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an Attorney, and ſon to an Attorney (ſays Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was Author of ſome forgotten Plays, Tranſlations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Cenſor, and a Tranſlation of Ovid. "There is a "notorious Idiot, one hight Wachum, who, from an "under-ſpur-leather to the law, is become an under-"ſtrapper to the Play-houſe, who hath lately burleſqued "the Metamorphoſes of Ovid by a vile Tranſlation, "&c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent pa-"per called the Cenſor." DENNIS, Rem. on Pope's Hom. p. 9, 10.

Ibid. Ozell.] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. "Jacob) did go to ſchool in Leiceſterſhire, where ſome-"body left him ſomething to live on, when he ſhall re-"tire from buſineſs. He was deſigned to be ſent to "Cambridge, in order for prieſthood; but he choſe ra-"ther to be placed in an office of accounts, in the City, "being qualified for the ſame by his ſkill in arithmetic, "and writing the neceſſary hands. He has obliged the "world with many tranſlations of French Plays." JACOB, Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

The Goddeſs then, o'er his anointed head,
With myſtic words, the ſacred Opium ſhed.
And lo! her bird (a monſter of a fowl,
Something betwixt a Heidegger and Owl)
Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My Son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know, Euſden thirſts no more for ſack or praiſe;
He ſleeps among the dull of ancient days;

Sa

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 293. Know, Euſden, &c.] In the former Ed.

Know, Settle, cloy'd with cuſtard and with praiſe,
Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
Safe where no critics damn, no duns moleſt,
Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard reſt
I ſee a King! who leads my choſen ſons
To lands that flow with clenches and with puns:
Till each fam'd Theatre my empire own;
Till Albion, as Hibernia, bleſs my throne!
I ſee! I ſee!—Then rapt ſhe ſpoke no more,
God ſave King Tibbald! Grubſtreet alley roar.
So when Jove's block, &c.

REMARKS.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell ſeems vaſtly ſh
of his merits, and he ought to have further juſtice d
him, having ſince fully confuted all Sarcaſms on
learning and genius, by an advertiſement of Sept.
1729, in a paper called the Weekly Medley, &c. "
" to my learning, this envious Wretch knew, and ev
" body knows, that the whole Bench of Biſhops,
" long ago, were pleaſed to give me a purſe of guine
" for diſcovering the erroneous tranſlations of the Co
" mon-prayer in Portugueſe, Spaniſh, French, Itali
" &c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland ſhew be
" verſes in all Pope's works, than Ozell's verſion

" Boilca

:, where no Critics damn, no Duns moleſt, 295
iere wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon reſt,
d high-born Howard, more majeſtic fire,
th Fool of Quality completes the quire.

Thou,

REMARKS.

ioileau's Lutrin, which the late Lord Halifax was ſo leaſed with, that he complimented him with leave to edicate it to him, &c. Let him ſhew better and ruer Poetry in the Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket (la Secchia rapita). And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publickly declared Ozell's ranſlation of Homer to be, as it was prior, ſo likeviſe ſuperior to Pope's.—Surely, ſurely, every man is ree to deſerve well of his country!" JOHN OZELL. We cannot but ſubſcribe to ſuch reverend teſtimonies, thoſe of the Bench of Biſhops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. ldon.

Ver. 290. a Heidegger] A ſtrange bird from Switzerd, and not (as ſome have ſuppoſed) the name of an inent perſon who was a man of parts, and, as was l of Petronius, Arbiter Elegantiorum.

Ver. 296. Withers,] See on ver. 146.

Ibid. Gildon] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticiſms l libels in the laſt age, bred at St. Omer's with the uits; but renouncing popery, he publiſhed Blount's oks againſt the Divinity of Chriſt, the Oracles of aſon, &c. He ſignalized himſelf as a critic, having itten ſome very bad Plays; abuſed Mr. P. very ndalouſly in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of . Wycherley, printed by Curll; in another, called New Rehearſal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled Complete Art of Engliſh Poetry, in two volumes; l others.

Ver. 297. Howard,] Hon. Edward Howard, author the Britiſh Princes, and a great number of wonderful

Thou, Cibber! thou, his Laurel ſhalt ſupport,
Folly, my ſon, has ſtill a Friend at Court.
Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, ſee him come!
Sound, ſound ye Viols, be the Cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vi
The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.
And thou! his Aid de camp, lead on my ſons,
Light-arm'd with Points, Antitheſes, and Puns.
Let Bawdry, Billinſgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-ſtreet ſkulk behind the King.
O! when ſhall riſe a Monarch all our own,
And I, a Nurſing-mother, rock the throne;

REMARKS.

pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorſet an
cheſter, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

Ver. 309, 310. under Archer's wing,—Gaming
When the Statute againſt Gaming was drawn up,
repreſented, that the King, by ancient cuſtom, p
Hazard one night in the year; and therefore a
was inſerted, with an exemption as to that part
Under this pretence, the Groom-porter had a Ro
propriated to Gaming all the ſummer the Court
Kenſington, which his Majeſty accidentally bei
quainted with, with a juſt indignation, prohibite
is reported the ſame practice is yet continued wi
the Court reſides, and the Hazard Table there o
all the profeſſed Gameſters in town.

" Greateſt and juſteſt SOVEREIGN; know yo
" Alas! no more, than Thames' calm head can
" Whoſe meads his arms drown, or whoſe cor
" flow." DONNE to Queer

'Twixt Prince and People cloſe the Curtain draw,
Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law;
Fatten the Courtier, ſtarve the learned band,
And ſuckle Armies, and dry-nurſe the land:
Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,
And all be ſleep, as at an Ode of thine.

She ceas'd. Then ſwells the Chapel-royal throat:
God ſave king Cibber! mounts in every note.
Familiar White's, God ſave king Colley! cries;
God ſave king Colley! Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
Back to the Devil the laſt echoes roll,
And Coll! each Butcher roars at Hockley-hole.

So when Jove's block deſcended from on high
(As ſings thy great forefather Ogilby)
Loud

REMARKS.

Ver. 319. Chapel-royal] The Voices and Inſtruments uſed in the ſervice of the Chapel-royal being alſo employed in the performance of the Birth-day, and New-year Odes.

Ver. 324. But pious Needham] a Matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whoſe conſtant prayer it was, that ſhe might "get enough by her profeſſion to leave it off in time, and make her peace with "God." But her fate was not ſo happy; for being convicted, and ſet in the pillory, ſhe was (to the laſting ſhame of all her great Friends and Votaries) ſo ill uſed by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

Ver. 325. Back to the Devil] The Devil Tavern in Fleet-ſtreet, where theſe Odes are uſually rehearſed before they are performed at Court. Upon which a Wit of thoſe times made this Epigram,

Loud thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog,
And the hoarſe nation croak'd, God ſave king I

REMARKS.

" When Laureates make Odes, Do you aſk c
" ſort?
" Do you aſk if they're good, or are evil?
" You may judge—From the Devil they com
" Court,
" And go from the Court to the Devil."

Ver. 328 —Ogilby)—God ſave king Log Ogilby's Æſop's Fables, where, in the ſtory Frogs and their King, this excellent hemiſtich found.

Our author manifeſts here, and elſewhere, a] ous tenderneſs for the bad writers. We ſee he the only good paſſage, perhaps, in all that ever writ! which ſhews how candid and patient a re muſt have been. What can be more kind an tionate than the words in the preface to his where he labours to call up all our humanity a giveneſs toward theſe unlucky men, by the m derate repreſentation of their caſe, that has ev given by any author?

But how much all indulgence is loſt upon the ple may appear from the juſt reflection made conſtant conduct and conſtant fate, in the fol Epigram:

" Ye little Wits, that gleam'd a-while,
" When Pope vouchſaf'd a ray,
" Alas! depriv'd of his kind ſmile,
" How ſoon ye fade away!

" To compaſs Phœbus' car about,
" Thus empty vapours riſe,
" Each lends his cloud, to put him out,
" That rear'd him to the ſkies.

" Alas! thoſe ſkies are not your ſphere;
" There He ſhall ever burn:
" Weep, weep, and fall! for Earth ye were,
" And muſt to Earth return.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

HE King being proclaimed, the ſolemnity is graced with public Games and ſports of various kinds; not inſtituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddeſs in perſon (in like manner as the games Pythia, Iſthmia, &c. were anciently ſaid to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herſelf appearing, according to Homer, Odyſſ. xxiv. propoſed the prizes in honour of her ſon Achilles). Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but juſt, with their Patrons and Bookſellers. The Goddeſs is firſt pleaſed, for her diſport, to propoſe games to the Bookſellers, and ſetteth up the Phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake. The Races deſcribed, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a Poeteſs. Then follow the Exercíſes for the Poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving: The firſt holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the ſecond of Diſputants and fuſtian Poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty Party-writers.

Laſtly,

Laſtly, for the Critics, the Goddeſs propoſes (with great propriety) an Exerciſe, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, one in verſe, and the other in proſe, deliberately read, without ſleeping: The various effects of which, with the ſeveral degrees and manners of their operation, are here ſet forth; till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of ſpectators, actors, and all preſent, fall faſt aſleep; which naturally and neceſſarily ends the games.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a gorgeous ſeat, that far out-ſhone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Iriſh throne,

Or

REMARKS.

TWO things there are, upon the ſuppoſition of
iich the very baſis of all verbal criticiſm is founded
d ſupported: The firſt, that an Author could never
l to uſe the beſt word on every occaſion; the ſecond,
it a Critic cannot chuſe but know which that is.
iis being granted, whenever any word doth not fully
ıtent us, we take upon us to conclude, firſt, that the
thor could never have uſed it; and, ſecondly, that he
ıſt have uſed that very one, which we conjecture, in
ſtead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned
ıiblerus for his alteration of the text in the two laſt
ſes of the preceding book, which in all the former
tions ſtood thus:

Hoarſe thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, God ſave king Log.

has, with great judgment, tranſpoſed theſe two epi-
ts; putting hoarſe to the nation, and loud to the
ınder: And this being evidently the true reading, he
ıchſafed not ſo much as to mention the former; for
ich aſſertion of the juſt right of a Critic he merits the
nowledgment of all ſound Commentators.

Ver. 2. Henley's gilt tub,] The pulpit of a Diſſenter
ıſually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley
s covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He
ı alſo a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary in-
ption, 'The Primitive Euchariſt.' See the hiſtory
his perſon, book iii.

Ibid.

Or that where on her Curlls the Public pours,
All bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden ſhowers,
Great

REMARKS.

Ver. 2. or Fleckno's Iriſh throne,] Richard Fleckno was an Iriſh prieſt, but had laid aſide (as himſelf expreſſed it) the mechanic part of prieſthood. He printed ſome plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our author took occaſion to mention him in reſpect to the Poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears ſome reſemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the Defait de Bouts rimées of Sarazin.

It may be juſt worth mentioning, that the Eminence from whence the ancient Sophiſts entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a Throne. Themiſtius, Orat. i.

Ver. 3. Or that where on her Curlls the Public pours,] Edmund Curll ſtood in the pillory at Charing-croſs, in March 1727-8. "This (ſaith Edmund "Curll) is a falſe Aſſertion—I had indeed the corporal "puniſhment of what the Gentlemen of the long Robe "are pleaſed jocoſely to call mounting the Roſtrum for "one hour: but that ſcene of action was not in the "month of March, but in February." [Curlliad, 12mo, p. 19.] And of the Hiſtory of his being toſt in a Blanket, he ſaith, "Here, Scriblerus! thou leeſeth in "what thou aſſerteſt concerning the blanket: it was "not a blanket, but a rug," p. 25. Much in the ſame manner Mr. Cibber remonſtrated, that his Brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book i. were not Brazen, but Blocks; yet our author let it paſs unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationſhip.

We ſhould think (gentle Reader) that we but ill performed our part, if we corrected not as well our own errors now, as formerly thoſe of the Printer. Since what moved us to this Work, was ſolely the Love of Truth,

Great Cibber ſate: The proud Parnaſſian ſneer,
The conſcious ſimper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crouds turn Coxcombs as they gaze.
His Peers ſhine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulneſs, and new bronze their face.
So from the Sun's broad beam, in ſhallow urns,
Heaven's twinkling ſparks draw light, and point their horns.

Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
With ſcarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit,
Thron'd on ſeven hills, the Antichriſt of Wit.

And

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 5. Great Tibbald nods.
Ver. 8. In the former edit.
On him, and crouds grow fooliſh as they gaze.
The four next lines are added.

REMARKS.

Truth, not in the leaſt any Vain-glory, or Deſire to contend with Great Authors. And further, our Miſtakes, we conceive, will the rather be pardoned, as ſcarce poſſible to be avoided in writing of ſuch Perſons and Works as do ever ſhun the Light. However, that we may not any way ſoften or extenuate the ſame, we give them thee in the very Words of our Antagoniſts: not defending, but retracting them from our heart, and craving excuſe of the Parties offended: For ſurely in this Work, it hath been above all things our deſire, to provoke no Man. SCRIBL.

Ver. 15. Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit,] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great Encouragement

And now the Queen, to glad her ſons, proclaims
By herald Hawkers, high heroic Games.
They ſummon all her Race: An endleſs band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In ſilks, in crapes, in Garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horſe, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
All who true Dunces in her cauſe appear'd,
And all who knew thoſe Dunces to reward.
Amid that area wide they took their ſtand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'er-look'd the Strand,

Bu

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 17.
To grace this honour'd day, the Queen proclaims.
Ver. 19. She ſummons all her ſons, &c.

REMARKS.

couragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and ſung to it twenty thouſand verſes of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a Buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the Laurel; a jeſt which the court of Rome and the Pope himſelf entered into ſo far, as to cauſe him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a ſolemn feſtival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the Poet himſelf was ſo tranſported as to weep for joy.* He was ever after a conſtant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verſes without number. PAULUS JOVIUS, Elog. Vir. doct. cap lxxxiii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam Strada, in his Proluſions.

* See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

ſo ANNE and Piety ordain)
collects the ſaints of Drury-lane.
uthors, Stationers obey'd the call
of glory is a field for all).
gain, th' induſtrious tribe provoke;
le Dulneſs ever loves a joke.
form ſhe plac'd before their eyes,
the nimbleſt racer ſeize the prize;
e, muſe-rid mope, aduſt and thin,
night-gown of his own looſe ſkin;
a Bulk as no twelve bards could raiſe,
arveling bards of theſe degenerate days.
artridge plump, full-fed and fair,
d this image of well-body'd air;
flat eyes ſhe window'd well its head;
f feathers, and a heart of lead;
y words ſhe gave, and ſounding ſtrain,
ſs, lifeleſs! idol void and vain!
daſh'd out, at one lucky hit,
o juſt a copy of a Wit;

So

REMARKS.

. And gentle Dulneſs ever loves a joke.] ies of mirth called a joke, ariſing from a du, may be well ſuppoſed to be the delight .

. Never was daſh'd out, at one lucky hit.] r here ſeems willing to give ſome account of lity of Dulneſs making a Wit (which could be ther way than by chance). The fiction is the nciled to probability by the known ſtory of who being at a loſs to expreſs the form of Al-

exander's

So like, that critics ſaid, and courtiers ſwore,
A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More. 50

All

REMARKS.

exander's horſe, daſhed his pencil in deſpair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate ſtroke.

Ver. 50. and call'd the phantom More.] CURLL, in his Key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James Moore Smith, Eſq; and it is probable (conſidering what is ſaid of him in the Teſtimonies) that ſome might fancy our author obliged to repreſent this gentleman as a plagiary, or to paſs for one himſelf. His caſe indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was ſitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had ſtolen his handkerchief. "Sir," (ſaid the thief, finding himſelf detected) "do not expoſe me, I did it for mere "want; be ſo good but to take it privately out of my "pocket again, and ſay nothing." The honeſt man did ſo, but the other cried out, "See, gentlemen, what "a thief we have among us! look, he is ſtealing my "handkerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr. Arbuthnot a paper called an Hiſtorico-phyſical account of the South Sea; and of Mr. Pope the Memoirs of a Pariſh Clerk, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr. Young;—F. Billers, Eſq; and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were loſt; but there happening to be another copy of the letter, it came out in Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. Upon this, it ſeems, he was ſo far miſtaken as to confeſs his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it unguardedly printing (in the Daily Journal of April 1728.) "That the contempt which he and others had "for thoſe pieces," (which only himſelf had ſhewn and handed about as his own) "occaſioned their being "loſt, and for that cauſe only not returned." A fact of which as none but he could be conſcious, none but

I gaze with ardour: Some a poet's name,
rs a ſword-knot and lac'd ſuit inflame.

But

REMARKS.

ould be the publiſher of it. The plagiariſms of perſon gave occaſion to the following Epigram:

Moore always ſmiles whenever he recites;
He ſmiles (you think) approving what he writes.
And yet in this no vanity is ſhown;
A modeſt man may like what's not his own."

oung Gentleman's whole misfortune was too in- a paſſion to be thought a Wit. Here is a very inſtance atteſted by Mr. Savage, ſon of the late ers; who having ſhewn ſome verſes of his in ot to Mr. Moore, wherein Mr. Pope was call- the tuneful train, Mr. Moore the next morn- Mr. Savage to deſire him to give thoſe verſes urn, to wit, "That Pope might now be the auſe Moore had left him unrivaled, in turn- yle to Comedy." This was during the rehear- Rival Modes, his firſt and only work; the emned it in the action, but he printed it in th this modeſt Motto,

"Hic cœſtus, artemque repono."

pieces which we have heard attributed to are, An Epigram on the Bridge at Blen- Dr. Evans: Coſmelia, by Mr. Pit, Mr. The Mock-Marriage of a mad Divine, for a Parſon, by Dr. W. The Saw-pit, a Friend. Certain Phyſical works on Sir er; and ſome unowned Letters, Advertiſe- Epigrams againſt our author in the Daily

ſtanding what is here collected of the Perſon by Curll to be meant in this place, we can- that opinion; ſince our Poet had certainly no

But lofty Lintot in the circle roſe:
" This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;
" With me began this genius, and ſhall end."
He ſpoke: and who with Lintot ſhall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fe
Stood dauntleſs Curll; " Behold that rival here!

REMARKS.

need of vindicating half a dozen verſes to himſelf, every reader had done for him; ſince the name i not ſpelled Moore, but More; and laſtly, ſin learned Scriblerus has ſo well proved the contrary

Ver. 50. the phantom More.] It appears from that this is not the name of a real perſon, but fict More from μῶρος, ſtultus, μωρία ſtultitia, to re the folly of a plagiary. Thus Eraſmus, " Admon " Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moriæ vocal " accedit quam es ipſe a re alienus." Dedication o riæ Encomium to Sir Tho. More; the farewell of may be our author's to his plagiary, Vale, Mo moriam tuam gnaviter defende. Adieu! More! ſure ſtrongly to defend thy own folly. Sc

Ver. 53. But lofty Lintot] We enter here up epiſode of the Bookſellers; Perſons, whoſe nam ing more known and famous in the learned worl thoſe of the Authors in this poem, do therefor leſs explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot her tates that of Dares in Virgil, riſing juſt in this m to lay hold on a Bull. This eminent Bookſeller ed the Rival Modes before-mentioned.

Ver. 58. Stood dauntleſs Curll;] We come n a character of much reſpect, that of Mr. Edmund As a plain repetition of great actions is the beſt of them, we ſhall only ſay of this eminent man, t carried the Trade many lengths beyond what i before had arrived at; and that he was the env admiration of all his profeſſion. He poſſeſſed him

a

: race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
ake the hindmoſt, Hell," (he ſaid) and run. 60
Swift

REMARKS.

nand over all authors whatever; he cauſed them
e what he pleaſed; they could not call their very
their own. He was not only famous among
he was taken notice of by the State, the Church,
: Law, and received particular marks of diſtinc-
om each.
ill be owned that he is here introduced with all
: dignity: He ſpeaks like the intrepid Diomede;
s like the ſwift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis
e beloved Niſus; and (what Homer makes to be
ef of all praiſes) he is favoured of the Gods; he
it three words, and his prayer is heard; a God-
nveys it to the ſeat of Jupiter: Though he loſes
ze, he gains the victory; the great Mother her-
nforts him, ſhe inſpires him with expedients, ſhe
s him with an immortal preſent, (ſuch as Achilles
s from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once
tive and prophetical: After this he is unrivaled
umphant.

tribute our author here pays him is a grateful
for ſeveral unmerited obligations: Many weighty
lverſions on the public affairs, and many excel-
nd diverting pieces on private perſons, has he
o his name. If ever he owed two verſes to any
he owed Mr. Curll ſome thouſands. He was
day extending his fame, and enlarging his Wri-
Witneſs innumerable inſtances; but it ſhall ſuf-
ly to mention the Court Poems, which he meant
liſh as the work of the true writer, a Lady of qua-
ut being firſt threatened, and afterwards puniſhed
by Mr. Pope, he generouſly transferred it from
him, and ever ſince printed it in his name. The
time that ever he ſpoke to C. was on that affair,

Swift as a Bard the Bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and out-ſtript the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copſe
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So labouring on, with ſhoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a wind-mill all his figure ſpread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his ſtate,
And left-legg'd Jacob ſeems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there ſtood a lake,
Which Curll's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make:
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's ſhop)

Her

VARIATION.

Ver. 67. With legs expanded Bernard urg'd the race,
And ſeem'd to emulate great Jacob's pace.

REMARKS.

and to that happy incident he owed all the favour fine received from him: So true is the ſaying of Dr. Syden ham, "that any one ſhall be, at ſome time or other, th "better or the worſe, for having but ſeen or ſpoken to "good or bad man."

Ver. 70. Curll's Corinna] This name, it ſeems, wa taken by one Mrs. Thomas, who procured ſome privat letters of Mr. Pope, while almoſt a boy, to Mr. Crom well, and ſold them without the conſent of either o thoſe Gentlemen to Curll, who printed them in 12mo 1727. He diſcovered her to be the publiſher, in hi Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of men tioning the manner in which thoſe letters got abroad which the author was aſhamed of as very trivial things full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of me and books, and only excuſable from the youth and in experience of the writer.

:un'd Curll to ſlide; loud ſhout the band,
nard! Bernard! rings through all the Strand.
with filth the Miſcreant lies bewray'd,
the plaſh his wickedneſs had laid:
ſt (if Poets aught of truth declare)
ff Vaticide conceiv'd a prayer.
Jove! whoſe name my bards and I adore,
at leaſt as any God's, or more;
and his if more devotion warms,
th the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.
e there is, betwixt earth, air, and ſeas,
rom Ambroſia, Jove retires for eaſe.
his ſeat two ſpacious vents appear,
ie ſits, to that he leans his ear,
's the various vows of fond mankind;
an eaſtern, ſome a weſtern wind:
petitions, mounting to the ſky,
ns abundant this abode ſupply;
ie reads, and then returns the bills
th that Ichor which from Gods diſtils.
e here fair Cloacina ſtands,
iſters to Jove with pureſt hands.
m the heap ſhe pick'd her Votary's prayer,
'd it next him, a diſtinction rare!
ie Goddeſs heard her ſervant's call,
black grottos near the Temple-wall,
Liſtening

REMARKS.

1. Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's] The Bible, Curll's ſign: the Croſs-keys,

Liſtening delighted to the jeſt unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obſcene;
Where as he fiſh'd her nether realms for Wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's ſympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the courſe,
Vigorous he riſes; from th' effluvia ſtrong,
Imbibes new life, and ſcours and ſtinks along;
Re-paſſes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown diſhonours of his face.
And now the Victor ſtretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing ſtood, or ſeem'd to ſtand;
A ſhapeleſs ſhade, it melted from his ſight,
Like forms in clouds, or viſions of the night,
To ſeize his papers, Curll, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverſe, toſt in air;
Songs, ſonnets, Epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whiſk them back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd ſuit at leaſt he deem'd his prey,
That ſuit an unpay'd taylor ſnatch'd away.

VARIATION.

Ver. 99—104. In former Ed. thus,

(Oft, as he fiſh'd her nether realms for wit,
The Goddeſs favour'd him, and favours yet)

REMARKS.

Ver. 101. Where, as he fiſh'd, &c.] See the pref to Swift's and Pope's Miſcellanies.

Ver. 116. Evans, Young, and Swift.] Some of th perſons, whoſe writings, epigrams, or jeſts he had ov ed. See note on ver. 50.

No rag, no ſcrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once ſo flutter'd, and that once ſo writ.
Heaven rings with laughter: Of the laughter vain,
Dulneſs, good Queen, repeats the jeſt again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-ſtreet choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior;
Meers, Warner, Wilkins, run: deluſive thought!
Breval, Bond, Beſaleel, the varlets caught.

Curll

REMARKS.

Ver. 118. an unpay'd taylor] This line has been loudly complained of in Miſt, June 8, Dedic. to Sawney, and others, as a moſt inhuman ſatire on the poverty of Poets: But it is thought our author will be acquitted by a jury of Taylors. To me this inſtance ſeems unluckily choſen; if it be a ſatire on any body, it muſt be on a bad paymaſter, ſince the perſon to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but Poets may well be jealous of ſo great a prerogative as non-payment; which Mr. Dennis ſo far aſſerts, as boldly to pronounce, that "if Homer himſelf was not "in debt, it was becauſe nobody would truſt him." Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.

Ver. 124. like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior;] Theſe authors being ſuch whoſe names will reach poſterity, we ſhall not give any account of them, but proceed to thoſe of whom it is neceſſary.—Beſaleel Morris was author of ſome ſatires on the tranſlators of Homer, with many other things printed in news-papers.—"Bond writ a "ſatire againſt Mr. P—. Capt. Breval was author of "The Confederates, an ingenious dramatic performance "to expoſe Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and ſome la-"dies of quality," ſays CURLL, Key, p. 11.

Ver. 125. Mears, Warner, Wilkins] Bookſellers, and Printers of much anonymous ſtuff.

Curll ſtretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He graſps an empty Joſeph for a John:
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler ſhape,
Became, when ſeiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.

To him the Goddeſs: Son! thy grief lay down
And turn this whole illuſion on the town:
As the ſage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of Toaſts retails each batter'd Jade;
(When

REMARKS.

Ver. 126. Breval, Bond, Beſaleel,] I foreſee it w be objected from this line, that we were in an error our aſſertion on ver. 50. of this book, that More wa fictitious name, ſince thoſe perſons are equally repr preſented by the poet as phantoms. So at firſt ſight may be ſeen; but be not deceived, reader; theſe al are not real perſons. 'Tis true, Curll declares Brev a captain, author of a piece called the Confederates; b the ſame Curll firſt ſaid it was written by Joſeph Ga Is his ſecond aſſertion to be credited any more than h firſt? He likewiſe affirms Bond to be one who writ a f tire on our poet: But where is ſuch a ſatire to found? where was ſuch a writer ever heard of? As f Beſaleel, it carries forgery in the very name; nor is as the others are, a ſurname. Thou may'ſt depend up it, no ſuch authors ever lived; all phantoms. SCRIB

Ver. 128. Joſeph Gay, a fictitious name put by Cu before ſeveral pamphlets, which made them paſs w many for Mr. Gay's.—The ambiguity of the word J ſeph, which likewiſe ſignifies a looſe upper-coat, giv much pleaſantry to the idea.

Ver. 132. And turn this whole illuſion on the town It was a common practice of this bookſeller to publ vile pieces of obſcure hands under the names of emin Authors.

(Whence hapleſs Monſieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Dutcheſſes and Lady Maries;)
Be thine, my Stationer! this magic gift;
Cook ſhall be Prior; and Concanen, Swift:
So ſhall each hoſtile name become our own,
And we too boaſt our Garth and Addiſon.

With

REMARKS.

Ver. 138. Cook ſhall be Prior,] The man here ſpecified writ a thing called The Battle of the Poets, in which Philips and Welſted were the Heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He alſo publiſhed ſome malevolent things in the Britiſh, London, and Daily Journals; and at the ſame time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, proteſting his Innocence. His chief work was a tranſlation of Heſiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half notes, which he carefully owned.

Ver. 138. and Concanen, Swift:] In the firſt edition of this poem there were only aſteriſks in this place, but the names were ſince inſerted, merely to fill up the verſe, and give eaſe to the ear of the reader.

Ver. 140. And we too boaſt our Garth and Addiſon.] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praiſing good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Iſaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addiſon; in a word, almoſt every man of his time that deſerved it; even Cibber himſelf (preſuming him to be the author of the Careleſs Huſband). It was very difficult to have that pleaſure in a poem on this ſubject, yet he has found means to inſert their panegyric, and has made even Dulneſs out of her own mouth pronounce it. It muſt have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his conſtant friend, and as he was his predeceſſor in this kind of ſatire. The Diſpenſary attacked the whole body of Apothecaries, a much

With that ſhe gave him (piteous of his caſe,
Yet ſmiling at his rueful length of face)

A ſhaggy

REMARKS.

much more uſeful one undoubtedly than that of the bad Poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It alſo did, what Mr. Theobald ſays is unpardonable, draw in parts of private character, and introduced perſons independent of his ſubject. Much more would Boileau have incurred his cenſure, who left all ſubjects whatever, on all occaſions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern.) But certainly next to commending good writers, the greateſt ſervice to learning is to expoſe the bad, who can only that way be made of any uſe to it. This truth is very well ſet forth in theſe lines addreſſed to our author.

" The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
" (Though neither birds of moral kind)
" Yet ſerve, if hang'd, or ſtuff'd with ſtraw,
" To ſhow us which way blows the wind.

" Thus dirty knaves, or chattering fools,
" Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
" Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
" And point inſtruction every way.

" With Ægypt's art thy pen may ſtrive:
" One potent drop let this but ſhed,
" And every Rogue that ſtunk alive,
" Becomes a precious Mummy dead."

Ver. 142. rueful length of face] " The decrepid per-
" ſon or figure or a man are no reflections upon his Ge-
" nius: An honeſt mind will love and eſteem a man of
" worth, though he be deformed or poor. Yet the au-
" thor of the Dunciad hath libelled a perſon for his rue-
" ful length of face!" Miſt's Journal, June 8. This

Genius

;gy Tapeſtry, worthy to be ſpread,
'drus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;

In-

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s and man of worth, whom an honeſt mind ſhould
; Mr. Curll. True it is, he ſtood on the pillory,
ident which will lengthen the face of any man,
ı it were ever ſo comely, therefore is no reflection
natural beauty of Mr. Curll. But as to reflec-
n any man's face or figure, Mr. Dennis ſaith ex-
ly; "Natural deformity comes not by our fault;
often occaſioned by calamities and diſeaſes, which
ın can no more help than a monſter can his de-
ity. There is no one misfortune, and no one
ſe, but what all the reſt of mankind are ſubject
-But the deformity of this Author is viſible, pre-
laſting, unalterable, and peculiar to himſelf. 'Tis
nark of God and Nature upon him, to give us
ıing that we ſhould hold no ſociety with him, as a
ure not of our original, nor of our ſpecies: and
who have refuſed to take this warning which
and Nature has given them, and have, in ſpite
, by a ſenſeleſs preſumption, ventured to be fami-
with him, have ſeverely ſuffered, &c.' Tis certain
riginal is not from Adam, but from the Devil,"
)ENNIS, Character of Mr. P. octavo, 1716.
ıirably it is obſerved by Mr. Dennis againſt Mr.
). 33. "That the language of Billingſgate can
r be the language of charity, nor conſequently of
ſtianity." I ſhould elſe be tempted to uſe the lan-
of a Critic; for what is more provoking to a com-
or, than to behold his author thus portrayed? Yet
ler it really hurts not him! whereas to call ſome
dull, might do them prejudice with a world too
believe it: Therefore, though Mr. D. may call
a little aſs or a young toad, far be it from us
him a toothleſs lion or an old ſerpent. Indeed,
written theſe notes (as was once my intent) in
the

Inſtructive work! whoſe wry-mouth'd portraiture
Diſplay'd the fates her confeſſors endure.

E

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the learned language, I might have given him the ap
lations of balatro, calceatum caput, ſcurra in triv
being phraſes in good eſteem and frequent uſage am
the beſt learned: But in our mother-tongue, were I
tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, ſurely it ſhould
in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby c
ſtian charity, decency, and good accord among auth
might be preſerved. SCRI

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occaſions, e
nently ſhews his humanity. But it was far other
with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whoſe ſcurrili
were always perſonal, and of that nature which p
voked every honeſt man but Mr. Pope; yet never t
lamented, ſince they occaſioned the following amia
Verſes:

" While Malice, Pope, denies thy page
" Its own celeſtial fire;
" While Critics, and while Bards in rage,
" Admiring, won't admire:

" While wayward pen thy worth aſſail,
" And envious tongues decry;
" Theſe times though many a Friend bewail,
" Theſe times bewail not I.

" But when the World's loud praiſe is thine,
" And ſpleen no more ſhall blame,
" When with thy Homer thou ſhalt ſhine
" In one eſtabliſh'd fame:

" When none ſhall rail, and every lay
" Devote a wreath to thee;
" That day, (for come it will) that day
" Shall I lament to ſee."

V

Earleſs on high, ſtood unabaſh'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge below.
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgel'd might ye view,
The very worſted ſtill look'd black and blue.
Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,

And

REMARKS.

Ver. 143. A ſhaggy Tapeſtry.] A ſorry kind of Tapeſtry frequent in old Inns, made of worſted or ſome coarſer ſtuff; like that which is ſpoken of by Donne—Faces as frightful as theirs who whip Chriſt in old hangings. This imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in Æn. v.

Ver. 144. John Dunton was a broken bookſeller, and abuſive ſcribbler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent ſatire on ſome miniſters of ſtate; a libel on the Duke of Devonſhire and the Biſhop of Peterborough, &c.

Ver. 148. And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge] John Tutchin, author of ſome vile verſes, and of a weekly paper called the Obſervator: He was ſentenced to be whipped through ſeveral towns in the weſt of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that Prince died an exile, he wrote an invective againſt his memory, occaſioned by ſome humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

Ver. 149. There Ridpath, Roper,] Authors of the Flying-poſt and Poſt-boy, two ſcandalous papers on different ſides, for which they equally and alternately deſerved to be cudgelled, and were ſo.

Ver. 151. Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,] The hiſtory of Curll's being toſſed in a blanket, and whipped by the ſcholars of Weſtminſter, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, ſee A full and true account of a horrid Revenge on the body of Edm. Curll, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies.

And oh! (he cry'd) what ſtreet, what lane, but
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blow
In every loom our labours ſhall be ſeen,
And the freſh vomit run for ever green!
See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love cloſe clinging to her waiſt;

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Ver. 157. See in the circle next Eliza plac'd,] I game is expoſed, in the moſt contemptuous mann profligate licentiouſneſs of thoſe ſhameleſs ſcribl the moſt part of that ſex, which ought leaſt to be c of ſuch malice or impudence) who, in libellous M and Novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes o ſexes, to the ruin of public fame, or diſturbance vate happineſs. Our good poet (by the whole caſt work being obliged not to take off the Irony) w could not ſhew his indignation, hath ſhewn his tempt, as much as poſſible; having here drawn as picture as could be repreſented in the colours of poeſy. Sc

Ibid. Eliza Haywood; this woman was autho thoſe moſt ſcandalous books called the Court of C nia, and the New Utopia. For the two babes of ſee CURLL, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection pleaſed to throw upon this Lady, ſurely it wa from him ſhe little deſerved, who had celebrated undertakings for Reformation of manners, and de herſelf "to be ſo perfectly acquainted with the "neſs of his diſpoſition, and that tenderneſs with "he conſidered the errors of his fellow-creatures; "though ſhe ſhould find the little inadvertencies "own life recorded in his papers, ſhe was cer "would be done in ſuch a manner as ſhe could n "approve." Mrs. HAYWOOD, Hiſt. of Clar. p in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

Fair as before her works ſhe ſtands confeſs'd,
In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dreſs'd.
The Goddeſs then: "Who beſt can ſend on high
"The ſalient ſpout, far ſtreaming to the ſky;
"His be yon Juno of majeſtic ſize,
"With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
"This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome
"Repleniſh, not ingloriouſly, at home."
Oſborne and Curll accept the glorious ſtrife,
(Though this his Son diſſuades, and that his Wife.)

One

REMARKS.

Ver. 160. Kirkall,] the name of an Engraver. Some of this Lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dreſſed up before them.

Ver. 167. Oſborne, Thomas] A bookſeller in Gray's Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here inſtead of a leſs deſerving predeceſſor. [Chapman, the publiſher of Mrs. Haywood's New Utopia, &c.] This man publiſhed advertiſements for a year together, pretending to ſell Mr. Pope's Subſcription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: Of which book he had none, but cut to the ſize of them (which was Quarto) the common books in folio, without Copper-plates, on a worſe paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertiſement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739. "How melancholy muſt it be to a Writer to be ſo unhappy as to ſee his works hawked for "ſale in a manner ſo fatal to his fame! How, with ho"nour to yourſelf, and Juſtice to your Subſcribers, can "this be done! What an Ingratitude to be charged on "the Only honeſt Poet that lived in 1738! and than

"whom

One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and ſuperior ſize.
Firſt Oſborne lean'd againſt his letter'd poſt:
It roſe, and labour'd to a curve at moſt.
So Jove's bright bow diſplays its watery round
(Sure ſign, that no ſpectator ſhall be drown'd).
A ſecond effort brought but new diſgrace,
The wild Meander waſh'd the Artiſt's face:
Thus the ſmall jett, which haſty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gardener's eyes who turns the cock.
Not ſo from ſhameleſs Curll; impetuous ſpread
The ſtream, and ſmoking flouriſh'd o'er his head.
So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain ſcorns;
Through half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their paſſage burn.

Swi

REMARKS.

" whom Virtue has not had a ſhriller Trumpeter ſ
" many ages! That you were once generally admire
" and eſteemed, can be denied by none; but that yo
" and your works are now deſpiſed, is verified by th
" fact:" which being utterly falſe, did not indeed muc
humble the Author, but drew this juſt chaſtiſement o
the Bookſeller.

Ver. 183. Through half the heavens he pours t
exalted urn;] In a manuſcript Dunciad (where are ſom
marginal corrections of ſome gentlemen ſome time de
ceaſed) I have found another reading of theſe lines, thu

" And lifts his urn, through half the heavens to flow
" His rapid waters in their paſſage glow.

Th

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes:
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'ſt, Victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, ſoft ſmiling, lead'ſt away.

Oſborne,

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This I cannot but think the right: For, firſt, though the difference between burn and glow may ſeem not very material to others, to me I confeſs the latter has an elegance, a je ne ſçay quoy, which is much eaſier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of our poet muſt have obſerved how frequently he uſes this word glow in other parts of his works: To inſtance only in his Homer:

(1.) Iliad ix. ver. 726.—With one reſentment glows.
(2.) Iliad xi. ver. 626.—There the battle glows.
(3.) Ibid. ver. 985.—The cloſing fleſh that inſtant ceas'd to glow.
(4.) Iliad xii. ver. 45.—Encompaſs'd Hector glows.
(5.) Ibid. ver. 475.—His beating breaſt with generous ardour glows.
(6.) Iliad xviii. ver. 591.—Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.
(7.) Ibid. ver. 654.—And curl'd on ſilver props in order glow.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could ſtretch this catalogue to a great extent; but theſe are enough to prove his fondneſs for this beautiful word, which, therefore, let all future editions replace here.

I am aware, after all, that burn is the proper word to convey an idea of what was ſaid to be Mr. Curll's condition at this time: But from that very reaſon I infer the direct contrary. For ſurely every lover of our author will conclude he had more humanity than to inſult a man on ſuch a misfortune or calamity, which could never befal him purely by his own fault, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr. Theobald, half SCRIBL.

Oſborne, through perfect modeſty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.
But now for Authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my Lord! three Jockeys in his train;
Six huntſmen with a ſhout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonſenſe with a ſtare.
His Honour's meaning Dulneſs thus expreſt,
"He wins this Patron, who can tickle beſt."
He chinks his purſe, and takes his ſeat of ſtate:
With ready quills the Dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dextrous taſk commence,
And, inſtant, fancy feels th' imputed ſenſe;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He ſtruts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taſte directs our Operas:
Bentley his mouth with claſſic flattery opes,
And the puff'd orator burſts out in tropes.

But

VARIATION.

Ver. 205. In former Ed. Welſted.

REMARKS.

Ver. 203. Paolo Antonio Rolli,] an Italian Poet, and writer of many Operas in that Language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to ſome fine Gentlemen, who affected to direct the Operas.

Ver. 205. Bentley his mouth, &c.] Not ſpoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a ſmall critic, who aped his uncle in a little Horace. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the Miniſtry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reaſon the little one was dedicated to his ſon the Lord Harley.

t Welſted moſt the Poet's healing balm
ives to extract from his ſoft, giving palm;
lucky Welſted! thy unfeeling maſter,
e more thou tickleſt, gripes his fiſt the faſter.
While

VARIATIONS.

r. 207. in the firſt Edit.
But Oldmixon the Poet's healing balm, &c.
id again in ver. 209. Unlucky Oldmixon!

REMARKS.

Ver. 207. Welſted] Leonard Welſted, author of the iumvirate, or a Letter in verſe from Palæmon to Ce- at Bath, which was meant for a ſatire on Mr. P. d ſome of his friends about the year 1718. He writ ier things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus, mentions one, the mn of a Gentleman to his Creator: And there was other in praiſe either of a Cellar, or a Garret. L. W. aracterized in the Περὶ βάθους, or the Art of Sinking, as Didapper, and after as an Eel, is ſaid to be this per-, by Dennis, Daily Journal of May 11, 1728. He s alſo characterized under another animal, a Mole, the author of the enſuing Simile, which was handed out at the ſame time:

"Dear Welſted, mark, in dirty hole,
"That painful animal, a Mole:
"Above ground never born to grow;
"What mighty ſtir it keeps below!
"To make a Mole-hill all his ſtrife!
"It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
"How proud a little dirt to ſpread;
"Conſcious of nothing o'er its head!
"Till, labouring on for want of eyes,
"It blunders into Light and dies."

n have him again in book iii. ver. 169.

While thus each hand promotes the pleaſing pain,
And quick ſenſations ſkip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in deſpair,
Puts his laſt refuge all in heaven and prayer.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
Her ſiſter ſends, her votareſs, from above,
As, taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's Secretary.
Now turn to different ſports (the Goddeſs cries)
And learn, my ſons, the wondrous power of Noiſe.
To move, to raiſe, to raviſh every heart,
With Shakeſpeare's nature, or with Jonſon's art,
Let others aim: 'Tis yours to ſhake the ſoul
With thunder rumbling from the muſtard-bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madneſs ſwell,
Now ſink in ſorrows with a tolling bell!
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and ſenſe is at a ſtand.
Improve we theſe. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whoſe chattering ſhames the Monkey tribe:
And

REMARKS.

Ver. 226. With Thunder rumbling from the muſtard bowl,] The old way of making Thunder and Muſtard were the ſame; but ſince, it is more advantageouſly performed by troughs of wood with ſtops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great paſſion at hearing ſome, and cried, "'Sdeath! that is my Thunder."

And his this Drum, whoſe hoarſe heroic baſs
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Aſs.
Now thouſand tongues are heard in one loud din:
The Monkey-mimics ruſh diſcordant in;
'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all,
And Noiſe and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
Dennis and Diſſonance, and captious Art,
And Snip-ſnap ſhort, and Interruption ſmart,
And Demonſtration thin, and Theſes thick,
And Major, Minor, and Concluſion quick.
Hold (cry'd the Queen): A Cat-call each ſhall win;
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-diſputed game may end,
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At ſome ſick miſer's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, abſent foals they make
A moan ſo loud, that all the Guild awake;
Sore ſighs Sir Gilbert, ſtarting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
So ſwells each wind-pipe: Aſs intones to Aſs,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and braſs;
Such as from labouring lungs th' Enthuſiaſt blows,
High ſounds, attemper'd to the vocal noſe;

Or

VARIATION.

Ver. 241, 242. added ſince the firſt Edition.

REMARKS.

Ver. 238. Norton,] See ver. 417.—J. Durant Breval, Author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and ſome Poems. See before, Note on ver. 126.

Or ſuch as bellow from the deep Divine;
There, Webſter! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield! t
But far o'er all ſonorous Blackmore's ſtrain;
Walls, ſteeples, ſkies, bray back to him again.
In Tottenham fields, the Brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
Long Chancery-lane retentive rolls the ſound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of ſong,
Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.

VARIATION.

Ver. 257, 258. This couplet is an addition.

REMARKS.

Ver. 258. Webſter—and Whitefield] The one writer of a News-paper called the Weekly Miſcell the other a Field-preacher. This thought the means of advancing Religion was by the New-birt ſpiritual madneſs: That by the old death of fire faggot: And therefore they agreed in this, thoug no other earthly thing, to abuſe all the ſober Cle From the ſmall ſucceſs of theſe two extraordinary ſons, we may learn how little hurtful Bigotry and thuſiaſm are, while the Civil Magiſtrate prudently bears to lend his power to the one, in order to the ploying it againſt the other.

Ver. 263. Long Chancery-lane] The place wl the offices of Chancery are kept. The long deten of Clients in that Court, and the difficulty of get out, is humorouſly allegorized in theſe lines.

This labour paſt, by Bridewell all deſcend,
(As morning-prayers, and flagellation end) 270
To

REMARKS.

Ver. 268. Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.] A juſt character of Sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expreſſeth it)

" Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels."

and whoſe indefatigable Muſe produced no leſs than ſix Epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza ten; Alfred twelve; the Redeemer, ſix; beſides Job, in folio; the whole Book of Pſalms; the Creation, ſeven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. It is in this ſenſe he is ſtyled afterwards the everlaſting Blackmore. Notwithſtanding all which, Mr. Gildon ſeems aſſured, " that this admirable author " did not think himſelf upon the ſame foot with Ho- " mer." Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the times? p. 25. who ſays, " Sir Ri- " chard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to miſ- " take his proper talents; and that he has not for many " years been ſo much as named, or even thought of " among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: " Blackmore's Action " (ſaith he) has neither unity, nor integrity, nor mora- " lity, nor univerſality; and conſequently he can have " no Fable, and no Heroic Poem: His Narration is " neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his cha- " racters have none of the neceſſary qualifications; the " things contained in his narration are neither in their " own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor " rightly diſpoſed, nor ſurprizing, nor pathetic."—Nay he proceeds ſo far as to ſay Sir Richard has no Genius; firſt laying down, that " Genius is cauſed by a furious " joy and pride and ſoul, on the conception of an extra-

To where Fleet-ditch with diſemboguing ſtreams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,

The

REMARKS.

" ordinary Hint. Many men (ſays he) have their Hints, " without thoſe motions of fury and pride of ſoul, be- " cauſe they want fire enough to agitate their ſpirits; " and theſe we call cold writers. Others who have a " great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel " the fore-mentioned motions, without the extraor- " dinary hints; and theſe we call fuſtian writers. But " he declares that Sir Richard had neither the Hints nor " the Motions." Remarks on Pr. Arth. octavo, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman in his firſt works abuſed the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his laſt, of Mr. Pope, accuſing him in very high and ſober terms of profaneneſs and immorality (Eſſay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270.) on a mere report from Edm. Curll, that he was author of a Traveſtie on the firſt Pſalm. Mr. Dennis took up the ſame report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an Argument to prove it; which being very curious, we ſhall here tranſcribe. " It was " he who burleſqued the Pſalms of David. It is ap- " parent to me that Pſalm was burleſqued by a Popiſh " rhymeſter. Let rhyming perſons who have been " brought up Proteſtants be otherwiſe what they will, " let them be rakes, let them be ſcoundrels, let them " be Atheiſts, yet education has made an invincible im- " preſſion on them in behalf of the ſacred writings. " But a Popiſh rhymeſter has been brought up with a " contempt for thoſe ſacred writings; now ſhew me " another Popiſh rhymeſter but he." This manner of argumentation is uſual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the ſame againſt Sir Richard himſelf, in a like charge of Impiety and Irreligion. " All Mr. Blackmore's " celeſtial Machines, as they cannot be defended ſo

" much

The King of dykes! than whom no ſluice of mud
With deeper ſable blots the ſilver flood.
"Here ſtrip, my children! here at once leap in,
"Here prove who beſt can daſh through thick and thin,
"And who the moſt in love of dirt excel,
"Or dark dexterity of groping well.

"Who

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"much as by common received opinion, ſo are they di-
"rectly contrary to the doctrine of the church of Eng-
"land; for the viſible deſcent of an Angel muſt be a
"miracle. Now it is the doctrine of the Church of
"England that miracles had ceaſed a long time before
"Prince Arthur came into the world. Now if the doc-
"trine of the Church of England be true, as we are
"obliged to believe, then are all the celeſtial machines
"in Prince Arthur unſufferable, as wanting not only
"human, but divine probability. But if the machines
"are ſufferable, that is, if they have ſo much as divine
"probability, then it follows of neceſſity that the doc-
"trine of the Church is falſe. So I leave it to every
"impartial Clergyman to conſider," &c. Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

Ver. 270. (As morning prayer and flagellation end)] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church ſervice, that the criminals are whipt in Bridewell.—This is to mark punctually the time of the day: Homer does it by the circumſtance of the Judges riſing from court, or of the Labourers dinner: our author by one very proper both to the Perſons and the Scene of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord mayor's day: The firſt book paſſed in that night; the next morning the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-ſtreet (places inhabited by Bookſellers) then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet-ditch, and laſtly through Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddeſs.

" Who flings moſt filth, and wide pollutes around
" The ſtream, be his the Weekly Journals bound; 280
" A pig of lead to him who dives the beſt;
" A peck of coals apiece ſhall glad the reſt."
In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands,
And, Milo-like, ſurveys his arms and hands;

Then

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Ver. 283. In former Ed.——great Dennis ſtands.

REMARKS.

Ver. 280. the weekly Journals] Papers of news and ſcandal intermixed, on different ſides and parties, and frequently ſhifting from one ſide to the other, called the London Journal, Britiſh Journal, Daily Journal, &c. the concealed writers of which for ſome time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; perſons never ſeen by our author.

Ver. 283. In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands,] Mr. JOHN OLDMIXON, next to Mr. Dennis, the moſt ancient Critic of our Nation; an unjuſt cenſurer of Mr. Addiſon in his proſe Eſſay on Criticiſm, whom alſo in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he miſrepreſents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abuſing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the leaſt hint of it; and in p. 304. is ſo injurious as to ſuggeſt that Mr. Addiſon himſelf writ that Tatler, No. 43. which ſays of his own Simile, that " 'Tis as great as ever entered into the " mind of man." " In Poetry he was not ſo happy as " laborious, and therefore characterized by the Tatler, " No. 62. by the name of Omicron the Unborn Poet." Curll, Key, p. 13, " He writ Dramatic works, and a " volume of Poetry conſiſting of heroic Epiſtles, &c. ſome " whereof are very well done," ſaid that great Judge, Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In

ghing thus, "And am I now threeſcore? 285
Why, ye Gods! ſhould two and two make four?"
and climb'd a ſtranded lighter's height,
the black abyſs, and plung'd downright.
nior's judgment all the crowd admire,
but to ſink the deeper, roſe the higher. 290
Smedley div'd; ſlow circles dimpled o'er
king mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.

All

REMARKS.

Eſſay on Criticiſm, and the Arts of Logic and
, he frequently reflects on our Author. But
f his character was a Perverter of Hiſtory, in
dalous one of the Stuarts in folio, and his Cri-
:ory of England, two volumes, octavo. Being
l by biſhop Kennet, in publiſhing the hiſtorians
llection, he falſified Daniel's Chronicle in num-
laces. Yet this very man, in the preface to the
ieſe books, advanced a particular fact to charge
inent perſons of falſifying the Lord Clarendon's
which fact has been diſproved by Dr. Atter-
e biſhop of Rocheſter, then the only ſurvivor of
id the particular part he pretended to be falſi-
luced ſince, after almoſt ninety years, in that
hor's original manuſcript. He was all his life
t Party-writer for hire, and received his reward
l place, which he enjoyed to his death.

191. Next Smedley div'd;] In the ſurrepti-
ions, this whole Epiſode was applied to an ini-
E—, by whom if they meant the Laureate,
was more abſurd, no part agreeing with his
. The allegory evidently demands a perſon
ſcandal, and deeply immerſed in dirty work;
Mr. Euſden's writings rarely offended but by
th and multitude, and accordingly are taxed
of

All look, all ſigh, and call on Smedley loſt;
Smedley in vain reſounds through all the coaſt.
Then * * eſſay'd; ſcarce vaniſh'd out of ſight,
He buoys up inſtant, and returns to light:
He bears no tokens of the ſabler ſtreams,
And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames.
True to the bottom, ſee Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 295. in former Ed.
Then * * try'd, but hardly ſnatched from ſight.
After ver. 298. in the firſt Edit. followed theſe,
Far worſe unhappy D—r ſucceeds,
He ſearch'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

REMARKS.

of nothing elſe in book i. ver. 102. But the perſ here mentioned, an Iriſhman, was author and publiſt of many ſcurrilous Pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journ in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; a particularly whole volumes of Billingſgate againſt I Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexa driana, printed in octavo. 1728.

Ver. 295. Then * * eſſay'd;] A gentlemen of geni and ſpirit, who was ſecretly dipt in ſome papers of t kind, on whom our poet beſtows a panegyric inſtead a ſatire, as deſerving to be better employed than party-quarrels, and perſonal invectives.

Ver. 299. Concanen] MATTHEW CONCANE an Iriſhman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of brethren in enmity to Swift) in his Metamorphoſis Scriblerus, p. 7. accuſes him of "having boaſted "what he had not written, but others had reviſed a "done for him." He was author of ſeveral dull

d

If perſeverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlaſting Blackmore this denies:
No noiſe, no ſtir, no motion canſt thou make,
Th' unconſcious ſtream ſleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plung'd a feeble, but a deſperate pack,
With each a ſickly brother at his back:
Sons of a Day! juſt buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Aſk ye their names? I could as ſoon diſcloſe
The names of theſe blind puppies as of thoſe.
Faſt by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Oſborne, ſtupify'd to ſtone!

And

VARIATION.

Ver. 305—314. Not in former Ed.

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dead ſcurrilities in the Britiſh and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatiſt. In a pamphlet, called a Supplement to the Profound, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verſes (for which he might indeed ſeem in ſome degree accountable, having corrected what that ntleman did) but thoſe of the duke of Buckingham, d others: To this rare piece ſomebody humouroufly uſed him to take for his motto, "De profundis clamavi." He was ſince a hired Scribler in the Daily urant, where he poured forth much Billingſgate inſt the lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which man was ſurpriſingly promoted to adminiſter Juſtice Law in Jamaica.

r. 306, 307. With each a ſickly brother at his :—Sons of a day, &c.] Theſe were daily Papers, nber of which, to leſſen the expence, were printed n the back of another,

Ver.

And Monumental Braſs this record bears,
" Theſe are,—ah no! theſe were the Gazetteers!"

Not

REMARKS.

Ver. 312. Oſborne] A name aſſumed by the eldeſt and graveſt of theſe writers, who at laſt, being aſhamed of his Pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained ſilent.

Ver. 314. Gazetteers] We ought not to ſuppoſe that a modern Critic here taxeth the Poet with an Anachroniſm, affirming theſe Gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any ſuch paper of that date. But we may with equal aſſurance aſſert theſe Gazetteers not to have lived ſince, and challenge all the learned world to produce one ſuch paper at this day. Surely therefore, where the point is ſo obſcure, our author ought not to be cenſured too raſhly. SCRIB.

Notwithſtanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the Daily Gazetteer was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which laſted but a day. Into this, as a common ſink, was received all the trafh, which had been before diſperſed in ſeveral Journals, and circulated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were the ſame obſcure men: though ſometimes relieved by occaſional eſſays from Stateſmen, Courtiers, Biſhops, Deans, and Doctors. The meaner ſort were rewarded with Money; others with Places or Benefices, from an hundred to a thouſand a year. It appears from the Report of the Secret Committee for inquiring into the Conduct of R. Earl of O. " That no leſs than fifty " thouſand ſeventy-ſeven pounds eighteen ſhillings, " were paid to Authors and Printers of Newſpapers, " ſuch as Free Britons, Daily Courants, Corn Cutter's " Journals, Gazetteers, and other political papers, be- " tween Feb. 10, 1731, and Feb. 10, 1741." Which ſhews the Benevolence of one Miniſter, to have expended, for the current dulneſs of ten years in Britain, double the

Not ſo bold Arnall; with a weight of ſkull,
Furious he drives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and ſtorms his circling arm inveſt,
With all the might of gravitation bleſt.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance,
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.

The

VARIATION.

Ver. 315. In firſt Ed.
Not Welſted ſo: drawn endlong by his ſkull,
Furious he ſinks, precipitately dull.

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the ſum which gained Louis XIV. ſo much honour, in annual Penſions to Learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a Penſion at Court, nor Preferment in the Church or Univerſities, of any Conſideration, was beſtowed on any man diſtinguiſhed for his Learning ſeparately from Party-merit, or Pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the Panegyrics beſtowed by theſe writers on this great Miniſter, not one is at this day extant or remembered, not even ſo much credit done to his Perſonal character by all they have written, as by one ſhort occaſional compliment of our Author:

"Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
"Of ſocial Pleaſure, ill exchang'd for Power!
"Seen him, uncumber'd by the Venal Tribe,
"Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe."

Ver. 315. Arnall] WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an Attorney, was a perfect genius in this ſort of work. He began under twenty with furious Party-papers; then ſucceeded Concanen in the Britiſh Journal. At the

firſt

The plunging Prelate, and his ponderous Grace
With holy envy gave one Layman place.
When lo! a burſt of thunder ſhook the flood,
Slow roſe a form, in majeſty of Mud;
Shaking the horrors of his ſable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal ſtares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares:

VARIATION.

Ver. 323—326. In firſt Ed. thus,
Sudden a burſt of thunder ſhook the flood,
Lo, Smedley roſe in majeſty of mud.

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firſt publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on th
thor not to give him his due place in it, by a letter
feſſing his deteſtation of ſuch practices as his Prec
ſor's. But ſince, by the moſt unexampled inſol
and perſonal abuſe of ſeveral great men, the Poet's
ticular friends, he moſt amply deſerved a niche i
Temple of Infamy: Witneſs a paper, called the
Briton, a Dedication intituled, To the Genuine I
derer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire,
valued himſelf upon it; not indeed without cau
appearing by the aforeſaid REPORT, that he rec
" for Free Britons, and other writings, in the ſpa
" four years, no leſs than ten thouſand nine hu
" and ninety-ſeven pounds ſix ſhillings and
" pence, out of the Treaſury." But frequently, thr
his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds o
commiſſion, and obliged his honourable Patron tc
avow his ſcurrilities.

Ver. 323. The plunging Prelate, &c.] It h
been invidiouſly inſinuated that by this Title
meant a truly great Prelate, as reſpectable for hi

Firſt he relates, how ſinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs ſuck'd him in:
How young Lutetia, ſofter than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vy'd for his love in jetty bowers below,
As Hylas fair was raviſh'd long ago.
Then ſung, how, ſhown him by the Nut-brown maids,
A branch of Styx here riſes from the Shades;
That, tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's ſtreams,
And wafting Vapours from the land of dreams,
(As under ſeas Alpheus' ſecret ſluice
Bears Piſa's offering to his Arethuſe)
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here briſker vapours o'er the TEMPLE creep,
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and ſleep.

Thence

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 343—351. In firſt Ed. thus,

Pours into Thames: each city bowl is full
Of the mixt wave, and all who drink grow dull.
Here to the banks where bards departed doze,
They led him ſoft; here all the bards aroſe;
Taylor, ſweet bird of Thames, majeſtic bows,
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows;
While Milbourn there, deputed by the reſt,
Gave him the caſſock, ſurcingle, and veſt;
And "Take (he ſaid) &c.

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fence of the preſent balance of power in the civil conſtitution, as for his oppoſition to the Scheme of no power at all, in the religious; I owe ſo much to the memory

Thence to the banks where reverend bards repoſe,
They led him ſoft; each reverend bard aroſe;
And Milbourn chief, deputed by the reſt,
Gave him the caſſock, ſurcingle, and veſt.
"Receive (he ſaid) theſe robes which once were mine,
"Dulneſs is ſacred in a ſound Divine."
He ceas'd, and ſpread the robe; the crowd confeſs
The reverend Flamen in his lengthen'd dreſs.
Around him wide a ſable Army ſtand,
A low-born, cell-bred, ſelfiſh, ſervile band,

Prompt

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of my deceaſed friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this inſinuation, he called it vile and malicious, as any candid Man, he ſaid, might underſtand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in another part of the Poem.

Ver. 349. And Milbourn] Luke Milbourn a Clergyman, the faireſt of Critics; who, when he wrote againſt Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him juſtice in printing at the ſame time his own tranſlations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great reſemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad againſt our author, as will be ſeen in the Parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append.

Ver. 355. Around him wide, &c.] It is to be hoped that the ſatire in theſe lines will be underſtood in the confined ſenſe in which the Author meant it, of ſuch only of the Clergy, who, though ſolemnly engaged in the ſervice of Religion, dedicate themſelves for venal and corrupt ends to that of Miniſters or Factions; and though educated under an entire ignorance of the world, aſpire to interfere in the government of it, and conſequently to diſturb and diſorder it; in which they fall

ſhort

Prompt or to guard or ſtab, to ſaint or damn,
Heaven's Swiſs, who fight for any God, or Man.
Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known Fleet,
Rolls the black troop, and overſhades the ſtreet,
Till ſhowers of Sermons, Characters, Eſſays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds, repleniſh'd from ſome bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and deſcend in ſnow.
Here ſtopt the Goddeſs; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exerciſe to cloſe the games.
"Ye Critics! in whoſe heads, as equal ſcales,
"I weigh what author's heavineſs prevails:
"Which moſt conduce to ſooth the ſoul in ſlumbers,
"My Henley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;
"Attend

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Ver. 355—362. Not in firſt Ed. where, inſtead of ver. 365—367, were originally theſe lines:

Slow moves the Goddeſs, from the ſable flood,
(Her Prieſt preceding) through the gates of Lud.
Her Critics there ſhe ſummons, and proclaims
A gentler exerciſe to cloſe the games.
Here you, in whoſe grave heads, &c.

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ſhort of their Predeceſſors only by being inveſted with much leſs of that power and authority, which they employed indifferently (as is hinted at in the lines above) either in ſupporting arbitrary power, or in exciting rebellion; in canonizing the vices of Tyrants, or in blackening the virtues of Patriots; in corrupting religion by ſuperſtition, or betraying it by libertiniſm, as either was thought beſt to ſerve the ends of policy, or flatter the follies of the Great.

" Attend the trial we propoſe to make:
" If there be man, who o'er ſuch works can wake,
" Sleep's all-ſubduing charms who dares defy,
" And boaſts Ulyſſes' ear with Argus' eye;
" To him we grant our ampleſt powers, to ſit
" Judge of all preſent, paſt, and future wit;
" To cavil, cenſure, dictate, right or wrong,
" Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
Three College Sophs and three pert Templars came,
The ſame their talents, and their taſtes the ſame;
Each prompt to query, anſwer, and debate,
And ſmit with love of Poeſy and Prate.
The ponderous books two gentle readers bring!
The heroes ſit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clamorous crowd is huſh'd with mugs of Mum,
Till all, tun'd equal, ſend a general hum.
Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping, words on words, the ſenſe compoſe,
At every line they ſtretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to ſoft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they ceaſe to blow:
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pauſe, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this ſide, now to that they nod,
As verſe, or proſe, infuſe the drowzy God.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak, but, thrice ſuppreſt
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breaſt.

Toland

VARIATION.

Ver. 379. In firſt Ed. Three Cambridge Sophs.

Toland and Tindal, prompt at prieſts to jeer.
Yet ſilent bow'd to "Chriſt's No kingdom here." 400
Who ſate the neareſt, by the words o'ercome,
Slept firſt, the diſtant nodded to the hum.
Then down are roll'd the books; ſtretch'd o'er them lies
Each gentle clerk, and muttering ſeals his eyes,

As

VARIATION.

Ver. 399. in the firſt Edit. it was,
Collins and Tindal, prompt at Prieſts to jeer.

REMARKS.

Ver. 397. Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak,] Famous for his ſpeeches on many occaſions about the South Sea ſcheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and "hath written ſome excellent Epilogues to plays, "and one ſmall piece on Love, which is very pretty." Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman ſince made himſelf much more eminent, and perſonally well known to the greateſt Stateſmen of all parties, as well as to all the Courts of Law in this nation.

Ver. 399. Toland and Tindal,] Two perſons not ſo happy as to be obſcure, who writ againſt the Religion of their Country. Toland, the author of the Atheiſt's liturgy, called Pantheiſticon, was a ſpy, in pay to Lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the Rights of the Chriſtian Church, and Chriſtianity as old as the Creation. He alſo wrote an abuſive pamphlet againſt Earl S—, which was ſuppreſſed while yet in MS. by an eminent perſon, then out of the miniſtry, to whom he ſhewed it, expecting his approbation: This Doctor afterwards publiſhed the ſame piece, mutatis mutandis, againſt that very perſon.

Ver. 400. Chriſt's No kingdom, &c.] This is ſaid by Curll, Key to Dunc. to allude to a ſermon of a reverend Biſhop.

As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle firſt, and then a ſecond makes;
What Dulneſs dropt among her ſons impreſt
Like motion from one circle to the reſt:
So from the mid-moſt the nutation ſpreads
Round and more round, o'er all the ſea of heads.
At laſt Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himſelf unfiniſh'd left his tale,
Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;

Nor

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Ver. 412. In firſt Ed. Old James himſelf.
Ver. 413. In the firſt Edit. it was,
T—s and T— the Church and State gave o'er,
Nor *** talk'd nor S— whiſper'd more.
In the ſecond,
Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,
Nor Motteux talk'd, nor Naſo whiſper'd more.

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Ver. 411. Centlivre] Mrs. Suſanna Centlivre, w
to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Maje
She writ many Plays, and a Song (ſays Mr. Jac
vol. i. p. 32.) before ſhe was ſeven years old. She
writ a Ballad againſt Mr. Pope's Homer, before he
gan it.

Ver. 413. Boyer the State, and Law the Stage g
o'er,] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annu
Political Collections, &c.—William Law, A. M. wr
with great zeal againſt the Stage; Mr. Dennis
ſwered with as great: Their books were printed
1726. The ſame Mr. Law is author of a book,
titled, An Appeal to all that doubt of or diſbelieve
truth of the Goſpel; in which he has detailed a Syſ

Norton, from Daniel and Oſtrœa ſprung,
Bleſs'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung ſilent down his never-bluſhing head;
And all was huſh'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead.
Thus the ſoft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And ſtretch'd on bulks, as uſual, Poets lay.
Why ſhould I ſing, what Bards the nightly Muſe
Did ſlumbering viſit, and convey to ſtews;

Who

REMARKS.

of the rankeſt Spinoziſm, for the moſt exalted Theology; and amongſt other things as rare, has informed us of this, that Sir Iſaac Newton ſtole the principles of his philoſophy from one Jacob Behmen, a German Cobler.

Ver. 414. Morgan] A writer againſt Religion, diſtinguiſhed no otherwiſe from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompouſneſs of his title; for having ſtolen his morality from Tindal, and his Philoſophy from Spinoſa, he calls himſelf, by the courteſy of England, a Moral Philoſopher.

Ibid. Mandevil] This writer, who prided himſelf in the reputation of an Immoral Philoſopher, was author of a famous book called the Fable of the Bees; written to prove, that Moral Virtue is the Invention of knaves, and Chriſtian Virtue the Impoſition of fools; and that Vice is neceſſary, and alone ſufficient to render Society flouriſhing and happy.

Ver. 415. Norton] Norton De Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel, Fortes creantur fortibus. One of the authors of the Flying Poſt, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had ſometime the honour to be abuſed with his betters; and of many hired ſcurrilities and daily papers, to which he never ſet his name.

Who prouder march'd with magiſtrates in ſtate,
To ſome fam'd round-houſe, ever-open gate!
How Henley lay inſpir'd beſide a ſink,
And to mere mortals ſeem'd a Prieſt in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muſes) made their ſafe retreat.

VARIATION.

Ver. 425. In firſt Ed. How Laurus lay, &c.

REMARKS.

Ver. 427. Fleet] A priſon for inſolvent Debtc the bank of the Ditch.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

AFTER the other perſons are diſpoſed in their proper places of reſt, the Goddeſs tranſports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to ſlumber with his head on her lap; a poſition of marvellous virtue, which cauſeth all the Viſions of wild enthuſiaſts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, caſtle-builders, chemiſts, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad Poetical Sibyl, to the Elyſian ſhade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the ſouls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghoſt of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with thoſe which he himſelf is deſtined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Viſion, from whence he ſhews him the paſt triumphs of the Empire of Dulneſs, then the preſent, and laſtly the future: how ſmall a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how ſoon thoſe conqueſts were ſtopped, and thoſe very nations again reduced

reduced to her dominion. Then diſtinguiſhi
Iſland of Great Britain, ſhews by what aic
what perſons, and by what degrees, it ſhall be b
to her Empire. Some of the perſons he ca
paſs in review before his eyes, deſcribing each
proper figure, character, and qualifications.
ſudden the Scene ſhifts, and a vaſt number o
racles and prodigies appear, utterly ſurprizin
unknown to the King himſelf, till they are exp
to be the wonders of his own reign now comme
On this ſubject Settle breaks into a congratul
yet not unmixed with concern, that his own
were but the types of theſe. He propheſies ho
the nation ſhall be over-run with Farces, O
and Shows; how the Throne of Dulneſs ſh
advanced over the Theatres, and ſet up ev
Court: then how her Sons ſhall preſide in the
of Arts and Sciences: giving a glimpſe, or F
ſight, of the future Fulneſs of her Glory, the ac
pliſhment whereof is the ſubject of the fourth an
Book.

BOOK III.

BUT in her Temple's laſt receſs inclos'd,
On Dulneſs' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
Him cloſe ſhe curtains round with Vapours blue,
And ſoft beſprinkles with Cimmerian dew,
Then raptures high the ſeat of Senſe o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from Reaſon know.
Hence, from the ſtraw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:
Hence the Fool's Paradiſe, the Stateſman's Scheme,
The air-built Caſtle, and the golden Dream,
The maid's romantic wiſh, the Chemiſt's flame,
And Poet's viſion of eternal Fame.

And now, on Fancy's eaſy wing convey'd,
The King deſcending, views th' Elyſian Shade.

A ſlip-

REMARKS.

Ver. 5, 6, &c.] Hereby is intimated that the following Viſion is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended ſatire on the preſent Age, doubtleſs more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great Geniuſes in Divinity, Politics, and whatever arts and ſciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any ſuch miſtake of our Poet's honeſt meaning, he hath again, at the end of the Viſion, repeated this monition, ſaying that it all paſſed through the Ivory gate, which (according to the Ancients) denoteth Falſity. SCRIBL.

How much the good Scriblerus was miſtaken, may be ſeen from the fourth Book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never ſeen. BENTL.

A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl led his ſteps along,
In lofty madneſs meditating ſong;
Her treſſes ſtaring from Poetic dreams,
And never waſh'd, but in Caſtalia's ſtreams,
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
(Once ſwan of Thames, though now he ſings no m

VARIATION.

Ver. 15—22. Not in the firſt Ed.

REMARKS.

Ver. 15. A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl] This allegory i
tremely juſt, no conformation of the mind ſo much
jecting it to real Madneſs, as that which produce
Dulneſs. Hence we find the religious (as well
poetical)'Enthuſiaſts of all ages were ever, in thei
tural ſtate, moſt heavy and lumpiſh; but on the
application of heat, they ran like lead, which
metals falls quickeſt into fuſion. Whereas fire
Genius is truly Promethean, it hurts not its conſti
parts, but only fits it (as it does well-tempered
for the neceſſary impreſſions of art. But the con
people have been taught (I do not know on what
dation) to regard Lunacy as a mark of Wit, juſt
Turks and our modern Methodiſts do of Holineſs.
if the cauſe of Madneſs aſſigned by a great Philoſ
be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the dunces.
ſuppoſes it to be the dwelling over long on one obj
idea: Now as this attention is occaſioned eith
Grief or Study, it will be fixed by Dulneſs;
hath not quickneſs enough to comprehend what it
nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagin
from the object it laments.

Ver. 19. Taylor] John Taylor the Water-poe
honeſt man, who owns he learned not ſo much
Accidence: A rare example of modeſty in a Poet!

" I

Benlowes, propitious ſtill to Blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods the Poppy on his brows.
Here, in a duſky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius ſits, to dip poetic ſouls,
And blunt the ſenſe, and fit it for a ſkull
Of ſolid proof, impenetrably dull:
Inſtant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Meers unbar the gates of Light,
Demand

REMARKS.

" I muſt confeſs I do want eloquence,
" And never ſcarce did learn my Accidence:
" For having got from poſſum to poſſet,
" I there was gravel'd, could no farther get."

He wrote fourſcore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an Alehouſe in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.

Ver. 21. Benlowes,] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad Poetry, and for patronizing bad Poets, as may be ſeen from many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of theſe anagramed his name Benlowes into Benevolus: to verify which, he ſpent his whole eſtate upon them.

Ver. 22. And Shadwell nods the Poppy, &c.] Shadwell took Opium for many years; and died of too large a doſe, in the year 1692.

Ver. 24. Old Bavius ſits,] Bavius was an ancient Poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cauſes as Bays by our author, though not in ſo chriſtian-like a manner: For heatheniſhly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that

IMITATION.

Ver. 28. unbar the gates of Light,] An Hemiſtich of Milton.

he

Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array,
Ruſh to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on theſe banks he views,
Thick as the ſtars of night, or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal bloſſoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in Pillory.

Won-

REMARKS.

he ought to be hated and deteſted for his evil works; Qui Bavium non odit; whereas we have often had occaſion to obſerve our Poet's great Good-nature and Mercifulneſs through the whole courſe of this Poem.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 28. Brown and Meers] Bookſellers, Printers for any body.—The allegory of the ſouls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dreſſed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vaſt numbers by Bookſellers, is ſufficiently intelligible.

Ver. 34. Ward in Pillory.] John Ward of Hackney, Eſq. Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was firſt expelled the Houſe, and then ſentenced to the Pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr. Curll (having likewiſe ſtood there) looks upon the mention of ſuch a Gentleman in a ſatire, as a great act of barbarity, Key to the Dunc. 3d Edit. p. 16. And another author reaſons thus upon it. Durgen. 8vo, p. 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of Chriſtian Charity to "animate the rabble to abuſe a worthy man in ſuch a "ſituation? What could move the Poet thus to men-"tion a brave ſufferer, a gallant priſoner, expoſed to "the view of all mankind! It was laying aſide his "Senſes, it was committing a Crime for which the "Law is deficient not to puniſh him! nay, a Crime "which Man can ſcarce forgive, or Time efface! no-"thing ſurely could have induced him to it but being

"bribed

Wondering he gaz'd: When lo! a Sage appears,
By his broad ſhoulders known, and length of ears,
Known

REMARKS.

"bribed by a great Lady," &c. (to whom this brave, honeſt, worthy Gentleman was guilty of no offence but Forgery, proved in open Court.) But it is evident, this verſe could not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no Eggs were thrown at that Gentleman. Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward the Poet, when he ſtood there.

Ver. 36. And length of ears,] This is a ſophiſticated reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyiſts are miſtaken here: I believe I may ſay the ſame of the Critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welſted, have paſſed it in ſilence. I have alſo ſtumbled at it, and wondered how an error ſo manifeſt could eſcape ſuch accurate perſons. I dare aſſert, it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of ſome Tranſcriber, whoſe head ran on the Pillory, mentioned two lines before; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curll himſelf ſhould overlook it! Yet that Scholiaſt takes not the leaſt notice hereof. That the learned Miſt alſo read it thus, is plain from his ranging this paſſage among thoſe in which our author was blamed for perſonal Satire on a Man's face (whereof doubtleſs he might take the ear to be a part); ſo likewiſe Concanen, Ralph, the Flying Poſt, and all the herd of Commentators.—Tota armenta ſequuntur.

A very little ſagacity (which all theſe gentlemen therefore wanted) will reſtore us to the true ſenſe of the Poet thus,

By his broad ſhoulders known, and length of years.

See how eaſy a change; of one ſingle letter! That Mr. Settle was old, is moſt certain; but he was (happily) a ſtranger to the Pillory. This note partly Mr. THEOBALD'S, partly SCRIBL.

Known by the band and ſuit which Settle wore
(His only ſuit) for twice three years before:
All as the veſt, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new ſtate, another yet the ſame.
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great Father to the greater Son:

REMARKS.

Ver. 37. Settle] Elkanah Settle was once a Wri vogue as well as Cibber, both for Dramatic Poetr Politics. Mr. Dennis tells us, that "he was a fo "able rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the Uni "of Cambridge there were thoſe who gave him th "ference." Mr. Welſted goes yet farther in hi half: "Poor Settle was formerly the Mighty ri "Dryden; nay, for many years, bore his repu "above him." Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. Mr. Milbourne cried out, "How little was D "able, even when his blood run high, to defend "ſelf againſt Mr. Settle!" Notes on Dryd. p. 175. Theſe are comfortable opinions; and no der ſome authors indulge them.

He was author or publiſher of many noted pam in the time of King Charles II. He anſwered all den's political poems! and being cried up on on ſucceeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empr Morocco [the firſt that was ever printed with "Upon this he grew inſolent, the Wits writ again "Play, he replied, and the Town judged he h "better. In ſhort, Settle was then thought a ver "midable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not onl "Town but the Univerſity of Cambridge was d "which to prefer; and in both places the young "inclined to Elkanah." Dennis, Pref. to Rei Hom.

Oh born to ſee what none can ſee awake!
Behold the wonders of th' Oblivious Lake.
Thou, yet unborn, haſt touch'd this ſacred ſhore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former, as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-exiſtent ſtate?
Who knows how long thy tranſmigrating ſoul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?
How many Dutchmen ſhe vouchſaf'd to thrid?
How many ſtages through old Monks ſhe rid?
And all who ſince, in wild benighted days,
Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.
As man's meanders to the vital ſpring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by ſkilful ſwain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonſenſe thus, of old or modern date,
Shall, in the centre, from thee circulate.
For this, our Queen unfolds to viſion true
Thy mental eye, for thou haſt much to view:
Old ſcenes of glory, times long caſt behind,
Shall, firſt recall'd, ruſh forward to thy mind:
Then ſtretch thy ſight o'er all her riſing reign,
And let the paſt and future fire thy brain.

Aſcend

REMARKS.

Ver. 50. Might from Bœotian, &c.] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the Wits formerly, as Ireland does now; though it produced one of the greateſt Poets and one of the greateſt Generals of Greece:

"Bœotum craſſo jurares aëre natum." Horat.

Aſcend this hill, whoſe cloudy point commands
Her boundleſs empire over ſeas and lands.
See, round the Poles where keener ſpangles ſhine,
Where ſpices ſmoke beneath the burning Line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her ſable flag diſplay'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her ſhade!

Far eaſtward caſt thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science their bright courſe begun:
One god-like Monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whoſe long Wall the wandering Tartar bounds;
Heavens! what a pile! whole ages periſh there,
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.

Thence to the ſouth extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory riſe,
From ſhelves to ſhelves ſee greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their Phyſic of the Soul.

How

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 73. in the former Ed.

Far eaſtward caſt thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science at a birth begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that Line of the Introduction,

In eldeſt times, ere Mortals writ or read,

which ſuppoſes the ſun and ſcience did not ſet out together, it was altered to "their bright courſe begun." But this ſlip, as uſual, eſcaped the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

REMARKS.

Ver. 75. Chi Ho-am-ti Emperor of China, the ſame who built the great wall between China and Tartary, deſtroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

Ver.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at beſt, the beams of Science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean ſkies
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals riſe!
Lo! where Mœotis ſleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanaïs through a waſte of ſnows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty ſons,
Great nurſe of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
See Alaric's ſtern port! the martial frame
Of Genſeric; and Attila's dread name!
See, the bold Oſtrogoths on Latium fall;
See, the fierce Viſigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See, where the morning gilds the palmy ſhore
(The ſoil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conquering tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And ſaving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.
See Chriſtians, Jews, one heavy Sabbath keep,
And all the Weſtern world believe and ſleep.

Lo! Rome herſelf, proud miſtreſs now no more
Of arts, but thundering againſt heathen lore;

Her

REMARKS.

Ver. 81, 82. The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Egypt, cauſed his General to burn the Ptolomæan Library, on the gates of which was this Inſcription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the Phyſic of the Soul.

Ver. 96. (The ſoil that arts and infant letters bore) Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where Letters are ſaid to have been invented. In theſe countries Mahomet began his conqueſts.

Ver. 102. thundering againſt heathen lore:] A ſtrong inſtance of this pious rage is placed to Pope

Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with ſighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And even th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn,
See, the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods,
Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gc
Till Peter's keys ſome chriſten'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moſes lends his pagan horn;

REMARKS.

Gregory's account. John of Saliſbury gives a very encomium of this Pope, at the ſame time that he r tions one of the ſtrangeſt effects of this exceſs of in him: "Doctor ſanctiſſimus ille Gregorius, qui " leo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit et inebriavi " cleſiam; non modo Matheſin juſſit ab aula, ſec " traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lecti " ſcripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo." in another place: "Fertur beatus Gregorius biblic " cam combuſſiſſe gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ " tior eſſet locus, et major authoritas, et diligentia " dioſior." Deſiderius, Archbiſhop of Vienna, ſharply reproved by him for teaching Grammar and terature, and explaining the Poets; becauſe (ſays Pope) "In uno ſe ore cum Jovis laudibus Chriſti la " non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque ſit Epi " pis canere quod nec Laico religioſo conveniat, " conſidera." He is ſaid, among the reſt, to have b ed Livy; "Quia in ſuperſtitionibus et ſacris Rc " norum perpetuo verſatur." The ſame Pope is acc by Voſſius, and others, of having cauſed the noble numents of the old Roman magnificence to be deſtro leſt thoſe who came to Rome ſhould give more atten to Triumphal Arches, &c. than to holy things. B Dict.

See graceleſs Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.
Behold yon' Iſle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, ſhod, unſhod.
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linſey-wolſey brothers,
Grave Mummers! ſleeveleſs ſome, and ſhirtleſs others.
That one was Britain—Happy! had ſhe ſeen
No fiercer ſons, had Eaſter never been.
In peace, great Goddeſs, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulneſs draw the ſword!
Thus viſit not thy own! on this bleſt age
Oh ſpread thy Influence, but reſtrain thy Rage.
And ſee, my ſon! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our Goddeſs to imperial ſway;
This favourite Iſle, long ſever'd from her reign,
Dove-like ſhe gathers to her wings again.
Now

REMARKS.

Ver. 109. Till Peter's keys ſome chriſten'd Jove adorn,] After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for ſome time exerted in demoliſhing the heathen Temples and Statues, ſo that the Goths ſcarce deſtroyed more monuments of Antiquity out of rage, than theſe out of devotion. At length they ſpared ſome of the Temples, by converting them to Churches; and ſome of the Statues, by modifying them into images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought neceſſary to change the ſtatues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the Lyre eaſily became a Harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

Ver. 117, 118. Happy! had Eaſter never been!] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Eaſter.

Now look through Fate! behold the ſcene ſhe draws!
What aids, what armies, to aſſert her cauſe!
See all her progeny, illuſtrious fight!
Behold, and count them, as they riſe to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye
In homage to the Mother of the ſky,
Surveys around her, in the bleſt abode,
An hundred ſons, and every ſon a God:
Not with leſs glory mighty Dulneſs crown'd
Shall take through Grubſtreet her triumphant round;
And, her Parnaſſus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred ſons, and each a Dunce.
Mark firſt that youth who takes the foremoſt place,
And thruſts his perſon full into your face.
With all thy Father's virtues bleſt, be born!
And a new Cibber ſhall the ſtage adorn.
A ſecond ſee, by meeker manners known,
And modeſt as the maid that ſips alone;
From the ſtrong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another D'Urfey, Ward! ſhall ſing in thee.

Thee

REMARKS.

Ver. 126. Dove-like, ſhe gathers] This is fulfilled in the fourth book.

Ver. 128. What aids, what armies to aſſert her cauſe!] i. e. Of Poets, Antiquaries, Critics, Divines, Free-thinkers. But as this Revolution is only here ſet on foot by the firſt of theſe Claſſes, the Poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they only properly fall under the Care and Review of this Collegue of Dulneſs, the Laureat. The others, who finiſh the great work, are reſerved for the fourth book, where the Goddeſs herſelf appears in full Glory.

hall each Alehouſe, thee each Gillhouſe mourn,
nſwering Gin-ſhops ſourer ſighs return.
the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
ſs revere him, blunderbuſs of Law.

Lo

VARIATIONS.

49. in the firſt Edit. it was,
olſton, the ſcourge of Scripture, mark with awe.!
! mighty Jacob, blunderbuſs of Law.!

REMARKS.

. 149. Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with
" This Gentleman is ſon of a conſiderable Maſ-
of Romſey in Southamptonſhire, and bred to the
/ under a very eminent Attorney: Who, between
more laborious ſtudies, has diverted himſelf with
try. He is a great admirer of Poets and their
ks, which has occaſioned him to try his genius
way—He has writ in proſe the Lives of the Poets,
ys, and a great many Law books, The Accom-
ied Conveyancer, Modern Juſtice, &c. GILES
B of himſelf, Lives of Poets, vol. 1. He very
y, and unprovoked, abuſed in that book the Au-
Friend, Mr. Gay.

. 149, 150.
acob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
for leſs revere him, blunderbuſs of Law.]
: may ſeem ſome error in theſe verſes, Mr. Jacob
g proved our Author to have a Reſpect for him,
s undeniable argument. " He had once a Regard
my Judgment; otherwiſe he never would have
ſcribed two Guineas to me, for one ſmall book in
wo." Jacob's Letter to Dennis, printed in Den-
Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I
I think the appellation of Blunderbuſs to Mr. Ja-
like that of Thunderbolt to Scipio, was meant in
nour.

Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal Frown.

Lo

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 151, 152. Lo, P—p—le's brow, &c.] In the former Edit. thus,

Lo, next two ſlip-ſhod Muſes traipſe along,
In lofty madneſs, meditating ſong,
With treſſes ſtaring from poetic dreams,
And never waſh'd, but in Caſtalia's ſtreams.
Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face.

REMARKS.

Mr. Dennis argues the ſame way. "My writings "having made great impreſſion on the minds of all "ſenſible men, Mr. P. repented, and to give proof of "his Repentance, ſubſcribed to my two volumes of ſe-"lect Works, and afterwards to my two Volumes of "Letters." Ibid. p. 80. We ſhould hence believe, the Name of Mr. Dennis hath alſo crept into this poem by ſome miſtake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou may'ſt beware, when thou giveſt thy money to ſuch Authors, not to flatter thyſelf that thy motives are Good-nature or Charity.

Ver. 152. Horneck and Roome] Theſe two were virulent Party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, ſince, after the publiſhing of this piece, the former dying, the latter ſucceeded him in Honour and Employment. The firſt was Philip Horneck, Author of a Billingſgate paper called The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was ſon of an Undertaker for Funerals in Fleetſtreet, and writ ſome of the papers called Paſquin, where by malicious Inuendoes, he endeavoured to repreſent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under proſecution

Lo ſneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A Fiend in glee, ridiculouſly grim.
Each Cygnet ſweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs:
Each Songſter, Riddler, every nameleſs name,
All croud, who foremoſt ſhall be damn'd to Fame.'
Some ſtrain in rhyme; the Muſes, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thouſand jacks;
Some,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 155, 156, are added ſince the firſt Ed.

Ver. 157. Each Songſter, Riddler, &c.] In the former Ed.
Lo Bond and Foxton, every nameleſs name.

After Ver. 158. in the firſt Ed. followed,
How proud, how pale, how earneſt all appear!
How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear!

REMARKS.

ſecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following Epigram:

"You aſk why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
"Yet if he writes, as dull as other folks!
"You wonder at it—This, Sir, is the caſe,
"The jeſt is loſt unleſs he prints his face."

P—le was the author of ſome vile Plays and Pamphlets. He publiſhed abuſes on our author in a Paper called the Prompter.

Ver. 153. Goode,] an ill-natured Critic, who writ a ſatire on our Author, called The mock Æſop, and many anonymous Libels in News-papers for hire.

Ver. 156. Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs:] There were ſeveral ſucceſſions of theſe ſorts of minor poets at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. ſinging the praiſe of the Annuals flouriſhing for that ſeaſon; whoſe names indeed would be nameleſs, and therefore the Poet ſlurs them over with others in general.

Some, free from rhyme or reaſon, rule or check,
Break Priſcian's head, and Pegaſus's neck;
Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curll.

Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia hov
And makes Night hideous—Anſwer him, ye Owls

Senſe, ſpeech, and meaſure, living tongues and d
Let all give way,—and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welſted, flow! like thine inſpirer, Beer;
Though ſtale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clea
So ſweetly mawkiſh, and ſo ſmoothly dull;
Heady, not ſtrong; o'erflowing, though not full.

VARIATION.

Ver. 168. In former Ed.—and Durgen may be

REMARKS.

Ver. 165. Ralph] James Ralph, a name in after the firſt editions, not known to our author writ a ſwearing piece called Sawney, very abuſ Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himſelf. Theſe lines to a thing of his, intitled, Night, a Poem. Th writer attended his own works with panegyrics Journals, and once in particular praiſed himſelf above Mr. Addiſon, in wretched remarks upo Author's Account of Engliſh Poets, printed in a don Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterat knew no language, not even French. Being advi read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a he ſmiled and replied, "Shakeſpeare writ w "rules." He ended at laſt in the common ſink ſuch writers, a political News-paper, to which h recommended by his friend Arnal, and received a pittance for pay.

Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-ſtarr'd rage
s a friendſhip long confirm'd by age?

Block-

REMARKS.

168. Morris,] Beſaleel. See Book ii.

169. Flow, Welſted, &c.] Of this author ſee mark on Book ii. v. 209. But (to be impartial) it the following different character of him: Welſted had, in his youth, raiſed ſo great expec- of his future genius, that there was a kind of e between the moſt eminent of the two Univer- which ſhould have the honour of his education. mpound this, he (civilly) became a member of and after having paſſed ſome time at the one, oved to the other. From thence he returned to where he became the darling Expectation of all ite Writers, whoſe encouragement he acknow- in his occaſional poems, in a manner that will o ſmall part of the Fame of his protectors. It pears from his Works, that he was happy in the ge of the moſt illuſtrious characters of the preſent ncouraged by ſuch a Combination in his fa- e—publiſhed a book of poems, ſome in the Ovi- ome in the Horatian manner; in both which the xquiſite Judges pronounce he even rival'd his —His love-verſes have reſcued that way of wri- om contempt—In his tranſlations, he has given very ſoul and ſpirit of his author. His Ode— ſtle—his Verſes—his Love-tale—all, are the moſt things in all poetry. WELSTED of himſelf, of the Times, 8vo, 1728, page 23, 24. It ſhould forgot for his honour, that he received at one time 1 of five hundred pounds for ſecret ſervice, among er excellent authors hired to write anonymouſly miniſtry. See Report of the Secret Committee, 1742.

Ver,

Blockheads with reaſon wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.

REMARKS.

Ver. 173. Ah Dennis! Gildon ah!] Theſe me came the public ſcorn by a mere miſtake of their ta They would needs turn critics of their own co writers (juſt as Ariſtotle and Longinus did of t and diſcourſe upon the beauties and defects of cc ſition:

How parts relate to parts, and they to whole
The Body's harmony, the beaming ſoul.

Whereas had they followed the Example of thoſe r ſcopes of wit, Kuſter, Burman, and their followe verbal criticiſm on the learned Languages, their neſs and induſtry might have raiſed them a name to the moſt famous of the Scholiaſts. We cannot fore but lament the late Apoſtacy of the Prebend Rocheſter, who beginning in ſo good a train, ha turned ſhort to write comments on the FIRE-SIDE DREAMS upon Shakeſpeare; where we find the ſp Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all revived in his boured Obſervations. Sc

Here Scriblerus, in this affair of the FIRE-SI want thy uſual candour. It is true Mr. Upto write notes upon it, but with all the honour and faith in the world. He took it to be a Panegy his Patron. This it is to have to do with wits; a merce unworthy a Scholiaſt of ſo ſolid learning. A

Ver. 173. Ah, Dennis, &c.] The reader, wh ſeen through the courſe of theſe notes, what a co attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our Author and works, may perhaps wonder he ſhould be men but twice, and ſo ſlightly touched, in this poem.

Embrace, embrace, my ſons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics gore.
Behold yon Pair, in ſtrict embraces join'd;
How like in Manners, and how like in mind! 180
Equal

VARIATION.

After ver. 180. in many Editions, ſtood,

Fam'd for Good-nature, Burnet, and for truth;
Ducket for pious paſſion to the youth.

REMARKS.

in truth he looked upon him with ſome eſteem, for having (more generouſly than all the reſt) ſet his Name to ſuch writings. He was alſo a very old man at this time. By his own account of himſelf in Mr. Jacob's Lives, he muſt have been above threeſcore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was ſenior to Mr. D'Urfey, who hitherto of all our Poets enjoyed the longeſt bodily life.

Ver. 179. Behold yon Pair, &c.] One of theſe was Author of a weekly paper called The Grumbler, as the other was concerned in another called Paſquin, in which Mr. Pope was abuſed with the Duke of Buckingham, and Biſhop of Rocheſter. They alſo joined in a piece againſt his firſt undertaking to tranſlate the Iliad, intituled, Homerides, by Sir Iliad Doggrel, printed 1715.

Of the other works of theſe Gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr. Pope's, had their united laudable endeavours diſcouraged him from purſuing his ſtudies. How few good works had ever appeared (ſince men of true merit are always the leaſt preſuming) had there been always ſuch champions to ſtifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the public, that a million of monſters ſhould come into the world, which are ſure to die as ſoon as born, than that the ſerpents ſhould ſtrangle one Hercules in his Cradle?

The

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Paſquin, that a Grumbler write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they ſhare,
That ſhines a Conſul, this Commiſſioner.
" But who is he, in cloſet cloſe y-pent,
" Of ſober face, with learned duſt beſprent?"
Right well mine eyes arede the myſter wight,
On parchment ſcraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.
To future ages may thy dulneſs laſt,
As thou preſerv'ſt the dulneſs of the paſt!

Th

REMARKS.

The union of theſe two authors gave occaſion to
Epigram:

" Burnet and Ducket, friends in ſpite,
" Came hiſſing out in verſe;
" Both were ſo forward, each would write,
" So dull, each hung an A——.
" Thus Amphiſbœna (I have read)
" At either end aſſails;
" None knows which leads or which is led,
" For both heads are but Tails."

After many Editions of this poem, the Author thou
fit to omit the names of theſe two perſons, whoſe inj
to him was of ſo old a date.

Ver. 184. That ſhines a Conſul, this Commiſſione
Such places were given at this time to ſuch ſort
Writers.

Ver. 187. myſter wight,] Uncouth mortal.

Ver. 188. Wormius hight.] Let not this name, pu
ly fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned Ol
Wormius; much leſs (as it was unwarrantably foi
into the ſurreptitious editions) our own Antiquary M
Thomas Hearne, who had no way aggrieved our Po
but on the contrary publiſhed many curious tracts whi
he hath to his great contentment peruſed.

There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
A Lumberhouse of books in every head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
But, where each Science lifts its modern type,
Hiſtory her Pot, Divinity her Pipe,
While proud Philoſophy repines to ſhow,
Diſhoneſt ſight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley ſtands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
How

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197. in the firſt Edit. it was,

And proud Philoſophy with breeches torn,
And Engliſh muſic with a diſmal ſcore,
Faſt by in darkneſs palpable inſhrin'd
W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.

REMARKS.

Ver. 192. Wits, who, like owls, &c.] Theſe few lines exactly deſcribe the right verbal critic: the darker his author is, the better he is pleaſed; like the famous Quack Doctor, who put up in his bills, he delighted in matters of difficulty. Somebody ſaid well of theſe men, that their heads were Libraries out of Order.

Ver. 193. lo! Henley ſtands, &c.] J. Henley the Orator; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wedneſdays upon all other ſciences. Each auditor paid one ſhilling. He declaimed ſome years againſt the greateſt perſons, and occaſionally did our author that honour: WELSTED, in Oratory Tranſactions, N. 1. publiſhed by Henley himſelf, gives the following account of him. "He was born at Melton-"Mowbray in Leiceſterſhire. From his own Pariſh "ſchool he went to St. John's College in Cambridge. "He

How fluent nonſenſe trickles from his tongue!
How ſweet the periods, neither ſaid, nor ſung!

Still

REMARKS.

"He began there to be uneaſy; for it ſhocked him to "find he was commanded to believe againſt his own "judgment in points of Religion, Philoſophy, &c. for "his genius leading him freely to diſpute all propoſi- "tions, and call all points to account, he was impa- "tient under thoſe fetters of the free-born mind.—Be- "ing admitted to Prieſt's orders, he found the examin- "ation very ſhort and ſuperficial, and that it was not ne- "ceſſary to conform to the Chriſtian religion, in order "either to Deaconſhip or Prieſthood." He came to town, and, after having for ſome years been a writer for Bookſellers, he had an ambition to be ſo for Mini- ſters of State. The only reaſon he did not riſe in the Church, we are told, "was the envy of others, and a "diſreliſh entertained of him, becauſe he was not qua- "lified to be a complete Spaniel." However, he offered the ſervice of his pen to two great men, of opinions and intereſts directly oppoſite; by both of whom being re- jected, he ſet up a new Project, and ſtyled himſelf the Reſtorer of ancient Eloquence. He thought "it as "lawful to take a licence from the King and Parlia- "ment in one place, as another; at Hickes's Hall, as "at Doctor's Commons; ſo ſet up his Oratory in New- "port-market, Butcher-row. There (ſays his friend) "he had the aſſurance to form a plan, which no mortal "ever thought of; he had ſucceſs againſt all oppoſi- "tion; challenged his adverſaries to fair diſputations, "and none would diſpute with him; writ, read, and "ſtudied twelve hours a day; compoſed three diſſerta- "tions a week on all ſubjects; undertook to teach in "one year what ſchools and univerſities teach in five; "was not terrified by menaces, inſults, or ſatires, but "ſtill proceeded, matured his bold ſcheme, and put the "Church,

ak the benches, Henley! with thy ſtrain,
herlock, Hare, and Gibſon, preach in vain.
t Reſtorer of the good old Stage,
: at once, and Zany of thy age!
thy thou of Ægypt's wiſe abodes,
ıt prieſt, where monkeys were the gods!
e with Butchers plac'd thy prieſtly ſtall,
ıodern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
de thee live, to crown Britannia's praiſe,
ınd's, Tindal's, and in Woolſton's days.

Yet

VARIATIONS.

4. In former Ed.
le K**, B**, W**, preach in vain.
er. 212, followed, in former Ed.
too, great Woolſton! here exalt thy throne,
prove, no miracles can match thy own.

REMARKS.

·ch, and all that in danger." WELSTED, Nar-
n Orat. Tranſact. N. 1.
r having ſtood ſome Proſecutions, he turned his
: to buffoonry upon all public and private occur-
·All this paſſed in the ſame room; where ſome-
ıe broke jeſts, and ſometimes that bread which he
the Primitive Euchariſt.—This wonderful per-
ıck Medals, which he diſperſed as Tickets to his
ɔers: the device, a ſtar riſing to the meridian,
ıis motto, AD SVMMA; and below, INVENIAM AVT FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds given him for the ſecret ſervice of a weekly paper ıtelligible nonſenſe, called the Hyp-Doctor.

204. Sherlock, Hare, Gibſon,] Biſhops of ıry, Chicheſter, and London; whoſe Sermons and

Yet oh, my ſons, a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preſerve the years you lend)
'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:

But

VARIATION.

Ver. 216. In former Ed. — or a Seraph's flame.

REMARKS.

Paſtoral Letters did honour to their country as well as ſtations.

Ver. 212. Of Toland, and Tindal, ſee Book ii. Tho. Woolſton was an impious madman, who wrote in a moſt inſolent ſtyle againſt the Miracles of the Goſpel, in the years 1726, &c.

Ver. 213. Yet oh, my ſons, &c.] The caution againſt Blaſphemy here given by a departed Son of Dulneſs to his yet exiſting brethren, is, as the Poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderneſs to the ears of others, but their own. And ſo we ſee that when that danger is removed, on the open eſtabliſhment of the Goddeſs in the fourth book, ſhe encourages her ſons, and they beg aſſiſtance to pollute the Source of Light itſelf, with the ſame virulence they had befor done the pureſt emanations from it.

Ver. 215. 'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame
A NEWTON'S genius, or a Milton's flame
Thankfully received, and freely uſed, is this gracio licence by the beloved diſciple of that Prince of C baliſtic dunces, the tremendous Hutchinſon. H with what honeſt plainneſs he treateth our great G meter. " As to mathematical demonſtration (ſaith " founded upon the proportions of lines and circle " each other, and the ringing of changes upon figu " theſe have no more to do with the greateſt par " philoſophy, than they have with the Man in the M

" In

ut oh! with One, immortal One, diſpenſe,
he Source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Senſe.
ɔntent each Emanation of his fires
hat beams on earth, each Virtue he inſpires,
ach Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
/hate'er he gives, are given for you to hate.
ɛrfiſt, by all divine in Man unaw'd,
ut, "Learn, ye DUNCES! not to ſcorn your God."
Thus

REMARKS.

Indeed, the Zeal for this ſort of Gibberiſh [mathematical Principles] is greatly abated of late: and though it is now upwards of twenty years that the Dagon of modern Philoſophers, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, has lain with his face upon the ground before the Ark of God, Scripture philoſophy; for ſo long MOSES's PRINCIPIA have been publiſhed; and the Treatiſe of Power Eſſential and Mechanical, in which Sir Iſaac Newton's Philoſophy is treated with the UTMOST CONTEMPT, has been publiſhed a dozen years; yet is there not one of the whole ſociety who hath had the COURAGE to attempt to raiſe him up. And ſo let him lie."—The philoſophical principles of Moſes ſerted, &c. p. 2. by JULIUS BATE, A. M. Chaplain the Right Honourable the Earl of Harrington. Lonɔn 1744, octavo. SCRIBL.

Ver. 224. But, "Learn ye Dunces! not to ſcorn ɔur God."] The hardeſt leſſon a Dunce can learn. or being bred to ſcorn what he does not underſtand, ıat which he underſtands leaſt he will be apt to ſcorn ɔft. Of which, to the diſgrace of all Government, ɔd (in the Poet's opinion) even of that of DULNESS ɛrſelf, we have had a late example in a book intled, Philoſophical Eſſays concerning human Underanding.

Thus he, for then a ray of Reaſon ſtole
Half through the ſolid darkneſs of his ſoul;
But ſoon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire:
See now, what Dulneſs and her Sons admire!
See what the charms, that ſmite the ſimple heart
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.
His never-bluſhing head he turn'd aſide
(Not half ſo pleas'd when Goodman prophefy'd);
And look'd, and ſaw a ſable Sorcerer riſe,
Swift to whoſe hand a winged volume flies:
All ſudden, Gorgons hiſs, and Dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants ruſh to war.

VARIATION.

Ver. 231, 232. Added when the Hero was chai

REMARKS.

Ver. 224. —not to ſcorn your God."] See thi
ject purſued in Book iv.

Ver. 232. (Not half ſo pleas'd, when Goodma
phefy'd.)] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his Life, p
that Goodman being at the rehearſal of a play, in
he had a part, clapped him on the ſhoulder, and
"If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d-
"And (ſays Mr. Cibber) I make it a queſtion, w
"Alexander himſelf, or Charles the twelfth of Sv
"when at the head of their firſt victorious armies,
"feel a greater tranſport in their boſoms than I
"mine."

Ver. 233. a ſable Sorcerer] Dr. Fauſtus, the ſ
of a ſet of Farces, which laſted in vogue two or
ſeaſons, in which both Playhouſes ſtrove to outdo
other for ſome years. All the extravagancies i
ſixteen lines following were introduced on the
and frequented by perſons of the firſt quality in
land, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

Hell riſes, Heaven deſcends, and dance on Earth:
Gods, imps, and monſters, muſic, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration ſwallows all.

Thence a new world, to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other ſuns.
The foreſts dance, the rivers upward riſe,
Whales ſport in woods, and dolphins in the ſkies;
And laſt, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vaſt Egg produces human race.

Joy fills his ſoul, joy innocent of thought;
What power, he cries, what power theſe wonders wrought?
Son; what thou ſeek'ſt is in thee! Look, and find
Each Monſter meets his likeneſs in thy mind.
Yet would'ſt thou more! In yonder cloud behold,
Whoſe ſarſenet ſkirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchleſs Youth! his nod theſe worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulneſs, ſent to ſcatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclaſſic ground:

Yon

REMARKS.

Ver. 237. Hell riſes, Heaven deſcends, and dance on Earth:] This monſtrous abſurdity was actually repreſented in Tibbald's Rape of Proſerpine.

Ver. 248. Lo! one vaſt Egg] In another of theſe Farces Harlequin is hatched upon the ſtage, out of a large egg.

Yon ſtars, yon ſuns, he rears at pleaſure higher,
Illumes their light, and ſets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rich! how calm he ſits at eaſe
'Midſt ſnows of paper, and fierce hail of peaſe;
And, proud his Miſtreſs' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.
But lo! to dark encounter in mid air,
New wizards riſe; I ſee my Cibber there!

VARIATION.

Ver. 266. In former Ed.
New wizards riſe: here Booth, and Cibber there

REMARKS.

Ver. 261. Immortal Rich!] Mr. John Rich, M
of the Theatre Royal in Covent-garden, was th
that excelled this way.

Ver. 266. I ſee my Cibber there!] The hiſto
the foregoing abſurdities is verified by himſelf, in
words, (Life, chap. xv.) "Then ſprung forth
"ſucceſſion of monſtrous medleys that have ſo
"infeſted the ſtage, which aroſe upon one anothe
"ternately at both houſes, out-vying each other i
"pence." He then proceeds to excuſe his own pa
them, as follows: "If I am aſked why I aſſente
"have no better excuſe for my error than to con
"did it againſt my conſcience, and had not v
"enough to ſtarve. Had Henry IV. of France a b
"for changing his Religion? I was ſtill in my h
"as much as he could be, on the ſide of Truth
"Senſe; but with this difference, that I had
"leave to quit them when they could not ſupport
"But let the queſtion go which way it will, Harry
"has always been allowed a great man." This
be confeſſed a full anſwer; only the queſtion ſtill ſ

Booth in his cloudy tabernacle ſhrin'd
On grinning dragons thou ſhalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, diſmal is the din,
Here ſhouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
Contending Theatres our empire raiſe,
Alike their labours, and alike their praiſe.

And are theſe wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? Theſe wonders are thy own.

Theſe

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 268. —Cibber mounts the wind.

After ver. 274. in the former Ed. followed,

For works like theſe let deathleſs Journals tell,
"None but thyſelf can be thy parallel."

Var. None but thyſelf can be thy parallel.] A marvellous line of Theobald; unleſs the Play called the Double Falſehood be (as he would have it believed) Shakeſpeare's: But whether this line be his or not, he proves Shakeſpeare to have written as bad, which methinks in an author, for whom he has a Veneration almoſt riſing to idolatry, might have been concealed) as for example,

"Try what Repentance can: what can it not?
"But what can it, when one cannot repent?
"—For Cogitation
"Reſides not in the man who does not think, &c."
MIST'S JOURN.

It is granted they are all of a piece, and no man doubts but herein he is able to imitate Shakeſpeare.

REMARKS.

to be, 1. How the doing a thing againſt one's conſcience is an excuſe for it? and, 2dly, It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of Truth and Senſe to quit their ſervice, unleſs he can produce a certificate that he ever was in it.

Theſe Fate reſerv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreſeen by me, but ah; withheld from mine.
In Lud's old walls though long I rul'd, renown'
Far as loud Bow's ſtupendous bells reſound;
Though my own Aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal Praiſe,
Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific Mayors,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
Though long my Party built on me their hopes,
For writing Pamphlets, and for roaſting Popes:

VARIATION.

After ver. 284. in the former Ed. followed,

Different our parties, but with equal grace
The Goddeſs ſmiles on Whig and Tory race,
'Tis the ſame rope of ſeveral ends they twiſt;
To Dulneſs, Ridpath is as dear as Miſt.

REMARKS.

Ver. 266, 267. Booth and Cibber were join
nagers of the Theatre in Drury-lane.

Ver. 268. On grinning dragons thou ſhalt mo
wind.] In his Letter to Mr. P. Mr. C. ſolem
clares this not to be literally true. We hope th
the reader will underſtand it allegorically only.

Ver. 282. Annual trophies on the Lord-M
day; and monthly wars in the Artillery ground.

Ver. 283. Though long my party] Settle, lik
Party-writers, was very uncertain in his political
ciples. He was employed to hold the pen in th
racter of a popiſh ſucceſſor, but afterwards prin
Narrative on the other ſide. He had managed th
mony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17,
then became a trooper in King James's army, at
ſlow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a bc

Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at laſt to hiſs in my own dragon.
Avert it, heaven! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Should'ſt wag a ſerpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile ſtraw that's blown about the ſtreets,
The needy Poet ſticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now looſe, now faſt,
And carry'd off in ſome Dog's tail at laſt.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling ſtone,
Thy giddy dulneſs ſtill ſhall lumber on,
Safe in its heavineſs, ſhall never ſtray,
But lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thee ſhall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taſte,
And every year be duller than the laſt,

Till

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 290. In former Ed.
In the Dog's tail his progreſs ends at laſt.

Ver. 295. Safe in its heavineſs, &c.] in the former Ed.
Too ſafe in inborn heavineſs to ſtray;
And lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thy Dragons, Magiſtrates and Peers ſhall taſte,
And from each ſhew riſe duller than the laſt.
Till rais'd from booths, &c.

REMARKS.

Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called St. George for England, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of green leather of his own invention; he was at laſt taken into the Charter-houſe, and there died, aged ſixty years.

Ver. 297. Thee ſhall the patriot, thee the Courtier taſte,] It ſtood in the firſt edition with blanks, ** and

Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court,
Her ſeat imperial Dulneſs ſhall tranſport.
Already Opera prepares the way,
The ſure fore-runner of her gentle ſway;
Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage,
The third mad paſſion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
And ſcream thyſelf as none e'er ſcream'd before!
To aid our cauſe, if Heaven thou canſt not bend
Hell thou ſhalt move; for Fauſtus is our friend!

VARIATION.

Ver. 303--306. Added with the new Hero.

REMARKS.

and **. Concanen was ſure "they muſt need
"no body but King GEORGE and Queen C
"LINE; and ſaid he would inſiſt it was ſo, till t
"cleared himſelf by filling up the blanks oth
"agreeably to the context, and conſiſtent with h
"glance." Pref. to a Collection of verſes, effa
ters, &c. againſt Mr. P. printed for A. Moor, p

Ver. 305. Polypheme] He tranſlated the
Opera of Polifemo; but unfortunately loſt the wh
of the ſtory. The Cyclops aſks Ulyſſes his name, w
him his name is Noman: After his eye is put
roars and calls the Brother Cyclops to his aid
enquire who has hurt him? he anſwers Noman:
upon they all go away again. Our ingenious T
tor made Ulyſſes anſwer, I take no name; whe
that followed became unintelligible. Hence it
that Mr. Cibber (who values himſelf on ſubſcri
the Engliſh Tranſlation of Homer's Iliad) had
merit with reſpect to the Odyſſey, or he might ha
better inſtructed in the Greek Punnology.

Pluto with Cato thou for this ſhalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proſerpine.
Grubſtreet! thy fall ſhould men and Gods conſpire,
Thy ſtage ſhall ſtand, enſure it but from Fire.
Another Æſchylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While opening Hell ſpouts wild-fire at your head.
Now, Bavius, take the Poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here, all ye Heroes, bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Auguſtus born to bring Saturnian times.
Signs following ſigns lead on the mighty year;
See! the dull ſtars roll round and re-appear.
See, ſee, our own true Phœbus wears thy bays!
Our Midas ſits Lord Chancellor of Plays!

On

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 323. See, ſee, our own, &c.] In the former Ed.
Beneath his reign, ſhall Euſden wear the bays,
Cibber preſide Lord Chancellor of Plays,
Benſon ſole judge of Architecture ſit,
And Namby Pamby be preferr'd for Wit!
I ſee th' unfiniſh'd Dormitory wall,
I ſee the Savoy totter to her fall;
Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's, tranſlating three whole years with Broome.
Proceed, great days! &c.

REMARKS.

Ver. 308, 309. Fauſtus, Pluto, &c.] Names of miſerable Farces, which it was the cuſtom to act at the end of the beſt Tragedies, to ſpoil the digeſtion of the audience.

On Poets' Tombs ſee Benſon's titles writ! 325
Lo! Ambroſe Philips is preferr'd for Wit!

See

REMARKS.

Ver. 312. enſure it but from Fire.] In Tibbald's farce of Proſerpine, a corn-field was ſet on fire: whereupon the other playhouſe had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the ſpectators. They alſo rivalled each other in ſhowing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Fauſtus.

Ver. 313. Another Æſchylus appears!] It is reported of Æſchylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were ſo terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miſcarried.

Ver. 325. On Poets Tombs ſee Benſon's titles writ!] W—m Benſon (Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majeſty K. George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their houſe and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint ſome other place to ſit in, while the houſe ſhould be taken down. But it being propoſed to cauſe ſome other builders firſt to inſpect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an addreſs to the King againſt Benſon, for ſuch a miſrepreſentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then ſecretary, gave them an aſſurance that his Majeſty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Chriſtopher Wren, who had been Architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built moſt of the Churches in London, laid the firſt ſtone of St. Paul's, and lived to finiſh it, had been diſplaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

Ver. 326. Ambroſe Philips] "He was (ſaith Mr. "JACOB) one of the wits at Button's, and a juſtice of "the peace:" But he hath ſince met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete art of Poetry.

Vol.

See under Ripley riſe a new White-hall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
While Wren with ſorrow to the grave deſcends,
Gay dies unpenſion'd with a hundred friends; 330
Hibernian

REMARKS.

vol. i. p. 157. "Indeed he confeſſes, he dares not ſet "him quite on the ſame foot with Virgil, leſt it ſhould "ſeem flattery, but he is much miſtaken if poſte-"rity does not afford him a greater eſteem than he at "preſent enjoys." He endeavoured to create ſome miſ-underſtanding between our Author and Mr. Addiſon, whom alſo ſoon after he abuſed as much. His conſtant cry was, that Mr. P. was an Enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very induſtriouſly ſpread, that he had a hand in a party paper called the Examiner: A falſehood well known to thoſe yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

Ver. 328. While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:] At the time when this poem was written, the banquetting-houſe of Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerſet houſe, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years ſo neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been juſt then reſtored and beautified at the expence of the Earl of Burlington: who, at the ſame time, by his publication of the deſigns of that great Maſter and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taſte of Architecture in this Kingdom.

Ver. 330. Gay dies unpenſion'd, &c.] See Mr. Gay's fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendſhip of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote ſeveral works of humour

Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and tranſlate.

Proceed,

VARIATION.

Ver. 331. in the former Editions thus,

—O Swift! thy doom,

And Pope's, tranſlating ten whole years with Broome.

On which was the following Note, "He concludes his "irony with a ſtroke upon himſelf: for whoever ima- "gines this a ſarcaſm on the other ingenious perſon, is "ſurely miſtaken. The opinion our Author had of "him was ſufficiently ſhewn by his joining him in the "undertaking of the Odyſſey; in which Mr. Broome, "having engaged without any previous agreement, diſ- "charged his part ſo much to Mr. Pope's ſatisfaction, "that he gratified him with the full ſum of Five hun- "dred pounds, and a preſent of all thoſe books for "which his own intereſt could procure him ſubſcribers, "to the value of One hundred more. The author only "ſeems to lament, that he was employed in Tranſla- "tion at all."

REMARKS.

humour with great ſucceſs, the Shepherd's Week, Tri- via, the What d'ye-call it, Fables; and laſtly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of ſatire which hit all taſtes and degrees of men, from thoſe of the higheſt quality to the very rabble: That verſe of Horace:

"Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,"

could never be ſo juſtly applied as to this. The vaſt ſucceſs of it was unprecedented, and almoſt incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient muſic or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were leſs followed and famous. It was acted in London ſixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next ſeaſon with equal applauſes. It ſpread into all the great towns of England, was played in many

Proceed, great days! till Learning fly the ſhore,
Till Birch ſhall bluſh with noble blood no more,

Till

REMARKS.

many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Briſtol fifty, &c. It made its progreſs into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together: it was laſt acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite ſongs of it in fans; and houſes were furniſhed with it in ſcreens. The perſon who acted Polly, till then obſcure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and ſold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verſes to her, publiſhed; and pamphlets made even of her ſayings and jeſts.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that ſeaſon, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the Nobility and people, which the great Critic Mr. Dennis by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demoliſhed by a ſingle ſtroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet ſo great was his modeſty, that he conſtantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, Nos hæc novimus eſſe nihil.

Ver. 332. And Pope's, ten years to comment and tranſlate.] The author here plainly laments that he was ſo long employed in tranſlating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finiſhed it in 1719. The edition of Shakeſpeare (which he undertook merely becauſe nobody elſe would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impreſſions, rectifying the Scenery, &c. and the Tranſlation of half the Odyſſey employed him from that time to 1725.

Ver. 333. Proceed, great days! &c.] It may perhaps ſeem incredible, that ſo great a Revolution in

Learning

Till Thames ſee Eaton's ſons for ever play,
Till Weſtminſter's whole year be holiday,
Till Iſis' Elders reel, their pupils ſport,
And Alma mater lie diſſolv'd in Port?

Enough!

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 338. in a former Edit. were the following lines:

Signs following ſigns lead on the mighty year;
See! the dull ſtars roll round and re-appear.
She comes! the Cloud-compelling power, behold!
With Night primæval, and with Chaos old.
Lo! the great Anarch's ancient reign reſtor'd,
Light dies before her uncreating word.
As one by one, at dread Medea's ſtrain,
The ſickening ſtars fade off th' æthereal plain:
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppreſt,
Clos'd one by one to everlaſting reſt;
Thus at her felt approach, and ſecret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is Night.
See ſculking Truth in her old cavern lie,
Secur'd by mountains of heap'd caſuiſtry:
Philoſophy, that touch'd the heavens before,
Shrinks to her hidden cauſe, and is no more:
See Phyſic beg the Stagyrite's defence!
See Metaphyſic call for aid on Senſe!
See Myſtery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Thy hand, great Dulneſs! lets the curtain fall,
And univerſal Darkneſs buries all.

REMARKS.

Learning as is here propheſied, ſhould be brought about by ſuch weak inſtruments as have been [hitherto] deſcribed in our poem: But do not thou, gentle reader, reſt too ſecure in thy contempt of theſe inſtruments. Remember what the Dutch ſtories ſomewhere relate, that

ough! enough! the rapture'd Monarch cries;
hro' the Ivory Gate the Viſion flies. 340

REMARKS.

a great Part of their Provinces was once over-
d, by a ſmall opening made in one of their dykes
ingle Water-Rat.
wever, that ſuch is not ſeriouſly the judgment of
oet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the
nce of our Schools, from the Regularity of our
rſities, the Diſcernment of our Great men, the
mpliſhments of our Nobility, the Encouragement
r Patrons, and the Genius of our Writers of all
(notwithſtanding ſome few exceptions in each)
lainly be ſeen from his concluſion; where cauſing
is viſion to paſs through the Ivory gate, he ex-
y, in the language of Poeſy, declares all ſuch ima-
ions to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious.

SCRIBL.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

U N C I A D.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet being, in this Book, to declare the Completion of the Prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new Invocation; as the greater Epicks are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shews the Goddess coming in Majesty, to destroy Order and Science, and to constitute the Kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the Sciences, and silences the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All Children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn out her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of Arts; such as Half wits, careless Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of Great, or the Patrons of them. All these crowd about her; one of them, offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the

Geniuſes of the Schools, who aſſure her of
to advance her Cauſe by confining Youth t
and keeping them out of the way of real K
Their Addreſs, and her gracious Anſwer;
Charge to them and the Univerſities. The
ties appear by their proper Deputies, and
that the ſame method is obſerved in the p
Education. The ſpeech of Ariſtarchus on
ject. They are driven off by a band of youn
men returned from Travel with their Tutor
whom delivers to the Goddeſs, in a polite
an account of the whole Conduct and Fruits
Travels: preſenting to her at the ſame time
Nobleman perfectly accompliſhed. She rec
graciouſly, and endues him with the happ
of Want of Shame. She ſees loitering ab
number of Indolent Perſons abandoning all
and duty, and dying with lazineſs: To
proaches the Antiquary Annius, entreatin
make them Virtuoſos, and aſſign them ove
But Mummius, another Antiquary, compl
his fraudulent proceeding, ſhe finds a meth
concile their difference. Then enter a Troo
ple fantaſtically adorned, offering her ſtrang
otic preſents: Amongſt them, one ſtands f
demands juſtice on another, who had deprive
one of the greateſt Curioſities in nature: but h
himſelf ſo well, that the Goddeſs gives th
her approbation. She recommends to the
proper employment for the Indolents before

ı the ſtudy of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-neſts,
, &c. but with particular caution, not to pro-
ɔeyond Trifles, to any uſeful or extenſive views
ature, or of the Author of Nature. Againſt
ıſt of theſe apprehenſions, ſhe is ſecured by a
Addreſs from the Minute Philoſophers and
thinkers, one of whom ſpeaks in the name of
ſt. The Youth, thus inſtructed and principled,
livered to her in a body, by the hands of Si-
; and then admitted to taſte the Cup of the Ma-
er High Prieſt, which cauſes a total oblivion of
ɔligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To
her Adepts ſhe ſends Prieſts, Attendants, and
orters, of various kinds; confers on them Or-
nd Degrees; and then diſmiſſing them with a
, confirming to each his Privileges, and tell-
hat ſhe expects from each, concludes with a
. of extraordinary virtue: The Progreſs and
s whereof on all Orders of men, and the Con-
ation of all, in the Reſtoration of Night and
, conclude the Poem.

BOOK IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkneſs viſible ſo much be lent,
As half to ſhew, half veil the deep Intent.
Ye Powers! whoſe Myſteries reſtor'd I ſing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suſpend a while your Force inertly ſtrong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.
Now flam'd the Dog-ſtar's unpropitious ray,
Smote every Brain, and wither'd every Bay;
Sick

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD, Book IV.] This book may properly be diſtinguiſhed from the former, by the Name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not ſo indeed in Size, but in ſubject; and ſo far contrary to the diſtinction anciently made of the Greater and Leſſer Iliad. But much are they miſtaken who imagine this Work in any wiſe inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain than that the Iliad itſelf was the Work of Solomon, or the Batrachomuomachia of Homer, as Barnes hath affirmed. BENT.

Ver. 1, &c.] This is an Invocation of much Piety. The Poet willing to approve himſelf a genuine Son, beginneth by ſhewing (what is ever agreeable to Dulneſs) his high reſpect for Antiquity and a Great Family, how dead or dark ſoever: Next declareth his paſſion for explaining Myſteries; and laſtly his Impatience to be reunited to her. SCRIBL.

Ver. 2. dread Chaos, and eternal Night!] Invoked, as the Reſtoration of their Empire is the Action of the Poem.

Sick was the Sun, the Owl forſook his bower,
The moon-ſtruck Prophet felt the madding hour:
Then roſe the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguiſh Light,
Of dull and venal a new World to mold,
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.

She mounts the Throne; her head a Cloud con
In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd,
('Tis thus aſpiring Dulneſs ever ſhines)
Soft on her lap her Laureate ſon reclines.

REMARKS.

Ver. 14. To blot out Order, and extinguiſh
The two great Ends of her Miſſion; the one in
of Daughter of Chaos, the other as Daughter of
Order here is to be underſtood extenſively, both a
and Moral; the diſtinctions between high and lov
ciety, and true and falſe in Individuals: Light
tellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts.

Ver. 15. Of dull and venal] The Allegory cont
dull referring to the extinction of Light or S
venal to the deſtruction of Order, and the T
Things.

Ibid. a new World] In alluſion to the Epicure
nion, that from the Diſſolution of the natural
into Night and Chaos, a new one ſhould ariſe; t
Poet alluding to, in the Production of a new
World, makes it partake of its original Principle

Ver. 16. Lead and Gold,] i. e. dull and venal

Ver. 20. her Laureate ſon reclines.] Witl
judgment it is imagined by the Poet, that ſuch
league as Dulneſs had elected, ſhould ſleep
Throne, and have very little ſhare in the Actior
Poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothin

Beneath her foot-ſtool, Science groans in Chains,
And Wit dreads Exile, Penalties, and Pains,
There

REMARKS.

the day of his Anointing; having paſt through the ſecond book without taking part in any thing that was tranſacted about him; and through the third in profound Sleep. Nor ought this, well conſidered, to ſeem ſtrange in our days, when ſo many King-conſorts have done the like. SCRIBL.

This verſe our excellent Laureate took ſo to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, "if he was not as ſel-"dom aſleep as any fool!" But it is hoped the Poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his Prophecy (p. 243. of his own Life, 8vo. ch. ix.) where he ſays, "the reader will be as much pleaſed to find me a "Dunce in my Old Age, as he was to prove me a briſk "blockhead in my Youth." Wherever there was any room for Briſkneſs, or Alacrity of any ſort, even in ſinking, he hath had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural reſt, he muſt permit his Hiſtorian to be ſilent. It is from their actions only that Princes have their character, and Poets from their works: And if in thoſe he be as much aſleep as any fool, the Poet muſt leave him and them to ſleep to all eternity. BENTL.

Ibid. her Laureate] "When I find my Name in the "ſatirical works of this Poet, I never look upon it "as any malice meant to me, but PROFIT to himſelf. "For he conſiders that my Face is more known than "moſt in the nation; and therefore a Lick at the Lau-"reate will be a ſure bait ad captandum vulgus, to "catch little readers." Life of Colley Cibber, ch. ii.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our Poet have owed their ſucceſs to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanſwerable Argument, that this Fourth

There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and boun
There, ſtript, fair Rhetoric languiſh'd on the gro
His blunted Arms by Sophiſtry are borne,
And ſhameleſs Billingſgate her Robes adorn.
Morality, by her falſe Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and Caſuiſtry in Lawn,
Gaſps, as they ſtraiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulneſs gives her Page the wor
Mad Mátheſis alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,

REMARKS.

Fourth DUNCIAD, as well as the former three had the Author's laſt hand, and was by him in for the Preſs: Or elſe to what purpoſe hath he c it, as we ſee, by this finiſhing ſtroke, the pr Lick at the Laureate? B

Ver. 21, 22. Beneath her foot-ſtool, &c.] V next preſented with the pictures of thoſe whom th deſs leads in Captivity. Science is only depreſſ confined ſo as to be rendered uſeleſs; but Wit nius, as a more dangerous and active enemy, pu or driven away: Dulneſs being often reconciled i degree with Learning, but never upon any term Wit. And accordingly it will be ſeen that ſhe ſomething like each Science, as Caſuiſtry, Sophiſt but nothing like Wit, Opera alone ſupplying its

Ver. 30. gives her Page the word.] There Judge of this name, always ready to hang any m came before him, of which he was ſuffered to give dred miſerable examples, during a long life, ever dotage.—Though the candid Scriblerus imagine here to mean no more than a Page or Mute, an lude to the cuſtom of ſtrangling State Crimi Turkey by Mutes or Pages. A practice more than that of our Page, who, before he hanged a loaded him with reproachful language. S

Now to pure Space lifts her extatic ſtare,
Now running round the Circle, finds it ſquare.
But held in tenfold bonds the Muſes lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye;
There to her heart ſad Tragedy addreſt
The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breaſt;
But ſober Hiſtory reſtrain'd her rage,
And promis'd vengeance on a barbarous age.

There

REMARKS.

Ver. 39. But ſober Hiſtory] Hiſtory attends on Tragedy, Satire on Comedy, as their ſubſtitutes in the diſcharge of their diſtinct functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and puniſhments of the great; the other in low, expoſing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be aſked, How came Hiſtory and Satire to be admitted with impunity to miniſter comfort to the Muſes, even in the preſence of the Goddeſs, and in the midſt of all her triumphs? A queſtion, ſays Scriblerus, which we thus reſolve: Hiſtory was brought up in her infancy by Dulneſs herſelf; but being afterwards eſpouſed into a noble houſe, ſhe forgot (as is uſual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occaſioned a long eſtrangement between her and Dulneſs. At length, in proceſs of time, they met together, in a Monk's Cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a ſecond quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reaſonable terms, and ſo are likely to continue. This accounts for the connivance ſhewn to Hiſtory on this occaſion. But the boldneſs of SATIRE ſprings from a very different cauſe; for the reader ought to know, that ſhe alone of all the ſiſters is unconquerable, never to be ſilenced, when truly inſpired and animated (as ſhould ſeem) from above, for this very purpoſe,

There ſunk Thalia, nerveleſs, cold, and dead,
Had not her Sifter Satire held her head:
Nor could'ſt thou, CHESTERFIELD! a tear refu
Thou wept'ſt, and with thee wept each gentle Mu
When lo! a Harlot form ſoft ſliding by,
With mincing ſtep, ſmall voice, and languid eye
Foreign her air, her robe's diſcordant pride
In patch-work fluttering, and her head aſide;

REMARKS.

purpoſe, to oppoſe the kingdom of Dulneſs to h
breath.

Ver. 43. Nor could'ſt thou, &c.] This Noble l
in the year 1737, when the Act aforeſaid was br
into the Houſe of Lords, oppoſed it in an exc
ſpeech (ſays Mr. Cibber) "with a lively ſpirit, an
"common eloquence." This ſpeech had the h
to be anſwered by the ſaid Mr. Cibber, with a
ſpirit alſo, and in a manner very uncommon, in tl
Chapter of his Life and Manners. And here,
Reader, would I gladly inſert the other ſpeech, v
by thou mighteſt judge between them; but I muſt
it on account of ſome differences not yet adjuſt
tween the noble Author, and myſelf, concernin
True Reading of certain paſſages. BE

Ver. 45. When lo! a Harlot form] The At
given to this Phantom repreſents the nature and
of the Italian Opera; its affected airs, its effer
ſounds, and the practice of patching up theſe C
with favourite Songs, incoherently put together.
things were ſupported by the ſubſcriptions of th
bility. This circumſtance that OPERA ſhould p
for the opening of the grand Seſſions, was prophe
in Book iii. ver. 304.

"Already Opera prepares the way,
"The ſure forerunner of her gentle ſway."

By ſinging Peers up-held on either hand,
She trip'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to ſtand:
Caſt on the proſtrate Nine a ſcornful look,
Then thus in quaint Recitativo ſpoke.
O Cara! Cara! ſilence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let Diviſion reign:
Chromatic tortures ſoon ſhall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their ſenſe:
One Trill ſhall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
To the ſame notes thy ſons ſhall hum, or ſnore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, encore.
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jiggs, and dances in my chains.
But ſoon, ah ſoon, Rebellion will commence,
If Muſic meanly borrows aid from Senſe:
Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant HANDEL ſtands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To ſtir, to rouze, to ſhake the Soul he comes,
And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.

Ar-

REMARKS.

Ver. 54. Let Diviſion reign:] Alluding to the falſe taſte of playing tricks in Muſic with numberleſs diviſions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the Senſe, and applies to the Paſſions. Mr. Handel had introduced a great number of Hands, and more variety of Inſtruments into the Orcheſtra, and employed even Drums and Cannon to make a fuller Chorus; which proved ſo much too manly for the fine Gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his Muſic into Ireland. After which they were reduced, for want of Compoſers, to practiſe the patch-work abovementioned.

Arreſt him, Empreſs, or you ſleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian ſhore.

And now had Fame's poſterior Trumpet blown
And all the nations ſummon'd to the Throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward ſway,
One inſtinct ſeizes, and tranſports away.
None need a guide, by ſure Attraction led,
And ſtrong impulſive gravity of Head:
None want a place, for all their Centre found,
Hung to the Goddeſs, and coher'd around.
Not cloſer orb in orb, conglob'd are ſeen
The buzzing Bees about their duſky Queen.

The gathering number, as it moves along,
Involves a vaſt involuntary throng,
Who, gently drawn, and ſtruggling leſs and leſs,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confeſs.
Not thoſe alone who paſſive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cauſe.
Whate'er of dunce in College or in Town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;

Wh

REMARKS.

Ver. 76 to 101. It ought to be obſerved that he
three claſſes in this aſſembly. The firſt of men
lutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere
Goddeſs, and are imagined in the ſimile of the
about their Queen. The ſecond involuntarily dra
her, though not caring to own her influence; fro
81 to 90. The third of ſuch, as though not me
of her ſtate, yet advance her ſervice by flattering
neſs, cultivating miſtaken talents, patronizing
ſcribblers, diſcouraging living merit, or ſetting u
wits; and Men of taſte in arts they underſtand
from ver. 91 to 101.

Whate'er of mungril no one claſs admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
Nor abſent they, no members of her ſtate,
Who pay her homage in her ſons, the Great;
Who, falſe to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
Or impious, preach his Word without a call,
Patrons, who ſneak from living worth to dead,
With-hold the penſion, and ſet up the head;
Or veſt dull Flattery in the ſacred Gown;
Or give from fool to fool the Laurel crown.
And (laſt and worſe) with all the cant of wit,
Without the ſoul, the Muſes Hypocrit.
There march'd the bard and blockhead ſide by ſide,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narciſſus, prais'd with all a Parſon's power,
Look'd a white lily ſunk beneath a ſhower.
There mov'd Montalto with ſuperior air;
His ſtretch'd-out arm diſplay'd a Volume fair;
Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he paſs'd, and bow'd from ſide to ſide:
But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
Compos'd he ſtood, bold Benſon thruſt him by:

On

REMARKS.

Ver. 108.—bow'd from ſide to ſide:] As being of no one party.

Ver. 110. bold Benſon] This man endeavoured to raiſe himſelf to Fame by erecting monuments, ſtriking coins, ſetting up heads, and procuring tranſlations, of Milton; and afterwards by as great a paſſion for Arthur Johnſton, a Scotch Phyſician's Verſion of the Pſalms, of which he printed many fine Editions. See more of him, Book iii. ver. 325.

On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnſton's name.
The decent Knight retir'd with ſober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous pa
But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appear'd Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the ponderous volume off in ſtate.
When Dulneſs ſmiling,—"Thus revive the W
But murder firſt, and mince them all to bits;
As erſt Medea (cruel, ſo to ſave!)
A new Edition of old Æſon gave;
Let ſtandard-Authors, thus, like trophies born
Appear more glorious, as more hack'd and torn

VARIATION.

Ver. 114.
What! no reſpect, he cry'd, for Shakeſpeare'

REMARKS.

Ver. 113. The decent Knight] An eminent who was about to publiſh a very pompous Editi great Author at his own expence.

Ver. 115, &c.] Theſe four lines were printed parate leaf by Mr. Pope in the laſt Edition, w himſelf gave, of the Dunciad, with directions printer, to put this leaf into its place as ſoon a H.'s Shakeſpeare ſhould be publiſhed.

Ver. 119. Thus revive, &c.] The Goddeſs a the practice of tacking the obſcure names of Per eminent in any branch of Learning, to thoſe of diſtinguiſhed Writers; either by printing Edi their works with impertinent alterations of the as in the former inſtances; or by ſetting up Mo diſgraced with their own vile names and inſcript in the latter.

And you, my Critics! in the chequer'd ſhade,
Admire new light through holes yourſelves have made.
Leave not a foot of verſe, a foot of ſtone,
A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own;
But ſpread my ſons, your glory thin or thick,
On paſſive paper, or on ſolid brick.
So by each Bard, an Alderman ſhall ſit,
A heavy Lord ſhall hang at every Wit,
And

REMARKS.

Ver. 128. A Page, a Grave,] For what leſs than a Grave can be granted to a dead author? or what leſs than a Page can be allowed a living one!

Ver. 128. A Page,] Pagina, not Pediſſequus. A Page of a Book, not a Servant, Follower, or Attendant: no Poet having had a Page ſince the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey. SCRIBL.

Ver. 131. So by each Bard an Alderman, &c.] Vide the Tombs of the Poets, Editio Weſtmonaſterienſis.

Ibid.—an Alderman ſhall ſit,] Alluding to the Monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.

Ver. 132. A heavy Lord ſhall hang at every Wit,] How unnatural an Image, and how ill ſupported! ſaith Ariſtarchus. Had it been,

A heavy Wit ſhall hang at every Lord,

ſomething might have been ſaid, in an Age ſo diſtinguiſhed for well-judging Patrons. For LORD, then, read LOAD; that is, of Debts here, and of Commentaries hereafter. To this purpoſe, conſpicuous is the caſe of the poor Author of Hudibras, whoſe body, long ſince weighed down to the Grave by a load of Debts, has lately had a more unmerciful load of Commentaries laid upon his Spirit; wherein the Editor has atchieved more than Virgil himſelf, when he turned Critic, could boaſt of, which was only, that he had picked gold out

ıd while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,
ıme ſlave of mine be pinion'd to their ſide.
Now crowds on crowds around the Goddeſs preſs,
Each eager to preſent the firſt Addreſs.
Dunce ſcorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop ſhews Fop ſuperior complaiſance.
When lo! a ſpectre roſe, whoſe index-hand
Held forth the Virtue of the dreadful wand;

REMARKS.

of another man's dung; whereas the Editor has pick it out of his own. SCRIB

Ariſtarchus thinks the common reading right: a that the author himſelf had been ſtruggling, and b juſt ſhaken off his Load when he wrote the followi Epigram:

"My Lord complains, that Pope, ſtark mad wi
"gardens,
"Has lopt three trees the value of three farthings:
"But he's my neighbour, cries the peer polite,
"And if he'll viſit me, I'll wave my right.
"What? on Compulſion? and againſt my Will,
"A Lord's acquaintance? Let him file his Bill."

Ver. 137, 138.

Dunce ſcorning Dunce beholds the next advance
But Fop ſhews Fop ſuperior complaiſance.]

This is not to be aſcribed ſo much to the different ners of a Court and College, as to the different which a pretence to Learning, and a pretence to Wi on Blockheads. For as Judgment conſiſts in find the differences in things, and Wit in finding c likeneſſes, ſo the Dunce is all diſcord and di and conſtantly buſied in reproving, examinir futing, &c. while the Fop flouriſhes in peace, wi and Hymns of praiſe, Addreſſes, Characters, miums, &c.

His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's tears.
O'er every vein a ſhuddering horror runs;
Eaton and Winton ſhake through all their Sons.
All Fleſh is humbled, Weſtminſter's bold race
Shrink, and confeſs the Genius of the place:
The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling ſtands,
And holds his breeches cloſe with both his hands.

Then thus, Since Man from Beaſt by Words is known,
Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone.
When Reaſon doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never ſuffer it to ſtand too wide.
To aſk, to gueſs, to know, as they commence,
As Fancy opens the quick ſprings of Senſe,
We ply the Memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exerciſe the breath;
And keep them in the pale of Words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er deſign'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A Poet the firſt day, he dips his quill;
And what the laſt? a very Poet ſtill.

Pity!

REMARKS.

Ver. 140. the dreadful wand;] A cane uſually borne by Schoolmaſters, which drives the poor Souls about like the wand of Mercury. SCRIBL.

Ver. 151. like the Samian letter,] The letter Y uſed by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice.

"Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos." Perſ.

Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Loſt, loſt too ſoon in yonder Houſe or Ha
There truant WYNDHAM every Muſe ga
There TALBOT ſunk, and was a Wit no
How ſweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our
How many Martials were in PULTENEY
Elſe ſure ſome Bard, to our eternal praiſe
In twice ten thouſand rhyming nights and
Had reach'd the Work, the All that mor
And South beheld that Maſter-piece of M

Oh (cry'd the Goddeſs) for ſome pedan
Some gentle JAMES, to bleſs the land ag
To ſtick the Doctor's Chair into the Thro
Give law to Words, or war with Words

REMARKS.

Ver. 174. that Maſter-piece of Man.] gram. The famous Dr. South declared a gram to be as difficult a performance as a And the Critics ſay, "An Epic poem "work human nature is capable of."

Ver. 176. Some gentle JAMES, &c.] V that this King, James the Firſt, took up teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of S that Gondomar the Spaniſh Ambaſſador falſe Latin to him, on purpoſe to give hir of correcting it, whereby he wrought hi good graces.

This great Prince was the firſt who aſſu of Sacred Majeſty, which his loyal Cler from God to him. "The Principles of "dience and Non-reſiſtance (ſays the A "Diſſertation on Parties, Letter 8.) whi "time had ſkulked perhaps in ſome old "talked, written, and preached into vog "glorious reign."

Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the Council to a Grammar School!
For ſure, if Dulneſs ſees a grateful Day,
'Tis in the ſhade of Arbitrary Sway.
O! if my ſons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, ſufficient for a King;
That which my Prieſts, and mine alone, maintain,
Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, my Cam, and Iſis, preach it long,
"The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong."
Prompt at the call, around the Goddeſs roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a ſable ſhoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Ariſtotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Iſis! wanting to the day,
[Though Chriſt-church long kept prudiſhly away.]
Each ſtaunch Polemic, ſtubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician, ſtill expelling Locke,
Came whip and ſpur, and daſh'd through thin and thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerſdyck.
As

REMARKS.

Ver. 194. Though Chriſt-church, &c.] This line is doubtleſs ſpurious, and foiſted in by the impertinence of the Editor; and accordingly we have put it in between Hooks. For I affirm this College came as early as any other, by its proper Deputies; nor did any College pay homage to Dulneſs in its whole body. BENTL.

Ver. 196. ſtill expelling Locke,] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the Univerſity of Oxford to cenſure Mr. Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding, and to forbid the reading of it. See his Letters in the laſt Edit.

of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have k
coaches. But theſe are horſes of great ſtrength
to carry any weight, as their German and D
traction may manifeſt; and very famous we n
clude, being honoured with Names, as were t
Pegaſus and Bucephalus.

Though I have the greateſt deference to the
tion of this eminent Scholiaſt, and muſt own
thing can be more natural than his interpret
juſter than that rule of criticiſm, which dire
keep to the literal ſenſe, when no apparent abſu
companies it (and ſure there is no abſurdity
poſing a Logician on horſeback), yet ſtill I m
think the Hackneys here celebrated were not rea
nor even Centaurs, which, for the ſake of th
Chiron, I ſhould rather be inclined to think, i
forced to find them four legs, but downright pl
though Logicians: and only thus metamorph
rule of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron giv
example, where he calls Clavius, "Un Eſpri
"lourd, ſans ſubtilité, ni gentilleſſe, UN GRO
"VAL D'ALLEMAGNE."

: Bentley late tempeſtuous wont to ſport
ıbled waters, but now ſleeps in Port.
them march'd that awful Ariſtarch;
l was his front with many a deep Remark:
at, which never vail'd to human pride,
:r with reverence took, and laid aſide.
ow'd the reſt: He, kingly, did but nod;
ight Quakers pleaſe both Man and God.
ſs! diſmiſs that rabble from your throne:
it——is Ariſtarchus yet unknown?
ıighty Scholiaſt, whoſe unweary'd pains
Horace dull, and humbled Milton's ſtrains.

Turn

REMARKS.

. 199. the ſtreams] The river Cam, running by
ills of theſe Colleges, which are particularly fa-
for their ſkill in Diſputation.
. 202. ſleeps in Port.] viz. "Now retired into har-
r, after the tempeſts that had long agitated his ſo-
y." So Scriblerus. But the learned Scipio Maffei
tands it of a certain Wine called Port, from O-
a city of Portugal, of which this Profeſſor invited
o drink abundantly. SCIP. MAFF. De Com-
ıibus Academicis. [And to the opinion of Maf-
:lineth the ſagacious Annotator on Dr. King's
vice to Horace."]
. 210. Ariſtarchus.] A famous Commentator and
ctor of Homer, whoſe name has been frequently
o ſignify a complete Critic. The Compliment paid
r author to this eminent Profeſſor, in applying to
o great a Name, was the reaſon that he hath omit-
comment on this part which contains his own
ı. We ſhall therefore ſupply that loſs to our beſt
. SCRIBL.

Turn what they will to Verſe, their toil is vain,
Critics like me ſhall make it Proſe again.
Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your Bette
Author or ſomething yet more great than Letter;
While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on Words is ſtill our whole debate,
Diſputes of Me or Te, or Aut or At,

REMARKS.

Ver. 214. Critics like me—] Alluding to two fam Editions of Horace and Milton; whoſe richeſt veins Poetry he had prodigally reduced to the pooreſt moſt beggarly proſe.—Verily the learned ſcholiaſt grievouſly miſtaken. Ariſtarchus is not boaſting h of the wonders of his art in annihilating the ſublim but of the uſefulneſs of it, in reducing the turgid to proper claſs; the words make it proſe again, plai ſhewing that proſe it was, though aſhamed of its ori nal, and therefore to proſe it ſhould return. Inde much is it to be lamented that Dulneſs doth not conf her critics to this uſeful taſk; and commiſſion them diſmount what Ariſtophanes calls Ῥήματ' ἐπποβάμονα. proſe on horſe-back. SCRII

Ver. 216. Author of ſomething yet more great th Letter;] Alluding to thoſe Grammarians, ſuch as Pa medes and Simonides, who invented ſingle letters. I Ariſtarchus, who had found out a double one, v therefore worthy of double honour. SCRII

Ver. 217, 218. While towering o'er your Alphat like Saul,—Stands our Digamma,] Alludes to boaſted reſtoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his le projected Edition of Homer. He calls it ſomethi more than Letter, from the enormous figure it wo

m

:nd or ſink in cano O or A,
e up Cicero to C or K.
eind affect to ſpeak as Terence ſpoke,
Alſop never but like Horace joke:
:, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
:us or Solinus ſhall ſupply:

For

REMARKS.

among the other letters, being one Gamma ſet he ſhoulders of another.

. 220. of Me or Te,] It was a ſerious diſpute, which the learned were much divided, and ſome :s written: Had it been about Meum and Tuum d not be more conteſted, than whether at the end firſt Ode of Horace, to read, Me doctarum he-ræmia frontium, or, Te doctarum hederæ.—By ıe learned ſcholiaſt would ſeem to inſinuate that pute was not about Meum and Tuum, which is ake: For, as a venerable ſage obſerveth, Words : counters of Wiſemen, but the money of fools; we ſee their property was indeed concerned.

SCRIBL.

. 222. Or give up Cicero to C or K.] Gramma-iſputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's in Greek. It is a diſpute whether in Latin the of Hermogoras ſhould end in as or a. Quintilian Cicero as writing it Hermagora, which Bentley , and ſays Quintilian muſt be miſtaken, Cicero not write it ſo, and that in this caſe he would not : Cicero himſelf. Theſe are his very words: Ego iceronem ita ſcripſiſſe ne Ciceroni quidem affir-crediderim.—Epiſt. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Me-et Phil.

. 223, 224. Freind—Alſop] Dr. Robert Freind, of Weſtminſter-ſchool, and canon of Chriſt-church

For Attic Phraſe in Plato let them ſeek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
In ancient Senſe if any needs will deal,
Be ſure I give them Fragments, not a Meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old Scholiaſts o'er and o'
The critic Eye, that microſcope of Wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole;
The body's harmony, the beaming ſoul,
Are things which Kuſter, Burman, Waſſe ſh
When Man's whole frame is obvious to a Fle

Ah, think not, Miſtreſs! more true Dulne
In Folly's Cap, than Wiſdom's grave diſguil
Like buoys, that never ſink into the flood,
On Learning's ſurface we but lie and nod,
Thine is the genuine Head of many a houſe,
And much Divinity without a Nec.

REMARKS.

church—Dr. Anthony Alſop, a happy imita
Horatian ſtyle.

Ver. 226. Manilius and Solinus] Some crit
had it in their choice to comment either on
Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have choſen the
thor, the more freely to diſplay their crit
city.

Ver. 228. &c. Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus] '
Dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent
barbarous words; the ſecond a minute Critic
an author, who gave his Common-place bo
public, where we happen to find much Min
old books.

ould a BARROW work on every block,
as one ATTERBURY ſpoil'd the flock.
ſtill thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
Metaphyſic ſmokes involve the Pole.
ee we dim the eyes, and ſtuff the head
all ſuch reading as was never read:
ee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
vrite about it, Goddeſs, and about it:
as the ſilk-worm ſmall its ſlender ſtore,
abours till it clouds itſelf all o'er.
though we let ſome better ſort of fool
ev'ry ſcience, run through every ſchool?
by tumbler through the hoops was ſhown
kill in paſſing all, and touching none.
y indeed (if ſober all this time)
: with Diſpute, or perſecute with Rhyme.
ly furniſh what he cannot uſe,
d to what he muſt divorce, a Muſe:
r the midſt of Euclid dip at once,
etrify a Genius to a Dunce:
on Metaphyſic ground to prance,
all his paces, not a ſtep advance.
the ſame CEMENT, ever ſure to bind,
ing to one dead level every mind.

Then

REMARKS.

. 245, 246. Barrow, Atterbury] Iſaac Barrow, : of Trinity, Francis Atterbury Dean of Chriſt-, both great Geniuſes and eloquent Preachers; ore converſant in the ſublime Geometry, the other ſical Learning; but who equally made it their advance the polite Arts in their ſeveral Societies.

Then take him to develop, if you can,
And hew the Block off, and get out the Mar
But wherefore waſte I words? I ſee advance
Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor, from Fr
Walker! our hat—nor more he deign'd to ſ
But, ſtern as Ajax' ſpectre, ſtrode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And tittering puſh'd the Pedants off the plac
Some would have ſpoken, but the voice was
By the French horn, or by the opening hour
The firſt came forwards, with as eaſy mien,
As if he ſaw St. James's and the Queen.

REMARKS.

Ver. 272. lac'd Governor] Why laced Gold and Silver are neceſſary trimming to dreſs of a perſon of rank, and the Governo ſuppoſed ſo in foreign countries, to be adr courts and other places of fair reception. comes Ariſtarchus to know at ſight that this came from France? Know? Why, by the l

Ibid. Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor] tics have objected to the order here, being that the Governor ſhould have the precedence Whore, if not before the Pupil. But were he it might be thought to inſinuate that the Gc the Pupil to the Whore; and were the Pupil p he might be ſuppoſed to lead the Governor to our impartial Poet, as he is drawing their pi preſents them in the order in which they are ſeen; namely, the Pupil between the Whor Governor; but placeth the Whore firſt, as t governs both the other.

thus th' attendant Orator begun,
, great Empreſs! thy accompliſh'd Son:
from the birth, and ſacred from the rod,
itleſs infant! never ſcar'd with God.
re ſaw, one by one, his Virtues wake:
other begg'd the bleſſing of a Rake.

Thou

REMARKS.

280. As if he ſaw St. James's] Reflecting on eſpectful and indecent Behaviour of ſeveral for- oung perſons in the preſence, ſo offenſive to all men, and to none more than the good Scrib-

281. th' attendant Orator] The Governor above- The Poet gives him no particular name; being ng, I preſume, to offend or to do injuſtice to any, ebrating one only with whom this character in preference to ſo many who equally deſerve it. SCRIBL.

284. A dauntleſs infant! never ſcar'd with i. e. Brought up in the enlarged principles of Education; whoſe great point is, to keep the mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and wing ſpirit unbroken by terrifying Names. A- the happy conſequences of this reformed diſ- , it is not the leaſt, that we have never afterwards aſion for the Prieſt, whoſe trade, as a modern orms us, is only to finiſh what the nurſe began. SCRIBL.

286.—the bleſſing of a Rake.] Scriblerus is here it a loſs to find out what this bleſſing ſhould be. ſometimes tempted to imagine it might be the ng a great fortune: but this, again, for the vul- of it, he rejects, as ſomething uncommon ſeemed rayed for. And after many ſtrange Conceits, all to the honour of the fair ſex, he at length reſts

ou gav'ſt that Ripeneſs, which ſo ſoon began,
id ceas'd ſo ſoon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man,
irough School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercaſt,
ife and unſeen the young Æneas paſt:
hence burſting glorious, all at once let down,
tunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.
intrepid then, o'er ſeas and lands he flew:
Europe he ſaw, and Europe ſaw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we diſplay,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way:
To where the Seine, obſequious as ſhe runs,
Pours at Great Bourbon's feet her ſilken ſons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls:
To happy Convents, boſom'd deep in vines,
Where ſlumber Abbots, purple as their wines:
To Iſles of Fragrance, lily-ſilver'd vales,
Diffuſing languor in the panting gales:

REMARKS.

reſts in this, that it was, that her ſon might paſs f
wit; in which opinion he fortifies himſelf by ver.
where the Orator, ſpeaking of his pupil, ſays, that

Intrigued with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd,

which ſeems to inſinuate that her prayer was
Here the good Scholiaſt, as, indeed, every when
lays open the very ſoul of modern criticiſm, w
makes his own ignorance of a poetical expreſſio
open the door to much erudition and learned
ture: the bleſſing of a rake ſignifying no mo
that he might be a Rake; the effects of a thing
thing itſelf, a common figure. The careful mot
wiſhed her ſon might be a Rake, as well know
its attendant Bleſſings would follow of courſe.

To lands of ſinging, or of dancing ſlaves,
Love-whiſpering woods, and lute-reſounding waves.
But chief her ſhrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps,
Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the ſmooth Eunuch and enamour'd ſwain.
Led by my hand, he ſaunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every Vice on Chriſtian ground;
Saw every Court, heard every King declare
His royal Senſe, of Operas or the Fair;
The Stews and Palace equally explor'd,
Intrigued with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd;
Try'd all hors d'œuvres, all liqueurs defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin ſtore,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
All Claſſic learning loſt on Claſſic ground;
And laſt turn'd Air, the Echo of a Sound;

See

REMARKS.

Ver. 307. But chief, &c.] Theſe two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

Ver. 308. And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps;] The winged Lion, the Arms of Venice. This Republic heretofore the moſt conſiderable in Europe, for her naval Force and the extent of her Commerce; now illuſtrious for her Carnivals.

Ver. 318. greatly-daring din'd;] It being indeed no ſmall riſque to eat through thoſe extraordinary compoſitions, whoſe diſguiſed ingredients are generally unknown to the gueſts, and highly inflammatory and unwholeſome.

See now, half cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a Solo in his head;
As much Eſtate, and Principle, and Wit,
As Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber ſhall think fit;
Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
And, if a Borough chuſe him, not undone!
See, to my country happy I reſtore
This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive (for her my ſoul adores)
So may the ſons of ſons of ſons of whores,
Prop thine, O Empreſs! like each neighbour Th
And make a long Poſterity thy own.
Pleas'd, ſhe accepts the Hero and the Dame,
Wraps in her Veil, and frees from ſenſe of ſhame

REMARKS.

Ver. 324. With nothing but a Solo in his h
With nothing but a Solo? Why, if it be a Solo
ſhould there be any thing elſe? Palpable tauto
Read boldly an Opera, which is enough of cont
for ſuch a head as has loſt all its Latin. Bl

Ver. 326. Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber] Thre
eminent perſons, all Managers of Plays; who, t
not Governors by profeſſion, had, each in his way
cerned themſelves in the Education of Youth: a
gulated their Wits, their Morals, or their Finan
that Period of their age which is the moſt imp
their entrance into the polite world. Of the
theſe, and his Talents for this end, ſee Book i
199, &c.

Ver. 331. Her too receive, &c.] This confirm
the learned Scriblerus advanced in his Note on ver
that the Governor, as well as the Pupil, had a par
intereſt in this lady.

Then look'd, and ſaw a lazy, lolling ſort,
Unſeen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
Of ever-liſtleſs Loiterers, that attend
No Cauſe, no Truſt, no Duty, and no Friend.
Thee too, my Paridel! ſhe mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd, on the rack of a too eaſy chair.
And heard thy everlaſting yawn confeſs
The Pains and Penalties of Idleneſs.
She pity'd! but her Pity only ſhed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,
And well-diſſembled emerald on his hand,
Falſe as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines,
Soft, as the wily Fox is ſeen to creep,
Where baſk on ſunny banks the ſimple ſheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whiſper'd firſt his prayer.
Grant, gracious Goddeſs! grant me ſtill to cheat,
O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit!

Thy

REMARKS.

Ver. 341. Thee too, my Paridel!] The Poet ſeems to ſpeak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenſer, who gives it to a wandering Courtly Squire, that travelled about for the ſame reaſon for which many young Squires are now fond of travelling, and eſpecially to Paris.

Ver. 347. Annius,] The name taken from Annius the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many impoſitions and Forgeries of ancient manuſcripts and inſcriptions, which he was prompted to by mere Vanity, but our Annius had a more ſubſtantial motive.

Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at t
Be rich in ancient braſs, though
And keep his Lares, though his
To headleſs Phœbe his fair brid
Honour a Syrian Prince above h
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it t
Bleſt in one Niger, till he know
Mummius o'erheard him; Mu
Who like his Cheops ſtinks abo

REMARKS.

Ver. 363. Attys and Cecrop
Athens, of whom it is hard to
extant; but not ſo improbable
there ſhould be any of Mahomet,
and the ſtory of whoſe Pigeon
Nevertheleſs one of theſe Anni
medal of that impoſtor, now
learned Nobleman.

Ver. 371. Mummius! This

Fierce as a ſtartled Adder, ſwell'd, and ſaid,
Rattling an ancient Siſtrum at his head:
Speak'ſt thou of Syrian Princes? Traitor baſe!
Mine, Goddeſs! mine is all the horned race.
True,

REMARKS.

Ibid. —Fool-renown'd] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, renowned by fools, or renowned for making Fools.

Ver. 372. Cheops] A King of Egypt whoſe body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his Pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This Royal Mummy, being ſtolen by a wild Arab, was purchaſed by the Conſul of Alexandria, and tranſmitted to the Muſeum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a paſſage in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned Voyager aſſures us that he ſaw the Sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (ſaith he) with the time of the theft above mentioned. But he omits to obſerve that Herodotus tells the ſame thing of it in his time.

Ver. 375. Speak'ſt thou of Syrian Princes? &c.] The ſtrange ſtory following, which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet, is juſtified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the Hiſtory of the Syrian Kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins, and being purſued by a Corſair of Sallee, ſwallowed down twenty gold medals. A ſudden Bouraſque freed him from the Rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two Phyſicians, of whom he demanded aſſiſtance. One adviſed Purgations, the other Vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but purſued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend the famous Phyſician and Antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure.

True, he had wit, to make their value riſe;
From fooliſh Greeks to ſteal them, was as wiſe:
More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep
When Sallee Rovers chac'd him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he riſqu'd the Grecian Gold
Receiv'd each Demi-God, with pious care,
Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there,
I bought them, ſhrouded in that living ſhrine,
And, at their ſecond birth, they iſſue mine.

Witneſs great Ammon! by whoſe horns I ſwe
(Reply'd ſoft Annius) this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the Medals with the meat.
To prove me, Goddeſs! clear of all deſign,
Bid me with Pollio ſup, as well as dine:
There all the Learn'd ſhall at the labour ſtand,
And Douglas lend his ſoft, obſtetric hand.

REMARKS.

Dufour, without ſtaying to inquire about the
ſymptoms of the burthen he carried, firſt aſke
Whether the Medals were of the higher empir
aſſured him they were. Dufour was raviſhed w
hope of poſſeſſing ſo rare a treaſure; he bargain
him on the ſpot for the moſt curious of them, a
to recover them at his own expence.

Ver. 387. Witneſs great Ammon!] Jupiter A
is called to witneſs, as the father of Alexan
whom thoſe Kings ſucceeded in the diviſion of t
cedonian Empire, and whoſe Horns they wore o
Medals.

The Goddeſs ſmiling ſeem'd to give conſent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.
Then thick as Locuſts blackening all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and ſhells fantaſtic crown'd,
Each with ſome wondrous gift approach'd the Power,
A Neſt, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flower.
But far the foremoſt, two, with earneſt zeal,
And aſpect ardent, to the Throne appeal.
The firſt thus open'd: Hear thy ſuppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this Flower,
Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and ſun, and ſhower:
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I ſpread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
Then thron'd in glaſs and nam'd it CAROLINE:
Each maid cried, Charming! and each youth, Divine!
Did Nature's pencil ever blend ſuch rays,
Such vary'd light in one promiſcuous blaze!

Now

REMARKS.

Ver. 394. Douglas] A phyſician of great Learning and no leſs Taſte; above all, curious in what related to Horace, of whom he collected every Edition, Tranſlation, and Comment, to the number of ſeveral hundred volumes.

Ver. 409. and nam'd it Caroline:] It is a compliment which the Floriſts uſually pay to Princes and great perſons, to give their names to the moſt curious Flowers of their raiſing: Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious Gardener, at Hammerſmith, who cauſed his Favourite to be painted on his Sign, with this inſcription, This is My Queen Caroline.

Now proſtrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, D
And lo the wretch! whoſe vile, whoſe inſect
Lay'd this gay daughter of the Spring in duſ
Oh puniſh him, or to th' Elyſian ſhades
Diſmiſs my ſoul, where no carnation fades.
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of m
Th' Accus'd ſtood forth, and thus addreſs'd

Of all th' enamel'd race, whoſe ſilvery win
Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the ſpring,
Or ſwims along the fluid atmoſphere,
Once brighteſt ſhin'd this child of Heat and A
I ſaw, and ſtarted from its vernal bower
The riſing game, and chac'd from flower to fl
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It ſtopt, I ſtopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At laſt it fixt, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I ſeiz'
Roſe or Carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddeſs! only in my ſphere.
I tell the naked fact without diſguiſe,
And, to excuſe it, need but ſhew the prize;
Whoſe ſpoils this Paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death! this peerleſs Butterfly.

My ſons! (ſhe anſwer'd) both have done y
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a Mother, when ſhe recommends
To your fraternal care our ſleeping friends.
The common Soul, of Heaven's more frugal r
Serves but to keep fools pert and knaves awak

A drowſy Watchman, that juſt gives a knock,
And breaks our reſt, to tell us what's a clock.
Yet by ſome object every brain is ſtirr'd;
The dull may waken to a Humming-bird;
The moſt recluſe, diſcreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the Cockle kind;
The Mind in Metaphyſics at a loſs,
May wander in a wilderneſs of Moſs;
The head that turns at ſuperlunar things,
Pois'd with a tail, may ſteer on Wilkins' wings.
O! would the Sons of Men once think their Eyes
And Reaſon giv'n them but to ſtudy Flies!
See Nature in ſome partial narrow ſhape,
And let the Author of the whole eſcape;
Learn but to trifle; or, who moſt obſerve,
To wonder at their Maker, not to ſerve.
Be that my taſk (replies a gloomy Clerk,
Sworn foe to Myſtery, yet divinely dark;
Whoſe

VARIATION.

Ver. 441. The common ſoul, &c.] in the firſt Edit. thus,
Of Souls the greater part, Heaven's common make,
Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
And moſt but find that centinel of God,
A drowſy Watchman in the land of Nod.

REMARKS.

Ver. 452. Wilkins' wings.] One of the firſt Projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and uſeful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a poſſibility to fly to the Moon; which has put ſome volatile Geniuſes upon making wings for that purpoſe.

Whoſe pious hope aſpires to ſee the day
When Moral Evidence ſhall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impoſe, and fond to dogmatize:)
Let others creep by timid ſteps and ſlow,
On plain Experience lay foundations low,
By common ſenſe to common knowledge bred,
And laſt, to Nature's Cauſe through Nature led.
All-ſeeing in thy miſts, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride!
We nobly take the high Priori Road,
And reaſon downward, till we doubt of God:
Make Nature ſtill incroach upon his plan;
And ſhove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thruſt ſome Mechanic Cauſe into his place;
Or bind in Matter, or diffuſe in Space.
Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,
Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cauſe,

REMARKS.

Ver. 462. When Moral Evidence ſhall quite d
Alluding to a ridiculous and abſurd way of ſom
thematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of
Evidence by mathematical proportions: accor
which calculation, in about fifty years it will
longer probable that Julius Cæſar was in Gaul,
in the Senate Ho e. See Craig's Theologiæ Cl
Principia Mathematica. But as it ſeems evid
facts of a thouſand years old, for inſtance, ar
probable as they were five hundred years a
plain, that if in fifty more they quite diſappea
be owing, not to their Arguments, but to th
dinary power of our Goddeſs; for whoſe help
they have reaſon to pray.

Find Virtue local, all Relation ſcorn,
See all in Self, and but for Self be born:
Of nought ſo certain as our Reaſon ſtill,
Of nought ſo doubtful as of Soul and Will.
Oh hide the God ſtill more! and make us ſee
Such as Lucretius drew, a God like Thee:
Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought,
Regardleſs of our merit or default.
Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd viſion ſaw,
Wild through Poetic ſcenes the GENIUS roves,
Or wanders wild in Academic Groves;
That NATURE our Society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus ſnores.

Rous'd

REMARKS.

Ver. 492. Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus ſnores.] It cannot be denied but that this fine ſtroke of ſatire againſt Atheiſm was well intended. But how muſt the Reader ſmile at our Author's officious zeal, when he is told, that at the time this was written, you might as ſoon have found a Wolf in England as an Atheiſt? The truth is, the whole ſpecies was exterminated. There is a trifling difference indeed concerning the Author of the Atchievement. Some, as Dr. Aſhenhurſt, gave it to Bentley's Boylean Lectures. And he ſo well convinced that great Man of the truth, that wherever afterwards he found Atheiſt, he always read it A Theiſt. But, in ſpite of a claim ſo well made out, others gave the honour of this exploit to a latter Boylean Lecturer. A judicious Apologiſt for Dr. Clarke, againſt Mr. Whiſton, ſays, with no leſs elegance than poſitiveneſs of Expreſſion, It is a moſt certain truth that the Demonſtration of the being and attributes of God, has extirpated

Then thus: From Priesteraft happily set free
Lo! every finish'd Son returns to thee:
First slave to Words, then vassal to a Name,
Then dupe to Party; child and man the same
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.

REMARKS.

pated and banished Atheism out of the Christ
p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that t
truths have still their dark side. Here we see it
doubt which of the two Herculeses was th
queller. But what of that? Since the thi
and the proof of it so certain, there is no occ
nice a canvassing of circumstances.

Ibid. Silenus] Silenus was an Epicurea
pher, as appears from Virgil, Eclog. vi. whe
the principles of that Philosophy in his drink

Ver. 501. First slave to words, &c.] A l
tion of the whole Course of modern Educatio
in this book, which confines Youth to th
Words only in Schools: subjects them to th

red, thus taught, how many have I ſeen,
; on all, and ſmil'd on by a Queen!
. out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,
the moſt rebellious things on earth:
thy gentle ſhadow all are ſhrunk,
lted down in Penſion, or in Punk!
, ſo B **, ſneak'd into the grave,
arch's half, and half a Harlot's ſlave.
' * *, nipt in Folly's broadeſt bloom,
aiſes now? his Chaplain on his Tomb.
ike them all, oh take them to thy breaſt!
agus, Goddeſs! ſhall perform the reſt.
that, a WIZARD OLD his Cup extends;
whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends,
nceſtors, Himſelf. One caſts his eyes
Star, and like Endymion dies;

A Feather,

REMARKS.

506. ſmil'd on by a Queen?] i. e. This Queen
leſs of Dulneſs.

517. With that a Wizard old, &c.] Here be-
the celebration of the GREATER MYSTERIES
Goddeſs, which the Poet, in his Invocation, ver.
iiſed to ſing.

518.—forgets his former Friends,] Surely there
eded the force of charms or magic to ſet aſide
ſs Friendſhip. For of all the accommodations
onable life, as there are none more reputable,
are none of ſo little charge as friendſhip. It
the void of life with a name of dignity and re-
nd at the ſame time is ready to give place to
ſſion that offers; to diſpute poſſeſſion with it.

SCRIBL.

A Feather, ſhooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain; and Principle is fled;
Loſt is his God, his Country, every thing;
And nothing left but Homage to a King!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs,
To run with Horſes, or to hunt with Dogs;
But, ſad example! never to eſcape
Their Infamy, ſtill keep the human ſhape.

But ſhe, good Goddeſs, ſent to every child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;

REMARKS.

Ver. 523, 524. Loſt is his God, his Country nothing left but Homage to a King!] So ſtr this muſt ſeem to a mere Engliſh reader, the Monſ. de la Bruyere declares it to be the char every good Subject in a Monarchy: "Where (" there is no ſuch thing as Love of our Coun " Intereſt, the Glory, and Service of the Prince " its place." De la Republique, chap. x.

Of this duty another celebrated French Autho indeed a little more diſreſpectfully; which for t ſon, we ſhall not tranſlate, but give in his own " L'Amour de la Patrie, le grand motif des " Heros, n'eſt plus regardé que comme une C " l'idée du Service du Roi, etendüe juſqu'à l' " tout autre Principe, tient lieu de ce qu'on " autrefois Grandeur d'Ame et Fidelité." villiers Hiſt. des Anciens Parlements de France

Ver. 528. ſtill keep the human ſhape.] The e the Magus's Cup, by which is allegorized a tc ruption of heart, are juſt contrary to that of which only repreſents the ſudden plunging in ſures. Her's, therefore, took away the ſhape, the human mind; his takes away the mind, an the human ſhape.

And ſtrait ſucceeded, leaving ſhame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom,
Kind Self-conceit to ſome her glaſs applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes;
But, as the Flatterer or Dependant paint,
Beholds himſelf a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.
On others Intereſt her gay livery flings,
Intereſt, that waves on Party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the Sun, ſhe caſts a thouſand dyes,
And, as ſhe turns, the colours fall or riſe.
Others the Syren Sifters warble round,
And empty heads conſole with empty ſound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulneſs trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to ſing.
How quick Ambition haſtes to ridicule!
The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.

On

REMARKS.

Ver. 529. But ſhe, good Goddeſs, &c.] The only comfort people can receive, muſt be owing in ſome ſhape or other to Dulneſs; which makes ſome ſtupid, others impudent, gives Self-conceit to ſome, upon the Flatteries of their dependants, preſents the falſe colours of Intereſt to others, and buſies or amuſes the reſt with idle Pleaſures or Senſuality, till they become eaſy under any infamy. Each of which ſpecies is here ſhadowed under Allegorical perſons.

Ver. 532. Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.] i. e. She communicates to them of her own Virtue, or of her Royal Colleagues. The Cibberian forehead being to fit them for Self-conceit, Self-Intereſt, &c. and the Cimmerian gloom, for the Pleaſures of Opera and the Table. SCRIBL.

REMARKS.

Ver. 553. The board with ſpecious Mi
&c.] Scriblerus ſeems at a loſs in this pl
miracula (ſays he) according to Horace,
ſtrous fables of the Cyclops, Læſtrygon
What relation have theſe to the Transform
into Larks, or of Pigeons into Toads? I
The Læſtrygons ſpitted Men upon Spe
Larks upon Skewers; and the fair Pige
Toad, is ſimilar to the fair Virgin Scy
filthy beaſt. But here is the difficulty, v
ſo ſhocking a ſhape ſhould be brought to a
indeed might be cut into Larks at a ſecon
of frugality: Yet that ſeems no probable
we conſider the extravagance before ment
ſolving whole Oxen and Boars into a ſmal
nay it is expreſly ſaid, that all Fleſh is
ſight. I have ſearched in Apicius, Pliny
of Trimalchio, in vain; I can only reſol

What cannot copious Sacrifice atone?
Thy Treufles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne?
With French Libation, and Italian Strain,
Wafh Bladen white, and expiate Hays's ftain.
Knight lifts the head: for what are crowds undone,
To three eſſential Partridges in one?
Gone every bluſh, and ſilent all reproach,
Contending Princes mount them in their Coach.
Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her Titles and Degrees.
Her children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd ſort,
Who ſtudy Shakeſpeare at the Inns of Court,
Impale

REMARKS.

Ver. 556. Seve and Verdeur] French Terms relating to Wines, which ſignify their flavour and poignancy.

"Et je gagerois que chez le Commandeur
"Villandri priſeroit ſa Seve et ſa Verdeur."
Déſpreaux.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic Letter to a Nobleman in diſgrace, adviſing him to ſeek comfort in a good Table, and particularly to be attentive to theſe Qualities in his Champaigne.

Ver. 560. Bladen—Hays] Names of Gameſters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight Caſhier of the South Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742.)—Theſe lived with the utmoſt magnificence at Paris, and kept open Tables frequented by perſons of the firſt quality of England, and even by Princes of the Blood of France.

Ibid. Bladen, &c.] The former Note of "Bladen is a black man," is very abſurd. The Manuſcript here is partly obliterated, and doubtleſs could only have been, Wafh Blackmoors white, alluding to a known Proverb.
Scribl.

Ver.

Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertù profeſs,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.

Some,

REMARKS.

Ver. 567. Her children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd ſort,
Who ſtudy Shakeſpeare at the Inns of Court,]

Ill would that Scholiaſt diſcharge his duty, who ſhould neglect to honour thoſe whom DULNESS has diſtinguiſhed: or ſuffer theſn to lie forgotten, when their rare modeſty would have left them nameleſs. Let us not, therefore, overlook the Services which have been done her Cauſe, by one Mr. THOMAS EDWARDS, a Gentleman, as he is pleaſed to call himſelf, of Lincoln's-Inn; but, in reality, a Gentleman only of the Dunciad; or, to ſpeak him better, in the plain language of our honeſt Anceſtors to ſuch Muſhrooms, a Gentleman of the laſt Edition: who, nobly eluding the ſolicitude of his careful Father, very early retained himſelf in the cauſe of Dulneſs againſt Shakeſpeare, and with the wit and learning of his Anceſtor Tom Thimble in the Rehearſal, and with the air of good-nature and politeneſs of Caliban in the Tempeſt, hath now happily finiſhed the Dunce's progreſs, in perſonal abuſe. For a Libeller is nothing but a Grubſtreet Critic run to Seed.

Lamentable is the Dulneſs of theſe Gentlemen of the Dunciad. This Fungoſo and his friends, who are all Gentlemen, have exclaimed much againſt us for reflecting his birth, in the words, "a Gentleman of the laſt Edition," which we hereby declare concern not his birth, but his adoption only: and mean no more than that he is become a Gentleman of the laſt Edition of the Dunciad. Since, Gentlemen, then, are ſo captious, we think it proper to declare that Mr. Thomas Thimble, who is here ſaid to be Mr. Thomas Edwards's Anceſtor, is only related to him by the Muſe's ſide. SCRIBL.

This Tribe of Men, which Scriblerus has here ſo well exemplified, our Poet hath elſewhere admirably characterized in that happy line,

"A

p Free-maſons, join the ſilent race
fill Pythagoras's place:
.niſts, or Floriſts at the leaſt,
lembers of an Annual feaſt,
ıe meaneſt unregarded, one
egorian, one a Gormogon,
.ot leaſt in honour or applauſe,
am made DOCTORS of her LAWS.
leſſing all, Go, Children of my care!
ce now from Theory repair.
All

REMARKS.

ain of Feathers, and a heart of Lead."

tire extends much farther than to the perſon ioned it, and takes in the whole ſpecies of vhom a good Education (to fit them for ſome l learned profeſſion) has been beſtowed in vain.

thleſs Band
/er-liſtleſs Loiterers, that attend
auſe, no truſt, no duty, and no Friend."

:h an underſtanding too diſſipated and futile for of civil life; and a heart too lumpiſh, narrow, acted for thoſe of ſocial, become fit for no- ıd ſo turn Wits and Critics, where ſenſe and 'e neither required nor expected.

'1. Some, deep Free-Maſons, join the ſilent e Poet all along expreſſes a very particular con- his ſilent Race: He has here provided, that in will not waken or open (as was before pro- a Humming-Bird or a Cockle, yet at worſt be made Free-Maſons; where Taciturnity is eſſential Qualification, as it was the chief of les of Pythagoras.

76. A Gregorian, one a Gormogon] A ſort of ers, Slips from the Root of the Free-Maſons.

All my commands are eaſy, ſhort, and full:
My Sons! be proud, be ſelfiſh, and be dull.
Guard my Prerogative, aſſert my Throne:
This Nod confirms each Privilege your own,
The Cap and Switch be ſacred to his Grace;
With Staff and Pumps the Marquis leads the R

REMARKS.

Ver. 584. each Privilege your own, &c.] This of Dulneſs to her Sons at parting may poſſibly fa of the Reader's expectation; who may imag Goddeſs might give them a Charge of more conſe and, from ſuch a Theory as is before delivered, them to the practice of ſomething more extraor than to perſonate Running Footmen, Jockeys Coachmen, &c.

But if it be well conſidered, that whatever incl they might have to do miſchief, her ſons are ge rendered harmleſs by their Inability; and that i common effect of Dulneſs (even in her greateſt to defeat her own deſign; the Poet, I am per will be juſtified, and it will be allowed that theſ thy perſons, in their ſeveral ranks, do as much as expected from them.

Ver. 585. The Cap and Switch, &c.] The deſs's political balance of favour, in the diſtribu her rewards, deſerves our notice. It conſiſts in with thoſe Honours claimed by birth and high others more adapted to the genius and talents Candidates. And thus her great Fore-runner, J Leyden, King of Munſter, entered on his Gover by making his ancient friend and companion, Ki dolling, General of his Horſe and Hangman. A but Fortune ſeconded his great ſchemes of Reform it is ſaid, he would have eſtabliſhed his whole I *hold* on the ſame reaſonable footing. Sc

From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun;
The learned Baron Butterflies deſign,
Or draw to ſilk Arachne's ſubtile line;
The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;
The Senator at Cricket urge the ball;
The Biſhop ſtow (Pontific Luxury!)
An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye;
The ſturdy Squire to Gallic maſters ſtoop,
And drown his Lands and Manors in a Scupe.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
Perhaps more high ſome daring ſon may ſoar,
Proud to my liſt to add one Monarch more:
And, nobly conſcious, Princes are but things
Born for firſt Miniſters, as Slaves for Kings,
Tyrant ſupreme! ſhall three Eſtates command,
And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LAND!

More

REMARKS.

Ver. 590. Arachne's ſubtile line;] This is one of the moſt ingenious employments aſſigned, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of weaving Stockings of the Webs of Spiders, ſee the Phil. Tranſ.

Ver. 591. The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and ſolemn Dance, intitled, A Call of Sergeants.

Ver. 598. Teach Kings to fiddle,] An ancient amuſement of Sovereign Princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though deſpiſed by Themiſtocles, who was a Republican—Make Senates dance, either after their Prince, or to Pontoiſe, or Siberia.

Gods?] This verſe is truly Homerical; as
cluſion of the Action, where the great M
poſes all, in the ſame manner as Minerva a
of the Odyſſey.—It may indeed ſeem a ve
Epitaſis of a Poem, to end as this does, wi
Yawn; but we muſt conſider it as the Yawn
and of powerful effects. It is not out of N
moſt long and grave counſels concluding in
manner: Nor without Authority, the inc
Spenſer having ended one of the moſt conſi
his works with a Roar; but then it is the
Lion, the effects whereof are deſcribed as
ſtrophe of the Poem.

Ver. 607. Churches and Chapels, &c.] greſs of this Yawn is judicious, natural, and be noted. Firſt it ſeizeth the Churches and then catcheth the Schools, where, though t unwilling to ſleep, the Maſters are not: N minſter-hall, much more hard indeed to ſubdu totally put to ſilence even by the Goddeſs: Convocation, which though extremely defirou yet cannot: Even the Houſe of Commons, ju the Senſe of the Nation, is loſt (that is to ſay (

Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall ſcarce kept awake;
The Convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak:
Loſt was the Nation's Senſe, nor could be found,
While the long ſolemn Uniſon went round:
Wide, and more wide, it ſpread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm:
The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
Unfiniſh'd Treaties in each Office ſlept;
And Chiefleſs Armies doz'd out the Campaign!
And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.
O Muſe! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have ſhort Memories, and Dunces none)
Relate,

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though ever ſo momentary, could not but cauſe ſome Relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs. SCRIBL.

Ver. 610. The Convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak;] Implying a great deſire ſo to do, as the learned Scholiaſt on the place rightly obſerves. Therefore beware, Reader, leſt thou take this Gape for a Yawn, which is attended with no deſire but to go to reſt: by no means the diſpoſition of the Convocation; whoſe melancholy caſe in ſhort is this: She was, as is reported, infected with the general influence of the Goddeſs; and while ſhe was yawning careleſsly at her eaſe, a wanton Courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clap'd a Gag into her chops. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her gaping; and this diſtreſsful poſture our poet here deſcribes, juſt as ſhe ſtands at this day, a ſad example of the effects of Dulneſs and Malice unchecked, and deſpiſed. BENTL.

Ver. 615—618.] Theſe Verſes were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is miſtaken, or whoever elſe have imagined this Poem of a freſher date.

Relate, who firſt, who laſt reſign'd to reſt;
Whoſe Heads ſhe partly, whoſe completely bleſt;
What charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
The Venal quiet, and entrance the Dull;
Till drown'd was Senſe, and Shame, and Right, and
Wrong—
O ſing, and huſh the Nations with thy Song!

* * * * * * * * * * *

In vain, in vain, the all-compoſing Hour
Reſiſtleſs falls: the Muſe obeys the Power.

REMARKS.

Ver. 620. Wits have ſhort Memories,] This ſeems to be the reaſon why the Poets, when they give us a Catalogue, conſtantly call for help on the Muſes, who as the Daughters of Memory, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, Iliad ii.

Πληθὺν δ' οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,
Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
Θυγατέρες, μιμνήσθ'——

And Virgil, Æn. vii.

"Et meminiſtis enim, Divæ, et memorare poteſtis
"Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura."

But our Poet had yet another reaſon for putting this Taſk upon the Muſe, that, all beſides being aſleep, only could relate what paſſed. SCRI

Ver. 624. The Venal quiet, and, &c.] It were a Problem worthy the ſolution of Mr. Ralph and his Patron, who had lights that we know nothing of,——What required the greateſt effort of our Goddeſs's power, to trance the Dull, or to quiet the Venal. For though the Venal may be more unruly than the Dull, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expence of Virtue to intrance than barely to quiet. SCRI

She comes! ſhe comes! the ſable Throne behold
Of Night Primæval, and of Chaos old!
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying Rain-bows die away.
Wit ſhoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flaſh expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's ſtrain,
The ſickening ſtars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppreſt,
Clos'd one by one to everlaſting reſt;
Thus at her felt approach, and ſecret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is Night:
See ſkulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Caſuiſtry heap'd o'er her head!

Philo-

REMARKS.

Ver. 629. She comes! ſhe comes! &c.] Here the Muſe, like Jove's Eagle, after a ſudden ſtoop at ignoble game, ſoareth again to the ſkies. As Prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of Poeſy, our Poet here foretells from what we feel, what we are to fear; and in the ſtyle of other prophets, hath uſed the future tenſe for the preterit: ſince what he ſays ſhall be, is already to be ſeen, in the writings of ſome even of our moſt adored authors, in Divinity, Philoſophy, Phyſics, Metaphyſics, &c. who are too good indeed to be named in ſuch company.

Ibid. The ſable Throne behold] The ſable Thrones of Night and Chaos, here repreſented as advancing to extinguiſh the light of the Sciences, in the firſt place blot out the Colours of Fancy, and damp the fire of Wit, before they proceed to their work.

Ver. 641. Truth to her old cavern fled.] Alluding to the ſaying of Democritus, That Truth lay at the bot-

Philoſophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her ſecond cauſe, and is no more.
Phyſic of Metaphyſic begs defence,
And Metaphyſic calls for aid on Senſe!
See Myſtery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die,
Religion bluſhing veils her ſacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 643. in the former Ed. it ſtood thus,

Philoſophy, that reach'd the Heavens be
Shrinks to her hidden cauſe, and is no n

And this was intended as a cenſure of the N philoſophy. For the poet had been miſled by judices of foreigners, as if that philoſophy hac to the occult qualities of Ariſtotle. This wa he received of it from a man educated much abi had read every thing, but every thing ſuperfici: his excellent friend Dr. A. been conſulted in ter, it is certain that ſo unjuſt a reflection diſcredited ſo noble a ſatire. When I hint how he had been impoſed upon, he changed with great pleaſure into a compliment (as ſtand) on that divine genius, and a ſatire or by which he the Poet himſelf had been miſled.

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tom of a deep well, from whence he had d Though Butler ſays, He firſt put her in, befo her out.

Ver. 649. Religion bluſhing veils her ſacı Bluſhing as well at the memory of the paſt o Dulneſs, when the barbarous learning of ſo was wholly employed in corrupting the ſimpl

Nor public Flame, nor private, dares to ſhine:
Nor human Spark is left, nor Glimpſe divine!
Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is reſtor'd,
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And univerſal Darkneſs buries All.

REMARKS.

defiling the purity of Religion, as at the view of theſe her falſe ſupports in the preſent; of which it would be endleſs to recount the particulars. However, amidſt the extinction of all other Lights, ſhe is ſaid only to withdraw hers! as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguiſhable and eternal.

Ver. 650. And unawares Morality expires.] It appears from hence that our Poet was of very different ſentiments from the Author of the Characteriſtics, who has written a formal treatiſe on Virtue, to prove it not only real but durable, without the ſupport of Religion. The word Unawares alludes to the confidence of thoſe men, who ſuppoſe that Morality would flouriſh beſt without it, and conſequently to the ſurprize ſuch would be in (if any ſuch there are) who indeed love Virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the Religion of their Country.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

By the AUTHOR.

A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdaſhers
Points and Particles, being inſtigated by
ſpirit of Pride, and aſſuming to them-
es the name of Critics and Reſtorers,
e taken upon them to adulterate the
mon and current ſenſe of our Glorious
eſtors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping,
ing, defacing the images, mixing
r own baſe alloy, or otherwiſe falſify-
the ſame; which they publiſh, utter,
vend as genuine: The ſaid Haber-
ers having no right thereto, as nei-
: heirs, executors, adminiſtrators,
ns, or in any ſort related to ſuch Poets,
ll or *any of them*: Now we, having
carefully

carefully reviſed this our Dunciad, [a] beginning with the Words The Mighty Mother, and ending with the words buries All, containing the entire ſum of One thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty-four verſes, declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impreſſion to be authentic: And do therefore ſtrictly enjoin and forbid any perſon or perſons whatſoever, to erafe, reverſe, put between hooks, or by

---

[a] Read thus confidently, inſtead of "beginning with the word Books, and ending with the word flies," as formerly it ſtood: Read alſo, "containing the entire "ſum of one thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty-four "verſes," inſtead of "one thouſand and twelve lines;" ſuch being the initial and final words, and ſuch the true and entire contents of this poem.

Thou art to know, reader! that the firſt Edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never ſeen by the Author (though living and not blind): The Editor himſelf confeſſed as much in his preface: And no two poems were ever publiſhed in ſo arbitrary a manner. The Editor of this, had as boldly ſuppreſſed whole Paſſages, yea the entire laſt book, as the Editor of Paradiſe Loſt, added and augmented. Milton himſelf gave but ten books, his Editor twelve; this Author gave four books, his Editor only three. But we have happily done juſtice to both; and preſume we ſhall live, in this our laſt labour, as long as in any of our others.

BENTL.

by any other means, directly or indirectly change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earneſtly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily wiſh our great Predeceſſors had heretofore ſet, as a remedy and prevention of all ſuch abuſes. Provided always, that nothing in this Declaration ſhall be conſtrued to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every ſubject of this Realm, to judge, cenſure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any Poem or Poet whatſoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord One thouſand ſeven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

APPEN-

APPENDIX.

I.

PREFACE

efixed to the five firſt imperfect Editions of the DUNCIAD, in three Books, printed at DUBLIN and LONDON, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

The PUBLISHER [a] to the READER.

T will be found a true obſervation, though ſomewhat ſurprizing, that when any ſcandal is vented inſt a man of the higheſt diſtinction and character, er in the ſtate or literature, the Public in general af- l it a moſt quiet reception: and the larger part ac- : it as favourably as if it were ſome kindneſs done to

---

[a] The Publiſher] Who he was is uncertain; but Edd Ward tells us, in his preface to Durgen, "that moſt judges are of opinion this preface is not of Engſh extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was itten by Dr. Swift, who, whether publiſher or not, be ſaid in a ſort to be author of the poem. For e he, together with Mr. Pope (for reaſons ſpecified he preface to their Miſcellanies) determined to own the

the m[illegible] rining pieces in whic
to deſtroy all that remained
ſketch of this poem was ſnat
Swift, who perſuaded his frien
him it was therefore inſcrib
printing it was as follows:

There was publiſhed in tho
of the Bathos, or Art of Sin
was a chapter, where the ſp
ranged in claſſes, and initial
for the moſt part at random.
ber of Poets eminent in that a
took every letter to himſelf.
fury, that for half a year, or
papers (in moſt of which the
being hired writers) were fill
falſehoods and ſcurrilities the
liberty no ways to be wondere
in thoſe papers, that, for many
trolled Licenſe of the preſs, h
great characters of the age;
their own perſons and names
obſcure. This gave Mr. Pop

Not to ſearch too deeply into the reaſon hereof, I will only obſerve as a fact, that every week for theſe two months paſt, the town has been perſecuted with [b] pamphlets, advertiſements, letters, and weekly eſſays, not only againſt the wit and writings, but againſt the Character and perſon of Mr. Pope. And that of all thoſe men who have received pleaſure from his works, which by modeſt computation may be about a [c] hundred thouſand in theſe kingdoms of England and Ireland

---

count in employing them, or the men themſelves, when diſcovered, want courage to proceed in ſo unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happineſs, that by the late flood of ſlander on himſelf, he had acquired ſuch a peculiar right over their Names as was neceſſary to his deſign.

[b] Pamphlets, advertiſements, &c.] See the Liſt of thoſe anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inſerted before the Poem.

[c] about a hundred thouſand] It is ſurprizing with what ſtupidity this preface, which is almoſt a continued irony, was taken by thoſe authors. All ſuch paſſages as theſe were underſtood by Curll, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be ſerious. Hear the Laureate (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.] "Though I grant the Dunciad a better "poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I "read it with thoſe vain-glorious encumbrances of "Notes and Remarks upon it, &c.—it is amazing, that "you, who have writ with ſuch maſterly ſpirit upon "the ruling paſſion, ſhould be ſo blind a ſlave to your "own, as not to ſee how far a low avarice of Praiſe," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others, were the author's own.)

land (not to mention Jerſey, Guernſey, the Or thoſe in the new world, and foreigners who have lated him into their languages); of all this numb a man hath ſtood up to ſay one word in his defenc

The only exception is the [d] author of the foll poem, who doubtleſs had either a better inſigh the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion o Pope's integrity, joined with a greater perſona for him, than any other of his numerous frien admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy pears from the knowledge he manifeſts of the mo vate author's of all the anonymous pieces againſt and from his having in this poem attacked [e] nc living, who had not before printed, or publiſhed ſcandal againſt this gentleman.

How I came poſſeſt of it, is no concern to the re but it would have been a wrong to him had tained the publication; ſince thoſe names which chief ornaments die off daily ſo faſt, as muſt r it too ſoon unintelligible. If it provoke the autl give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

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[d] The author of the following poem, &c.] A plain irony, ſpeaking of Mr. Pope himſelf.

[e] The publiſher in theſe words went a little too but it is certain, whatever names the reader finds are unknown to him, are of ſuch; and the excepti only of two or three, whoſe dulneſs, impudent fo *lity*, or ſelf-conceit, all mankind agreed to have *entitled* them to a place in the Dunciad.

o he is I cannot ſay, and (which is a great pity)
ia certainly [f] nothing in his ſtyle and manner of
g, which can diſtinguiſh or diſcover him: For if
's any reſemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not
bable but it might be done on purpoſe, with a
o have it paſs for his. But by the frequency of
uſions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to ſay affect-
ortneſs in imitation of him, I ſhould think him
an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian,
i that not of the ſame taſte with his friend.
ive been well informed, that this work was the
· of full [g] ſix years of his life, and that he wholly
retired

---

[f] here is certainly nothing in his ſtyle, &c.] This had ſmall effect in concealing the author. The iad, imperfect as it was, had not been publiſhed ays, but the whole Town gave it to Mr. Pope.

[g] he labour of full ſix years, &c.] This alſo was ly and ſeriouſly believed by divers gentlemen of unciad. J. Ralph, pref. to Sawney. "We are l it was the labour of ſix years, with the utmoſt luity and application: It is no great compliment he author's ſenſe, to have employed ſo large a part his life, &c." So alſo Ward, pref. to Durgen, e Dunciad, as the publiſher very wiſely confeſſes, : the author ſix years retirement from all the plea- es of life; though it is ſomewhat difficult to con- ve, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could ſo long in hatching, &c. But the length of time l cloſeneſs of application were mentioned, to pre- ſeſs the reader with a good opinion of it." ey juſt as well underſtood what Scriblerus ſaid of em.

retired himſelf from all the avocations and pleaſures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and ſix years more he intended to beſtow upon it, as would ſeem by this verſe of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuſcript.

" O mihi biſſenos multum vigilata per annos,
" Duncia! [h]"

Hence alſo we learn the true title of the poem: which with the ſame certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Luſiad, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be, no other than

The DUNCIAD.

It is ſtyled Heroic, as being doubly ſo; not only with reſpect to its nature, which according to the beſt rules of the ancients, and ſtricteſt ideas of the moderns, is critically ſuch; but alſo with regard to the heroical diſpoſition and high courage of the writer, who dared to ſtir up ſuch a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may ariſe ſome obſcurity in chronology from the Names in the poem, by the inevitable removal of ſome authors, and inſertion of others in their niches. For whoever will conſider the unity of the whole deſign, will be ſenſible, that the poem was not made for theſe

[h] The prefacer to Curll's key, p. 3. took this word to be really in Statius: " By a quibble on the word Dun-" cia, the Dunciad is formed." Mr. Ward alſo follows him in the ſame opinion.

theſe authors, but theſe authors for the poem. I ſhould judge that they were clapped in as they roſe, freſh and freſh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thruſt new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled, or anxious, if he cannot decypher them: ſince when he ſhall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the perſons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preſerve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the ſatire would only be multiplied, and applied to many inſtead of one. Had the hero, for inſtance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B. &c. But now all that unjuſt ſcandal is ſaved by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real perſon.

II.

A LIST of

BOOKS, PAPERS, and VERSES,

In which our Author was abused, before the Publication of the DUNCIAD; with the true Names of the Authors.

REFLECTIONS critical and satirical on a late Rhapsody, called, An Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6 d.

A New Rehearsal, or Bays the younger: containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [by Charles Gildon] printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1 s.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Doggrel. [Tho. Burnet and G. Ducket esquires] printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9 d.

Æsop at the Bear-garden; a vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preston. Sold by Morphew, 1715, price 6 d.

The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. Mrs. Centlivre and others, 1715, price 1 d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Ducket esq; printed by Curll.

A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call-it. Anon. [by Griffin a player, ſuperviſed by Mr. Th—] printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. [Dennis] printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3 d.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joſeph Gay, [J. D. Breval] printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1 s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's tranſlation of Homer; with two letters concerning the Windſor Foreſt, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis, printed for E. Curll, 1717, price 1 s. 6 d.

Satires on the tranſlators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris] 1717, price 6 d.

The Triumvirate: or a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welſted] 1711, Folio, price 1 s.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts. Folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliz. Haywood] octavo, printed in 1727.

An Eſſay on Criticiſm, in proſe. By the Author of the Critical Hiſtory of England [J. Oldmixon] octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or an account of the writings, characters, &c. of ſeveral gentlemen libelled, by S— and P—, in a late Miſcellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

Verſes, Letters, Eſſays, or Advertiſements, in the public Prints.

Britiſh Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A letter on Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. [Writ by M. Concannen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A letter by Philomauri. James-Moore Smith.

Id. March 29. A letter about Therſites; accuſing the author of diſaffection to the Government. By James-Moore Smith.

Miſt's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Eſſay on the Arts of a Poet's ſinking in reputation; or, a Supplement to the Art of ſinking in Poetry. [Suppoſed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Poſt, April 4. A Letter againſt Gulliver ar Mr. P. [By Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods Twickenham. By James-Moore Smith.

The Flying Poſt, April 6. A Fragment of a Tre upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the ſame. By Ed Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertiſement by Ja Moore Smith.

Flying Poſt, April 13. Verſes againſt Dr. Swift, and againſt Mr. P--'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the tranſlation of the character of Therſites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Miſt's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter againſt Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All theſe were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled, A Collection of all the Verſes, Eſſays, Letters, and Advertiſements occaſioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miſcellanies, prefaced by Concanen, Anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1 s. Others of an elder date, having lain as waſte Paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their Authors betrayed by the mercenary Bookſellers (in hopes of ſome poſſibility of vending a few) by advertiſing them in this manner.—"The Confederates, a farce. By Capt. Breval (for "which he was put into the Dunciad). An Epilogue "to Powel's Puppet-ſhow. By Col. Ducket (for "which he was put into the Dunciad). Eſſays, &c. "By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N. B. It was for a "paſſage of this Book that Sir Richard was put into "the Dunciad.") And ſo of others.

After the Dunciad, 1728.

An Eſſay on the Dunciad. Octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally declar-

ed,

ed, " That the complaint of the aforeſaid L
" Advertiſements was forged and untrue:
" mouths had been ſilent, except in Mr. Pope
" and nothing againſt him publiſhed, but by M
" bald."]

Sawney, in blank verſe, occaſioned by the I
with a Critique on that poem. By J. Ralph
never mentioned in it at firſt, but inſerted afte
for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Cu
price 6 d.

A ſecond and third edition of the ſame, v
tions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curll, extracted from J
Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6 d.

The Curliad. By the ſame E. Curll.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the
Curll, 12mo. price 6 d. With the Metamorph
into a ſtinging Nettle. By. Mr. Foxton, 12m

The Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus into Snar
J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, pri

The Dunciad diſſected. By Curll and Mrs.
12mo.

An Eſſay on the Taſte and Writings of t
Times. Said to be writ by a Gentleman of
Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly t
Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By
mixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Den
cated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. by Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long letter, signed W. A. Writ by some or other of the club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for those kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter signed Philoscriblerus, on the name of Pope.—Letter to Mr. Theobald in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] against Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the same papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treason.

Durgen: A plain satire on a pompous satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana secunda. Being a Collection of many of the Libels in the News-papers, like the former Volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "any thing which any body should send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's should be inserted and published as theirs."

Pope Alexander's supremacy and infallibility examined, &c. By George Duckett, and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean

Dean Jonathan's Paraphraſe on the ivth chapter of Geneſis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verſes by Leonard Welſted, which after came into One Epiſtle, and was publiſhed by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welſted's own name, under the juſt title of Dulneſs and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been ſince publiſhed,

Verſes on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady [or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-Squire.] Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epiſtle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-court [Lord H—y]. Printed for J. Roberts alſo, folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-Garden, octavo.

III.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the FIRST EDITION with Notes, in Quarto, 17

IT will be ſufficient to ſay of this edition, that reader has here a much more correct and com copy of the DUNCIAD, than has hitherto appe I cannot anſwer but ſome miſtakes may have ſlip it, but a vaſt number of others will be prevent

the names being now not only ſet at length, but juſtified by the authorities and reaſons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to uſe real rather than feigned names, was his care to preſerve the innocent from any falſe application; whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffenſive, and (what was worſe) to abuſe his friends, by an impreſſion at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was ſent me from ſeveral hands, and conſequently muſt be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over moſt commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote diſtance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleaſure from the very Obſcurity of the perſons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a Secret, which moſt people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever ſo inconſiderable or trivial.

Of the Perſons it was judged proper to give ſome account: for ſince it is only in this monument that they muſt expect to ſurvive (and here ſurvive they will, as long as the Engliſh tongue ſhall remain ſuch as it was in the reigns of Queen ANNE and King GEORGE,) it ſeemed but humanity to beſtow a word or two upon each, juſt to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breaſt, to mark the enormities for which they ſuffered; leſt the

correction

on certain occasions; but the few here inser
that could be saved from the general destructi
works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say not
manner is well enough known, and approv
but those who are too much concerned to be j

IV.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF

FOURTH BOOK of the DUNCIAD, when printed ſeparately in the Year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three firſt books of the Dunciad, we publiſh this Fourth. It was found merely by ſlent, in taking a ſurvey of the Library of a late ient nobleman; but in ſo blotted a condition, and o many detached pieces, as plainly ſhewed it to be only incorrect, but unfiniſhed. That the author of hree firſt books had a deſign to extend and complete poem in this manner, appears from the diſſertation xed to it, where it is ſaid, that the deſign is more nſive, and that we may expect other epiſodes to plete it: And from the declaration in the argut to the third book, that the accompliſhment of the ſpecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a ter Dunciad. But whether or no he be the author his, we declare ourſelves ignorant. If he be, we are nore to be blamed for the publication of it, than ca and Varius for that of the laſt ſix books of the eid, though perhaps inferior to the former.

any perſon be poſſeſſed of a more perfect copy of this k, or of any other fragments of it, and will comnicate them to the publiſher, we ſhall make the next ion more complete: In which we alſo promiſe to inany Criticiſms that ſhall be publiſhed (if at all to the

V.

ADVERTISEME

To the complete EDITION of 1;

I HAVE long had a deſign of giving Notes on the works of this poet. Be happineſs of his acquaintance, I had wi mentary on his Eſſay on Man, and have another on the Eſſay on Criticiſm. The ready on the Dunciad, which had met wit probation: but I ſtill thought ſome ac wanting (of a more ſerious kind) to th notes of Scriblerus, and even to thoſe w Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I pleaſure to paſs ſome months with the country, where I prevailed upon him to long deſired, and favour me with his e ſeveral paſſages in his works. It happe

it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the leaſt expectation that ſuch an one was reſerved for this Poſt, as has ſince obtained the Laurel: But ſince that had happened, he could no longer deny this juſtice either to him or the Dunciad.

And yet I will venture to ſay, there was another motive which had ſtill more weight with our Author: This perſon was one, who from every Folly (not to ſay Vice) of which another would be aſhamed, has conſtantly derived a Vanity! and therefore was the man in the world who would leaſt be hurt by it.

W. W.

VI.

ADVERTISEMENT

Printed in the JOURNALS, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occaſion of certain Pieces relating to the Gentlemen of the Dunciad, ſome have been willing to ſuggeſt, as if they looked upon them as an abuſe: we can do no leſs than own, it is our opinion, that to call theſe gentlemen bad authors is no ſort of abuſe, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without ſome reaſon; but we promiſe to do it in reſpect to every perſon who thinks it an injury to be repreſented as no Wit, or Poet, provided he procures a Certificate of his being really ſuch, from any three of his companions in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis ſingly, who is eſteemed equal to any three of the number.

VII.

A

PARALLEL

OF THE

CHARACTERS

OF

Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. DRYDEN,

His POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Dryden is a mere renegado from Monarchy poetry, and good ſenſe [a]. A true republican ſon of monarchical Church [b]. A republican Atheiſt Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοτρίοσαλλος, a I doubt not will continue ſo to the laſt [d].

In the Poem called Abſalom and Achitophel are no riouſly traduced, The KING, the QUEEN, the LOR and GENTLEMEN, not only their honourable perſo expoſed, but the whole NATION and its REPRESENT TIV

[a] *Milbourn* on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo, 1698, p. 6.
[b] *Pag.* 38. [c] Pag. 192. [d] Pag. 8.

VII.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF Mr. POPE and Mr. DRYDEN,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. POPE,

His POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Pope is an open and mortal enemy to his country and the commonwealth of learning [a]. Some call him a Popiſh whig, which is directly inconſiſtent [b]. Pope, as a Papiſt, muſt be a tory and high flyer [c]. He is both whig and tory [d].

He hath made it his cuſtom to cackle to more than one party in their own ſentiments [e].

In his Miſcellanies, the Perſons abuſed are, The KING, the QUEEN, His late MAJESTY, both Houſes of

[a] Dennis, Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. xii.
[b] Dunciad diſſected. [c] Pref. to Gulliveriana.
[d] Dennis, Character of Mr. P.
[e] *Theobald, Letter* in Miſt's Journals, June 22, 1728.

TIVES notoriously libelled. It is s...dalum mag yea of MAJESTY itself [e].

He looks upon God's Gospel as a foolish fabl the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor [f]. H christianity may be questioned [g]. He ought to more severity than other men, as he is most unm in his own reflections on others [h]: With as good as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibilit

Mr. DRYDEN only a Versifier.

His whole Libel is all bad matter, beautified (is all that can be said of it) with good metre [k]. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing mo his Versification, and whether he is to be ennob that only, is a question [l].

Mr. DRYDEN's VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it Dryden's Virgil, to shew that not that Virgil so admired in the Augustan ag a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, sensical writer. None but a Bavius, a Mævius Bathyllus, carped at Virgil [m]; and none but suc thinking Vermin admire his Translator [n]. It i soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epist Art of Love—But Virgil, who is all great and m &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words

---

[e] Whip and Key, 4to, printed for R. Janeway, Pref. [f] Ibid. [g] Milbourn, p. 9. [h] Ibid. p [i] Pag. 39. [k] Whip and Key, Pref. [l] Oldn *Essay on* Criticism, p. 84. [m] Milbourn, [n] *Pag.* 35.

'ARLIAMENT, the Privy-Council, the Bench of
HOPS, the eſtabliſhed CHURCH, the preſent MINI-
Y, &c. To make Senſe of ſome paſſages, they
t be conſtrued into ROYAL SCANDAL [f].

e is a Popiſh Rhymeſter, bred up with a contempt
he ſacred Writings [g]. His Religion allows him to
oy Hereticks, not only with his pen, but with fire
ſword; and ſuch were all thoſe unhappy Wits
m he ſacrificed to his accurſed Popiſh Principles [h].
eſerved vengeance to ſuggeſt, that Mr. Pope had
Infallibility, than his Nameſake at Rome [i].

Mr. POPE only a Verſifier.

'he ſmooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that re-
mend it, nor has it any other merit [k]. It muſt be
ed that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming
writing ſmooth verſe [l].

Mr. POPE's HOMER.

he Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like
ıer, but like Pope; and he who tranſlated him, one
ld ſwear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnaſſus,
a puddle in ſome Bog for his Hippocrene [m]. He
no Admirers among thoſe that can diſtinguiſh,
ern, and judge [n].

He

Liſt, at the end of a Collection of Verſes, Letters,
'ertiſments, 8vo. printed for A. Moore, 1728,
the Preface to it, p. 6. [g] Dennis's Remarks on
ner, p. 27. [h] Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11.
dication to the Collection of Verſes, Letters, &c.
. [k] Miſt's Journal of June 8, 1728. [l] Cha-
er of Mr. P. and Dennis on Hom. [m] Dennis's
ıarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12. [n] Ib. p. 14.

eloſneſs of expreſſion; ſo running on Carpet ground, and lightly as a Newmarket racer.—He has numberleſs in his Author's meaning, and in propriety of ex[illegible]

Mr. DRYDEN [illegible] no Greek nor Latin.

Mr. Dryden was [illegible]e, I [illegible]re heard, at Weſtminſter ſchool: Dr. Buſby w[illegible] have whipt him for ſo childiſh a Paraphraſe[p]. The meaneſt in England would whip a Lubber of twelve for conſtruing ſo abſurdly[q]. The Tranſlator is [illegible]d [illegible]ry line betrays his Stupidity[r]. The faults are [illegible]ral [illegible]d convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or [illegible]not underſtand his Author[s]. This ſhews how [illegible]: be to tranſlate Homer! A miſtake in a [illegible]ght fall on the Printer well enough, but [illegible] for [illegible] muſt be the error of the Author: Nor had he [illegible]nough to correct it at the Preſs[t]. Mr. Dryden writes for the Court Ladies—He writes for the Ladies, and not for uſe[u].

The Tranſlator puts in a little Burleſque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated Subſcribers[w].

Mr. DRYDEN tricked his Subſcribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conſcious of his own unfitneſs for it, ſhould go to amuſe the learned world with ſuch an undertaking! A man ought to value his Reputation more than Money; and not

---

[o] Milb. p. 22, and 192. [p] Pag. 72.
[q] Pag. 203. [r] Pag. 78. [s] Pag. 206.
[t] Pag. 19. [u] Pag. 144. 190. [w] Pag. 67.

He hath a knack at ſmooth verſe, but without either Genius or good Senſe, or any tolerable knowledge of Engliſh. The qualities which diſtinguiſh Homer are the beauties of his Diction, and the Harmony of his Verſification—But this little author, who is ſo much in vogue, has neither Senſe in his thoughts, nor Engliſh in his expreſſions [o].

Mr. POPE underſtood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to tranſlate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into Engliſh, of which he underſtands as little [p]. I wonder how this Gentleman would look, ſhould it be diſcovered, that he has not tranſlated ten verſes together in any book of Homer with juſtice to the Poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not underſtanding Greek [q]. He has ſtuck ſo little to his Original as to have his knowledge in Greek called in queſtion [r]. I ſhould be glad to know which it is of all Homer's Excellencies which has ſo delighted the Ladies, and the Gentlemen who judge like Ladies [s].

But he has a notable talent at Burleſque; his genius ſlides ſo naturally into it, that he hath burleſqued Homer without deſigning it [t].

Mr. POPE tricked his Subſcribers.

It is indeed ſomewhat bold, and almoſt prodigious, for

[o] Character of Mr. P. p. 17. and Remarks on Hom. p. 91. [p] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12.
[q] Daily Jour. April 23, 1728. [r] Suppl. to the Profound, Pref. [s] Oldmixon, Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 66. [t] Dennis's Remarks, p. 28.

hope t those ... or themselves, ...
m, ... a partiality and unsers...
a ... Poetis quidlibet audeo...
be ... Motto, though it should ex...
of pockets ...
... s bestowed on Mr. DRYDEN.

An APE.] A crafty Ape drest up in a gawdy go...
—Whips put into an Ape's paw, to play pranks w...
—None but Apish and Papish brats will heed him [x].

An ASS.] A camel will take upon him no m... burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there another beast that crouches under all [a].

A FROG.] Poet Squab endued with Poet Man... Spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of Vermin, which wo... swell to the bulk of an Ox [b].

A COWARD.] A Clinias or a Damætas, or a man... Mr. Dryden's own Courage [c].

A KNAVE.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, t... Knave of Jesus Christ: And if I mistake not, I' read somewhere of John Dryden, Servant to his M... jesty [d].

A FOOL.] Had he not been such a self-conceit... Fool [e].—Some great Poets are positive Blockheads [f].

A THING.] So little a Thing as Mr. Dryden [g].

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[x] Milb. p. 192. [y] Pag. 125. [z] Whip ar... Key, Pref. [a] Milb. p. 105. [b] Pag. 11. [c] Pag. 176. [d] Pag. 57. [e] Whip and Key, P... [f] Milb. p. 34. [g] Ibid. p. 35.

for a ſingle man to undertake ſuch a work: But it is too late to diſſuade by demonſtrating the madneſs of the Project. The Subſcribers expectations have been raiſed in proportion to what their Pockets have been drained of [u]. Pope has been concerned in Jobs, and hired out his Name to Bookſellers [w].

Names beſtowed on Mr. POPE.

An APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his Chriſtian name, and initial and final letters of his ſurname, viz. A P E, and they give you the ſame Idea of an Ape as his Face [x], &c.

An ASS.] It is my duty to pull off the Lion's ſkin from this little Aſs [y].

A FROG.] A ſquab ſhort Gentleman—a little creature that, like the Frog in the Fable, ſwells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an Ox [z].

A COWARD.] A lurking, way-laying coward [a].

A KNAVE.] He is one whom God and nature have marked for want of common honeſty [b].

A FOOL.] Great Fools will be chriſtened by the names of great Poets, and Pope will be called Homer [c].

A THING.] A little abject Thing [d].

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[u] Homerides, p. 1, &c. [w] Britiſh Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. [x] Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728. [y] Dennis's Rem. on Hom. Pref. [z] Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. 9. [a] Char. of Mr. P. p. 3. [b] Ibid. [c] Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 37. [d] Ibid. p. 8.

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